Feb. 19, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 19. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. At each performance, Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying is read by Dina Merrill (through Sunday, Feb. 18). (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

Artichoke—A play by Joanna M. Glass, first seen at the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4, and Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—Brave Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia give more to their roles as middle-aged lovers than the roles contain. A musical with little music and an oafish book. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/1/79.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A revival of a play by Milan Stitt, THE RUNNER STUMBLES, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

The Crucifer of Blood—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—The revival of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett is disappointing, to say the least, in spite of a good performance by Eli Wallach as Otto Frank and a fine one by Robert Joy as young Peter Van Daan. (1/15/79) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Eric Bentley version of Arthur Schnitzler's comedy LA RONDE is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 2.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30, preceded by a film, "The Naked Civil Servant," that starts at 7:30. Sundays at 4 and 7:30.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of sixty male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in a two-week engagement of a double bill, SHUNKAN and RENJISHI. Simultaneous-translation sets are available. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

The Grand Tour—Joel Grey is a true star, but his vehicle on this occasion is rickety in the extreme. The time is the Second World War and the place is Occupied France, and neither time nor place is very suitable for a Broadway musical. (1/22/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JULIUS CAESAR and **CORIOLANUS**—The first two productions of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors, under the excellent direction of Michael Langham. **JULIUS CAESAR,** with Roscoe Orman, Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others, is always bold and clear and dramatic. (2/5/79) (Fridays and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)...¶ Previews of **CORIOLANUS** start Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

THE KINGFISHER—An amiable comedy about a pair of old folk who are thinking of getting married. The stars are Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose, and the author is William Douglas Home. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 14-18: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. ...¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 21-25: **PATIENCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

A LOVELY SUNDAY FOR CREVE COEUR—A new play by Tennessee Williams, with Shirley Knight and Peg Murray among others. (2/5/79) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—Shaw was enchanted with the fireworks that his mind was constantly setting off, and here these fireworks are at their best. George Grizzard is at the head of a superb cast, well directed by Stephen Porter. (1/1/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

MONTEITH AND RAND—Two pleasing young people, bright as new pennies and much more valuable, doing skits and parlor games of a Tolstoyan complexity, all simply to make us feel happy. (1/15/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

MY OLD FRIENDS—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Gus Edwards' **OLD PHANTOMS** is a haunting, subtle play about a self-made father whose ambition for his children's worldly success all but destroys them. The production is very well performed, under Horacena J. Taylor's direction. With Douglas Turner Ward, Samm-Art Williams, L. Scott Caldwell, Chuck Patterson, and Barbara Montgomery, among other good actors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

SARAVÁ—A musical adaptation of Jorge Amado's novel "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands," by N. Richard Nash (book and lyrics) and Mitch Leigh (music). With Tovah Feldshuh, P. J. Benjamin, and Michael Ingram. Directed by Rick Atwell. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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SAYS I, SAYS HE—A comedy with music, imported from London, by Irish playwright Ron Hutchinson. Opens Thursday, Feb. 15, and will run through Sunday, March 4. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Saturdays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; and Monday, Feb. 19, at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SEDUCED—A comic, imaginative fantasy about the end of Howard Hughes by the astonishing Sam Shepard. Rip Torn gives a wonderful performance in the leading role. Jack Gelber was the admirable director. (2/12/79) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 25.)

STREETSONGS—Geraldine Fitzgerald in a one-woman show. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG—A two-character musical with a book by Neil Simon, music by Marvin Hamlisch, and lyrics by Carole Bayer Sager. Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz are the cast. Directed by Robert Moore. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG—Under the inspired direction of Andrei Serban, this bittersweet musical confection, based on an only so-so French movie, has become a complete delight. Melodic score by Michel Legrand, and captivating scenery and lighting by Michael Yeargan and Ian Calderon, respectively. The good actors, who are also good singers, include Dean Pitchford, as the boy who is drafted and sent to Algiers; Stefanianne Christopherson, as the girl he leaves behind; Judith Roberts, as her mother; Laurence Guittard, as the rich man she marries; and Maureen Silliman, as the nurse-companion the boy marries. Everybody lives happily ever after. (2/12/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

WHOOPEE!—A musical revived by the Goodspeed Opera House. William Anthony McGuire wrote the book (based on Owen Davis's 1928 play "The Nervous Wreck"), Gus Kahn the lyrics, and Walter Donaldson the music. Charles Repole heads the cast. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 6:45. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Saturdays at 8; on Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 2.)

WINGS—Constance Cummings is brilliant in this accurate and often moving account of the disastrous consequences of a cerebral hemorrhage. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DA:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)... **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 2:30.)... **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)... **FAMILY BUSINESS:** A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,816 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and

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Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays, and also Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, at 2.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 14-16, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 18, at 1 and 7.)

Twyla Tharp and Dancers—A one-and-a-half-week engagement—Thursday, Feb. 15, at 7: Four premières—"Chapters and Verses," "Hair," "1903," and "Baker's Dozen." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 16, and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "Country Dances/Cacklin' Hen," "1903," and "Baker's Dozen." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2; and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, at 8: "Chapters and Verses," "Hair," "The Fugue," and "Sue's Leg." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances of mostly modern dance. **CHARLES MOORE AND DANCES & DRUMS OF AFRICA:** Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2. . . . **PAULINE KONER DANCE CONSORT:** Friday, Feb. 16, and Sunday, Feb. 18, at 8. . . . **ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE:** Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 21-24, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A program of new and repertory works performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Richard Fletcher. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3; and Monday, Feb. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000. Ext. 235.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 4—Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 20-21, and Saturday evening, Feb. 24: "Bugaku," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "Four Temperaments" (company première). . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 22-23, and Saturday matinée, Feb. 24: "Introducing . . . ," "Biosfera," "Adagietto No. 5," "Sensemaya" (première), "Secret Silence" (company première), and "Rhythmetron." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

Douglas Dunn and Dancers—"Coquina" (première), "Lazy Madge," and "Rille." (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

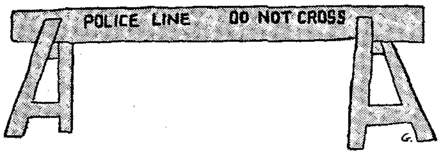
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** leads a quintet through Saturday, Feb. 17; on Tuesday, Feb. 20, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** and his band will move in. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years as a professor, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A pleasant-enough restaurant that really doesn't seem to resemble a back porch at all. What's special about the place is its singer-pianist, **DARDANELLE**, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—you can just catch a trace of honeyed Southernisms in her speaking voice. She's a confident, swinging pianist, but it's really her singing—clear, effortless, cheerful, direct, diction-perfect singing—that is so striking. She performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. A double bill: a musical-comedy trio—Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings, and Miss Faun—is half of it, and Sally-Jane Heit, who is in the Broadway show "Ballroom," is the other half. They are all here at one time or another Tuesdays through Saturdays: Hewett, Rollings, and Faun go on at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and Heit can be seen at ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Unlike the other branches of this steak-and-all-the-salad-you-can-eat restaurant chain, this one offers all the first-rate jazz you can listen to. The current attraction is mainstream bassist Teruo Nakamura and his septet, the Rising Sun; through Saturday, Feb. 17. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 21-24, Sandi Hewitt will sing with the Jimmy Smith trio. Sets begin Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
G.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: British avant-garde rock singer Peter Hammill will perform on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17. Friday, Feb. 23, marks the beginning of a three-night visit by the Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark, and Chris Hillman band, the latest regrouping of the Byrds. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **JIMMY ROWLES** is at the piano through Sunday, Feb. 18, and on Monday, Feb. 19, another fine pianist—**TOMMY FLANAGAN**—will take over. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of Rio, but without the crowds one would encounter on Copacabana and Ipanema beaches or at Carnaval, and there is no rainy season. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—An elegant, narrow, rectangular room painted a deep, dusty sienna. There is a dining room in the back, a bar in the front, and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, an elegant, seven-string-guitar genius, and his trio sharing the middle with what is perhaps the smallest dance floor in captivity. He is here through Saturday, Feb. 17. Music from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** has moved into the Café Carlyle with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** to fill in while Bobby Short is on a two-month leave of absence. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** works in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and dignified, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Weeknights until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week. The Urban Verbs trade sets with the Model Citizens Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 15-17; Sunday, Feb. 18, will belong to two bands—Congress and Torpid Liver. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. **LLOYD GLENN**, a robust blues and boogie-woogie pianist who worked in the twenties with territorial big bands in Dallas and the Southwest, alternates with Miss Hunter and her trio Tuesdays through Fridays, and plays on Sundays and Mondays, too. He starts things off at eight; she sings Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and, usually, Bourbon Street-tourist music during dinner. Trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** sneaks in a few swing licks and sings a little bit in a nicely offhand style. He is supported by a trio Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-

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February 12
Lincoln's Birthday
Wednesday 14 St. Valentine's Day
Thursday 15
Monday 19 Washington's Birthday
Saturday 17
18
N-M in Beverly Hills opens Today!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights, with saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** joining them on Tuesday, Feb. 20. On Sunday, Feb. 18, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. Mondays, from ten to three, belong to guitarist **HOWARD COLLINS**, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; and on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—A neat, modern room that is a somewhat formal, rigid setting for jazz. Conga wiz **RAY BARRETTO** and his youthful sextet liven things up through Saturday, Feb. 17; on Monday, Feb. 19, bebop trumpeter Red Rodney will bring in his quartet. Music Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—This multilevel room looks like just another stylish, modern hotel room, but the singular views from it are what one would see out the window of an airplane in a perpetual bank. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** leads a trio for dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this carpeted jazz loft. The guest performer on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17, will be trumpeter Dizzy Reece. Snacks and soft drinks. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand, supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **BILLY TAYLOR** is ensconced in this bar and restaurant, which resembles an old-fashioned dining room in an old-fashioned hotel. Taylor and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, are present Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Although it comes very close to authenticity, this Texas-on-Fifth Avenue bar attracts patrons who are a mite too sedate and hardly ever rowdy. Robert Gordon, a punk-rocker turned rockabilly musician, leads his group on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 14-15; on Sunday, Feb. 18, Kinky Friedman will drop by. Then the management will continue its Chicago-blues-appreciation series by bringing in guitarist **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, who will perform Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 19-20. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21-22, have been set aside for Texas songwriter Billy Joe Shaver. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** are devoting their energies to an all-Sondheim program Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or Bernard Purdie—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. Music from ten until three. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the best of the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and brings in non-folkie performers now and then. **THE PERSUASIONS**, an a-cappella quintet, will perform some inspiring gospel and rhythm-and-blues numbers on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 20-21; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 22-24, jazz bassist David Friesen and guitarist John Stowell will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** orchestra departs after Sunday, Feb. 18, and on Tuesday, Feb. 20, the Al Cobbs band will move in. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. The eight-thirty slot is currently (Wednesdays through Saturdays) claimed by Weeden, Finkle & Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—who sing satirical songs; the eleven-thirty show is given over to singer Barbara Cook. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers, successful studio musicians, and jazz-rock recording stars, own this pleasant club (along with a third partner), and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. The schedule: hard-bop tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will lead a quintet Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 15-18; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 20-21, will belong to drummer **BERNARD PURDIE**; and on Thursday, Feb. 22, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE**, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, and their quartet will come in. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A spacious, square-shaped downstairs room with refreshingly decent acoustics and comfortable chairs. Powerhouse drummer **ELVIN JONES** heads up a quartet Thursdays through Saturdays, and on Sunday, Feb. 18, **ROY ELDRIDGE**, **CLARK TERRY**, and others will perform in a tribute to the late trumpeter Jimmy Nottingham. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL'S** quartet is here through Saturday, Feb. 17; on Tuesday, Feb. 20, **TERUMASA HINO**, a striking young trumpeter, will bring in a quartet. Sundays are reserved for drummer **PETE LA ROCA'S** quartet, and Mondays for tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK'S** quintet. Music from ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that is a hang-out for musicians and listeners. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** leads a quartet on Wednesday, Feb. 14; and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** and a quintet will be on hand Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 15-18. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large, below-stairs room, trumpeter Hugh Masekela's band will perform opposite percussionist **OLATUNJI** and his group Friday through Sunday, Feb. 16-18. On Monday, Feb. 19, pianist John Fischer will lead his ensemble, Interface, which will feature drummer Barry Altschul. And on Tuesday, Feb. 20, the **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO**—**LESTER BOWIE**, **JOSEPH JARMAN**, **ROSCOE MITCHELL**, **MALACHI FAVORS**, and **DON MOYE**—will move in for six nights. Sets begin at ten and midnight most nights; at nine and eleven on Mondays. On Sundays at seven, Bob January directs a dance band in the Top of the Gate, upstairs; and on Tuesdays at nine, in the terrace bar, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** heads a trio.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **BILL EVANS** is here with his trio through Sunday, Feb. 18; on Monday, Feb. 19, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will lead his ten-piece Concert Jazz Ensemble; and on Tuesday, Feb. 20, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** will arrive to play New York jazz. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Armen Donelian is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Trumpeter Franc Williams and his Swing Four are performing here every night but Monday, which is devoted to pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Todd Rundgren and Utopia—With others, in two benefit concerts. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 16, at 9 and 12:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Sunny Murray Ensemble and **Walt Dickerson**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Feb. 16, at 11.

The Clash and **Bo Diddley**—Palladium. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8.

Charles Tyler Quartet and **Walt Dickerson**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 11.

Jimmy Rowles—Lecturing and performing at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. 477-3077. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3.

Collective Black Artists Ensemble—Slide Hampton conducting. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Oliver Lake—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 23-24, at 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

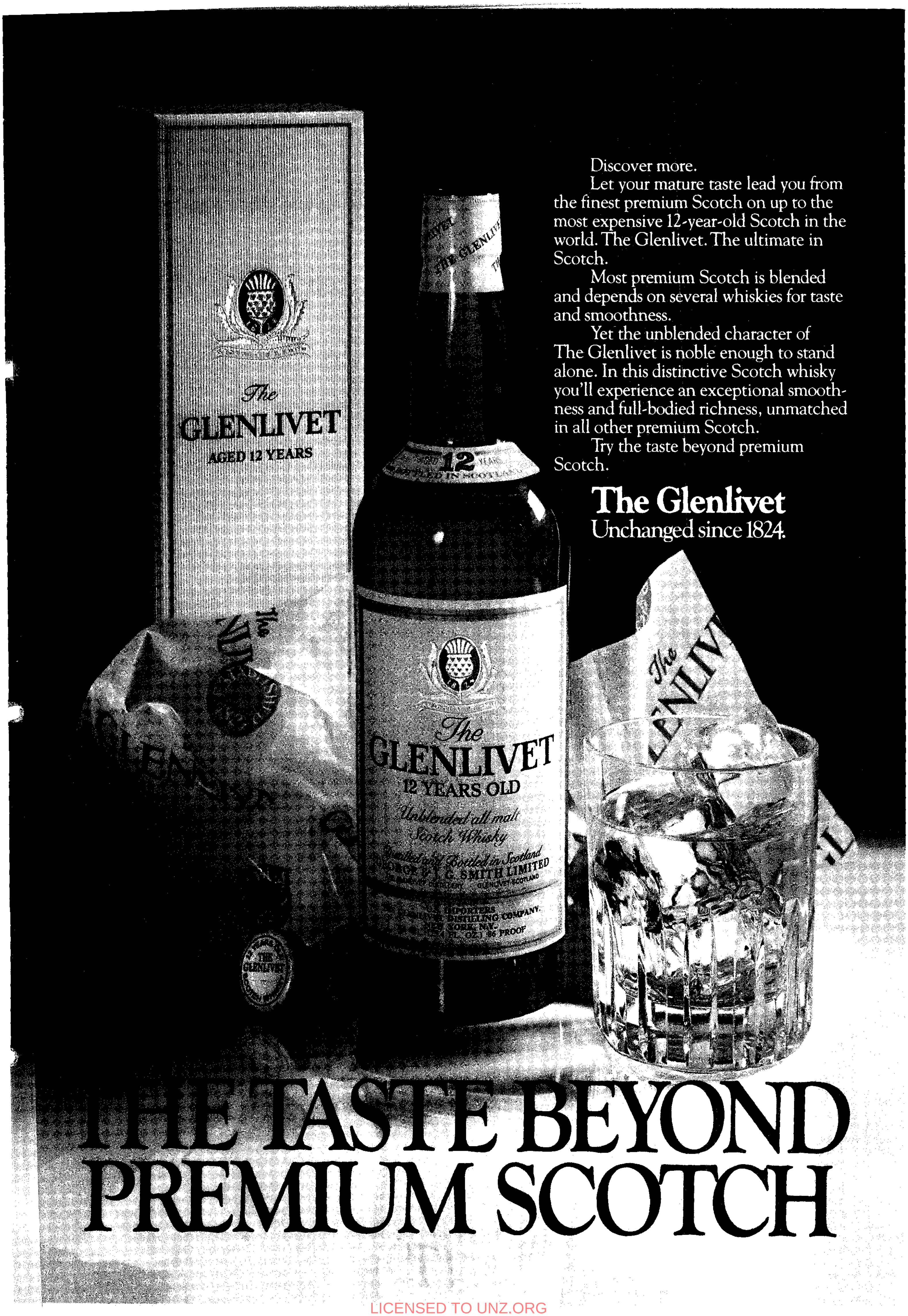
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Vincenzo Agnetti—An installation entitled "Game Preserve" by an Italian Conceptualist. Also other works. Through Feb. 28. (Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Oils and gouaches of outdoor scenes (Mexico, the Gaspé) and interiors from the forties when his work reflected a Fauvist influence. Through March 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Painted metal sculptures. Through March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Stuart Diamond—Three-dimensional wall pieces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in painted wood and found objects. Through March 3. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Akiba Emanuel—Lively bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by an artist whose works range from figurative to abstract, and whose themes come from religious and mythical sources. Through Friday, Feb. 23. (Nardin, a new gallery at 25 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Frank Faulkner—Recent decorative abstract paintings, which the artist has called "frankly opulent and intentionally beautiful." The surfaces are made up of rich encrustations of Rhoplex mixed with jewel-like colors; in the past his works have been all-over patterns but now he has introduced central Oriental-looking designs. Through March 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Large and sometimes rather spooky representational paintings by this Spanish-born artist, whose subjects include the mid-Manhattan rush hour and a mysterious seascape entitled "Return of the Marie Celeste." Through March 10. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St.)

Karl Hagedorn—A two-gallery exhibit of paintings and works on paper depicting imaginary machinery in strong, clear colors. A large triptych, together with preparatory studies, dated 1978, is at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Works covering a twenty-year period are at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 17.

Jim Houser—Beach chairs silhouetted against a deep-blue sky, a lifeguard's stark-white station, and an isolated frame house all acquire gothic qualities in this artist's handling. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twenty-four portraits by an artist whose early work was influenced by the Fauves and whose mature work was all but abstract. Through March 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Craig Kauffman—Large works by a California artist who glues paper to a silk-canvas ground and draws skimpy, tubelike abstract forms on it with watercolor. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done after 1945 by this Provincetown artist, whose more or less abstract works clearly reflect his proximity to the sea. Through Feb. 28. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Lois Lane—Recent drawings, most of them done in her halting manner on a black ground, and sometimes enlivened with small, colorful collage bits. Through Thursday, Feb. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Morgan—Paintings of Venice and New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Anthony Padovano—Sculptural forms, in marble, bronze, limestone, and fieldstone. Some are freestanding, and others are meant for tabletops. Through Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Mythical birds and sky phenomena painted in flaming watercolors in Martinique by this Danish artist, a member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—A two-gallery display of works by an artist known for her patterned, variegated collages: acrylic-and-fabric on canvas at Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St., and works on paper at Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St. Both shows through Feb. 28.

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract figure paintings of the artist in his studio and other subjects. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Fantastic bronze-and-stainless-steel heads that are meant to represent visitors from another planet. Through March 3. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Larry Bell—Abstract patterns, mostly stripes, arrived at by a vacuum process in which incredibly thin coats of vaporized mineral are transferred to paper. The examples in this exhibit are done with aluminum or quartz, and the color is controlled by tinkering with the spectrum so that only certain rays of light are employed. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

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Colleen Browning—The graffiti on the subway cars in these realist paintings come from the actual cars; in many instances, the passengers portrayed, however, are friends of the artist. Other works include a portrait of Terence Cardinal Cooke. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Cynthia Carlson—This artist specializes in colorful three-dimensional abstract ceramic squiggles, ranging in size from a couple of inches to a foot and a half across and applied directly to a wall in place of a wallpaper pattern. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Chandler—Drawings on a grid pattern. Through March 10. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—The boulder-strewn coves of Maine and the sandy beaches of Nassau provide this veteran realist with endless subject matter. Through March 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—Bronzes, many of horses or active male figures, plus drawings and a series of outsize stylized heads by this leading British sculptor. Through March 9. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nick Ghiz / Richard Alden—Tabletop-size sculptures of convoluted forms suggestive of seashells, done in alabaster, marble, and walnut. / Meticulous drawings of the artist's home—kitchen, bedroom, worktable, closet doors, a windowsill—done with colored pencils except for one remarkable detail, a glimpse through a screened window where the screen is done in ink. Through March 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Grosser / Daniel Lang—Landscapes that follow the course of the Roman Empire in North Africa and Spain, plus some scenes from the American South and a few portraits and still-lifes. / Romantic landscapes, usually of trees silhouetted against a moonlit sky. Through Wednesday, Feb. 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gini Hamilton—A primitive aura pervades this show, in which raw tree branches, sometimes wrapped with cloth or strung with cloth pendants, are propped against the wall. The floor pieces include an elongated papier-mâché boulder split down the middle and stuffed with twigs. Through March 3. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Two shows of abstract works: on canvas at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St., and on paper at Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St. Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 24.

James Juszczyk—Large abstract paintings based on a grid pattern. Instead of using shades of only one color in each painting, as he has done in the past, the artist now introduces two or more squares of complementary colors. Through March 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—Large-scale paintings, dated 1959-62, many of which tantalize the viewer with the feeling that a few brushstrokes added here or there would transform the violent abstractions into realistic figures and objects. Through March 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne—Furniture and decorations in animal and plant shapes; for instance, a concrete gorilla safe and a bronze banana cigar humidor. Through March 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—A new set of her three-dimensional sculptures constructed of handmade paper, which she produces from such natural fibres as abaca, ramie, sisal, and yucca, in a wide range of consistencies and colors. There is also a benchlike platform made of pine. Through March 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Morris—Small silverpoint-and-gesso paintings, heightened with acrylic, exploring various irrelevancies, inconsistencies, anachronisms. Through March 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Donn Moulton / Janet Alling—Beach pebbles picked up by the artist near his home in Maine or on the Dorset coast are copied exactly, except greatly enlarged, in polyester resins, in which state they make fine wall pieces. / Another group of enlargements, these done in oil, of Rex begonias and kalanchoes, both of which have showy blossoms. Through March 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Harry Nadler—New abstract oils. Through March 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Nadil Nahas—This painter, who specializes in geometric forms and outlines them in ribbons of primary colors, has now added strong colors to the backgrounds, which heretofore have been pale and inconspicuous. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Models, drawings, and photographs of site sculptures. The largest model, suggestive of Grecian ruins, consists of interlocking series of steps (here in cardboard), many of them painted in pastel colors. Through March 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sally Vagliano—Large paintings of the Connecticut countryside by an artist who knows how to preserve the individuality of the trees without losing her sense of the forest. This is her first show. Through Thursday, Feb. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susan Weil—Crumpled, torn, and folded paper painted with colored inks. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jean Zaleski—Guernsey and Holstein cows portrayed against the Blue Ridge mountainsides of Virginia sometimes take on abstract qualities and sometimes blot out the landscape entirely, when the artist gets too close to an animal to get it all onto the canvas. Through March 1. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: "The Big Still-Life" is a show of exactly that by such realists as Alfred Leslie, Paul Georges, and Sondra Freckelton. Through March 9. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **Hamilton**, 20 W. 57th St.: A three-person show here consists of drawings (mostly of rocks) and a few collages by David Hare; a number of large and powerful abstract paintings by Cheryl Bowers, a California artist; and bright pastel works on paper by Jenny Snider. Through March 3. . . . **Hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: Works by more than forty artists, among them Robert Henri, Grandma Moses, Henry F. Farny, and Rockwell Kent. Through March 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Traditional African art from the Cameroon grasslands, looking a little hostile to the plate-glass and stainless-steel world it is being exhibited in. Through March 10. . . . **Protetch**, 37 W. 57th St.: Five New York artists are represented in a group show here, among them Louisa Chase, whose depiction of falling autumn leaves is deadpan sentimental, and Howard Smith, whose horizontal stripes do Op Art tricks. Through March 3. . . . **Zarre**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by eleven artists who concentrate on decorative patterns of one kind or another. Joyce Kozloff, Tony Robbin, and Kendall Shaw are among the group. Through March 3.

Sculpture—Works by Mary Frank, Larry Rivers, and George Segal. Also drawings. Through March 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Charles Daugherty—Colorful abstracts, sometimes on shaped canvases, by an artist who grew up in the Synchromist tradition of his father, James, and carried a good deal of it over into his own works. Through Sunday, Feb. 18. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Recent paintings. Through March 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Michael Goldberg—Large, powerful paintings in which landscapes are simplified to their basic elements. The paint is made of bronze powder suspended in a solution, and it bites into the canvas like a dye. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Dale Henry / Roberta Allen—One side of the

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gallery is occupied by four so-called "Interiors," each consisting of an ordinary table, a chair, and a painting; two are painted red, two blue. Across the room are four matching "Wall Paintings," brushed directly on the wall (two in red, two in blue), which are abstractions of the Interiors. The finer points of the interrelationship are discussed in a five-page flier of unparalleled opacity. / Conceptual works that include both drawings and a diagram taped to the floor. Through Feb. 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Judd—This survey of his work over the past sixteen years includes his plywood boxes and brushed-aluminum wall pieces, and an enormous freestanding piece made up of a succession of identical aluminum frames, four feet high and ten feet long, arranged in a row. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Steve Kelsey / Daniel Douke—Large, open triangular wall pieces, the largest seven feet tall, made of plywood and daubed with paint. / This artist, member of an emerging school called "material illusionism," makes packing cases—complete with tape, brown-paper covering, and sometimes tacks and nails—out of canvas, gesso, and acrylics, and they do look exactly like packing cases. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Pat Lasch—Wood constructions, abstract paintings and drawings. The paint on the constructions, one of which resembles a tiered and decorated wedding cake, was applied with a pastry tube, a technique the artist learned from her *könditor* father. Through March 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Steve Linn—The star of this sculpture show is a huge, full-scale Kenworth truck made of laminated white ash sanded down to a matte finish. Inside the cab are boots, goggles, a lunchbox, and other appointments, all of wood or bronze. Also in the exhibit are the trunk end of a rodeo cowboy's car, also of ash, containing a saddle, a lariat, and so on, and an homage to the Wallendas—a wooden bicycle and a balancing rod perched on a high wire. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Douglas Mazonowicz—Fifty serigraphs representing cave paintings in France, Spain, and elsewhere. Through March 31. (Bayard, 456 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Judy Penzer / Marjorie Abramson—Life-size watercolor portraits of friends of the artist, done in pairs, cut out, and shown behind Plexiglas. / Decorative abstract ceramic sculptures based on vegetable, marine, and organic forms. Through Wednesday, Feb. 21. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Jim Richmond—A hundred or so small (eight inches by ten) paintings of cows, beginning with straightforward studies of Holsteins and Jerseys and moving on to abstractions and tricks—photographs of buildings touched up with collage to look like cows, a series of vertical stripes whose variations in width create a cow, and so on. Through Friday, Feb. 16. (Jamie, a recently opened gallery at 148 Spring St.)

Ed Shostak / Suzan Pitt—Freestanding sculptures, and drawings. Through Feb. 28. / The artist's animated film, "Asparagus," is on view here, along with preparatory drawings for it. Through Wednesday, Feb. 21. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Arlene Slavin—An eight-wall mural entitled "Waterbird," plus related paintings and drawings. Through March 8. (Milliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

Andy Warhol—Wall-to-wall Warhols—sixty-seven paintings lined shoulder to shoulder around the sides of this large exhibition room, plus sixteen more in the rear gallery. The identical pattern—a vaguely conical abstract shape—is silk-screened on each canvas, which has previously been brushed over with acrylics in various rich colors. Through March 10. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches (one is over twenty feet long) done in bright pastels to illustrate a series of Columbia lectures on urban planning, and the other works in the exhibit have a similar dash—enough to set them apart from the blueprint bleakness that afflicts most exhibitions of this sort. Through March 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Generation Show—The wide diversity of aesthetic aims in abstract art is clearly illustrated in this show, organized by Michael Walls and consisting of recent paintings by twenty leading American abstractionists born in the United States between 1929 and 1946. Among the works are a huge, colorful collage (six and a half feet tall and twelve feet long) by Joan Snyder, made up of drawings by Bedford-Stuyvesant school kids; a sombre, compelling wall piece of plywood and acrylics by Ralph Humphrey; and a triangular wall piece built around three interior triangles by Robert Mangold. Through March 3. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Stephen Csoka—A retrospective of his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 17. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Leon Golub—Portraits, based on photographs, of political figures, including Franco, Ho Chi Minh, and Kissinger. Through Feb. 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays, except Feb. 19, through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Wendell Minor—Hard-edge representational paintings of Southwestern subjects—a house by the side of the road, a riverbank strewn with boulders, a Mission-style church, a country store. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Hadler-Rodriguez, 35 E. 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—Thirty-five recently made photographs of natural land formations in the West. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)...¶ In a collateral exhibit the Museum of Modern Art is showing Adams' early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Historical documentation of North American Indian tribes. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesdays until 9.)

Robert Frank—All eighty-three photographs which appeared in his 1959 book "The Americans" are on view here. Also, a less well-known group of prints made in New York in the late forties and fifties, including portraits of Motherwell, de Kooning, Gandy Brodie in his loft, and an unusually soft-toned one of Meyer Schapiro playing with a small child. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David A. Hanson—This photographer-filmmaker-bookbinder chooses a subject (ornithological specimens, travels to the Rio Grande), takes the necessary pictures, and then mounts them in handbound books. Twenty-three books and thirty-five wall-mounted prints make up his show. Through March 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Carl Toth / Robert Heinecken—Color photographs in which small mechanical objects are seen alongside Polaroid pictures of them. / Erotic prints with text, plus a four-by-five-feet mosaic of two hundred and fifty-five Polaroid prints—of arms, legs, torsos, genitals, everything. Through March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Burk Uzzle / Lucien Clergue—Urban street scenes. / Surrealist studies of nudes. Through March 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fifty Years of New York—More than three hundred photographs from the *News* archives have been mounted by the New York Public Library. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. More than a hundred works by David Octavius Hill, Charles Nègre, and Auguste Salzmann, all of whom began their careers as academic painters....¶ Photojournalist pictures of Europe between the two wars by Lucien Aigner. Through March 11. (Open Sundays.)... **MUSEO DEL BARRIO**, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)... **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park S.: Portraits, still-lifes, photo-collages, and experimental works by Eva Rubinstein, George A. Tice, Jan Groover, Andre Haluska, and six others. Through March 4. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **SRAGOW**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: A small selection of prints (some are gravures) by Kertész, Brandt, Model, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: Works by five photographers—John Pinderhughes, Coreen Simpson, Frank Stewart, Jules Allen, and Dawoud Bey. Through March 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.: Industrial scenes by Charles Sheeler, Berenice Abbott, Lewis Baltz, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Mondays, except Feb. 19, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)... **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Vintage prints by Julia Margaret Cameron, Roger Fenton, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, and others. Through March 3. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course....¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters....¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings by students of Hans Hofmann, including Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, and Giorgio Cavallon. The works date from the twenties to the fifties. Through March 4....¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through March 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of Jackie Winsor's geometric floor sculptures made of unpainted wood, rope, nails, brick. Through March 6....¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3....¶ An exhibit of thirty collages by Anne Ryan. Through March 6....¶ Bottle caps, paper clips, rubber bands, and other objects (two thousand of them) transformed by Donald Lipski into tiny sculptures that are pinned in rows on the wall. Through March 18.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian (paintings and works on paper, including two sketchbooks), dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1979 biennial consists of works in a wide range of styles and mediums by eighty-eight artists of all ages and all levels of fame, more than a third of whom work outside the New York area. Through April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederic Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Through April 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Feb. 19, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, from 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Calligraphy as a decorative form in the arts of the Muslim world, demonstrated in a show of manuscript pages, pottery, textiles, and metalwork dating from the seventh century to the nineteenth. Through March 11. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of designs for buildings, interiors, and objects commissioned by King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Also costumes, furniture, porcelains, and textiles that were actually used by the king. Through March 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Two examples of Hans Holbein the Younger's miniature paintings have been mounted in conjunction with his permanently installed portraits of Sir Thomas More and Thomas Cromwell. The subjects of the miniatures are More's daughter and son-in-law. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Sunday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Sunday, Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Sunday, Feb. 18. (Open daily except Tuesday, Feb. 20. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, from 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Pictures of New York from the last fifty years. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 19. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographic installations by four artists: Dennis Adams, James Casebere, Donald, and Barbara Levy. All start Friday, Feb. 16.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Diane Torr (dance), Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; Gerard Malanga (performance), Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; Donna Henes (performance), Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; works by Ida Applebroog and Angels Ribe that either literally or conceptually follow a book format; through March 3. Also on display, six magazines published by the Letter Edged in Black Press in 1968.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Kenneth King (dance with film), Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 14-17, at 8:30; William Hawley (music), Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30; Eleanor Antin (performance), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 23-24, at 8:30; Kevin Noble (videotapes), through Saturday, Feb. 17; Bob & Ingrid Wiegand (videotape projection, with audiotape), starting Tuesday, Feb. 20.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—At least twenty individual exhibits and several group shows are currently housed in this three-story onetime school building. Through April 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

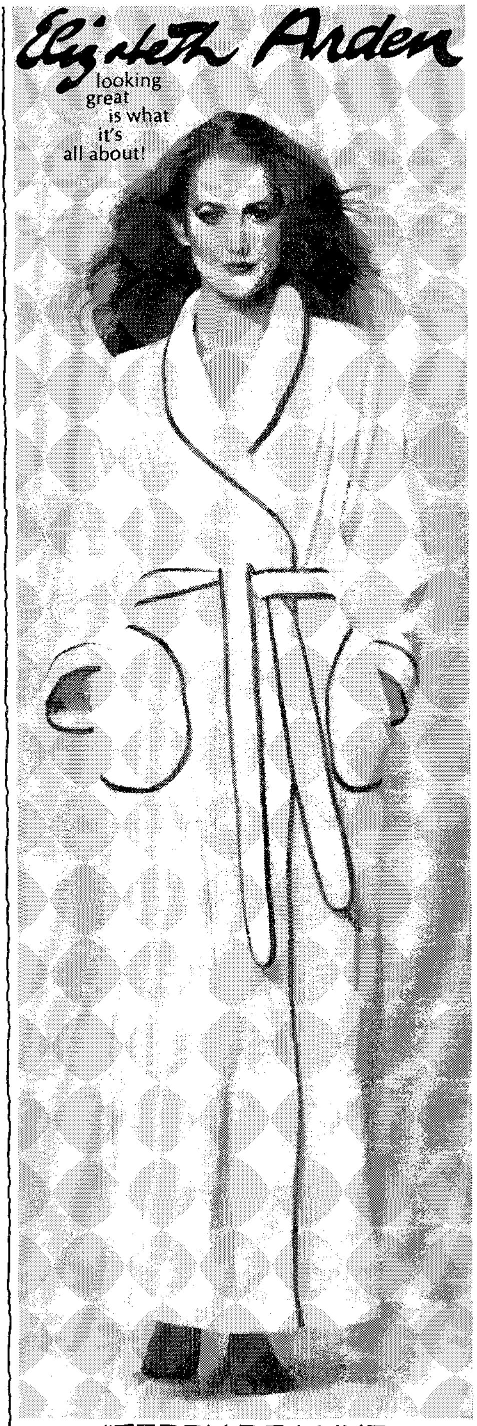
METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Ariel Bybee, Barry Morell, and Allan Monk; conducted by Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 16, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Alma Jean Smith, Seth McCoy, Christian Boesch, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, John Shirley-Quirk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Ariel Bybee, Barry Morell, and Allan Monk; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Alma Jean Smith, Seth McCoy, Christian Boesch, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, John Shirley-Quirk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Alma Jean Smith, Seth McCoy, Christian Boesch, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; David Stivender. (A nonsubscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 29—Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Glenys Fowles, Sharon Daniels, Luis Lima, Dominic Cossa, Marc Embree, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Awilda Verdejo, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Adib Fazah; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Ruth Falcon, Gwenlynn Little, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Robert Hale, Vernon Hartman, and Ralph Bassett; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

NEW OPERA THEATRE—Richard Dufallo conducting the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in two performances of Donizetti's "Il Furioso all'Isola di San Domingo," in English. Staged by Ian Strasfogel. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 22, and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Daniel Barenboim conducting on Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 16,



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at 2; Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 22-24, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8, an all-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; and Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8, with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8, with Leonid Kogan, violin.)

NDR Symphony Orchestra of Hamburg—Zdenek Macal conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Budapest Symphony Orchestra—Adam Medveczky conducting, with Miklós Szenthelyi, violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Faye Robinson, soprano; John Aler, tenor; Michael Devlin, baritone; and the Singing City Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—Dmitri Kitaenko conducting, with Alexander Toradze, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of Viennese music, with Kenneth Cooper, piano; Gerardo Levy, flute; and Henry Schuman, oboe. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30, with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. All seats have been sold for both concerts, and only standing room is left.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting a program called "Homage to Romanticism," with Justus Frantz, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Carol Wincenc, flute/piccolo; Gerard Schwarz and Norman Smith, trumpet; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Atarah Hazzan, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Richard Taylor, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

RECITALS

Stephanie Jutt—Flute, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Gunther Schuller; Randall Hodgkinson, piano; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music, with William Blount, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Sequeira Costa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Contemporary Music of the Americas—Hilde Somer, piano; Andrew Bolotowsky, flute; Jane Taylor, bassoon; Jerry Kirkbride, clarinet; and the Paul Price Percussion Ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Christoph Eschenbach and Young-Uck Kim—A recital of Mozart sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in the second of two all-Schubert benefit recitals, this one devoted to "Schwanengesang," "Erlkönig," and other songs. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:45.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Maxine Neuman—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 5:30.)

Leonard Rose—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2.)

Early Music at the Cathedral—The sixth in a series of seven concerts, this one entitled "A Garland of Love" and performed by the Western Wind. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

André-Michel Schub—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

Primavera String Quartet—Chamber music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Zara Nelsova—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The first in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Anthony Newman. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 5:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano, in two all-Mozart programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 21, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Kiri Te Kanawa—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Christiane Edinger—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Daniel Phillips—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fifth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Audubon String Quartet; Ann Silsbee, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Philidor Trio—A program of baroque music. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of four concerts presenting the Haydn cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Jerry Grossman—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.)

Haydn Quartet—The second of two all-Haydn recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 5:45.)

Janina Fialkowska—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Feb. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3:45. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Feb. 23, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Feb. 21. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1:15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Ruthless, Sunday, Feb. 18, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 24. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 23, at 11 and 7.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 10. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—At the DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM: Galway Kinnell and Frederick Morgan reading from the works of Hayden Carruth, Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Seamus Heaney reading from his own works, Thursday, Feb. 22, at 6:30. (20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.). . . PUBLIC THEATRE: Daniel Mark Epstein and Judith Johnson Sherwin reading from their own works. (425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Monday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

National Antiques Show—This year's featured exhibit will be a retrospective of lighting devices, ranging from Judean and Roman terracotta oil lamps to contemporary lamps by Bradley & Hubbard and Bigelow & Kannard. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb. 17, through Sunday, Feb. 25. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, from 10 to 7, and Sunday, Feb. 25, from 10 to 6.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15-16, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and clocks; from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 2; Thursday, Feb. 22, at 10:15 and 2; Friday, Feb. 23, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 10:15: English and Continental silver, *objets de vertu*, miniature paintings, and watches and clocks; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 16. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2: Art Nouveau, from the collection of Eleanor Gluck.

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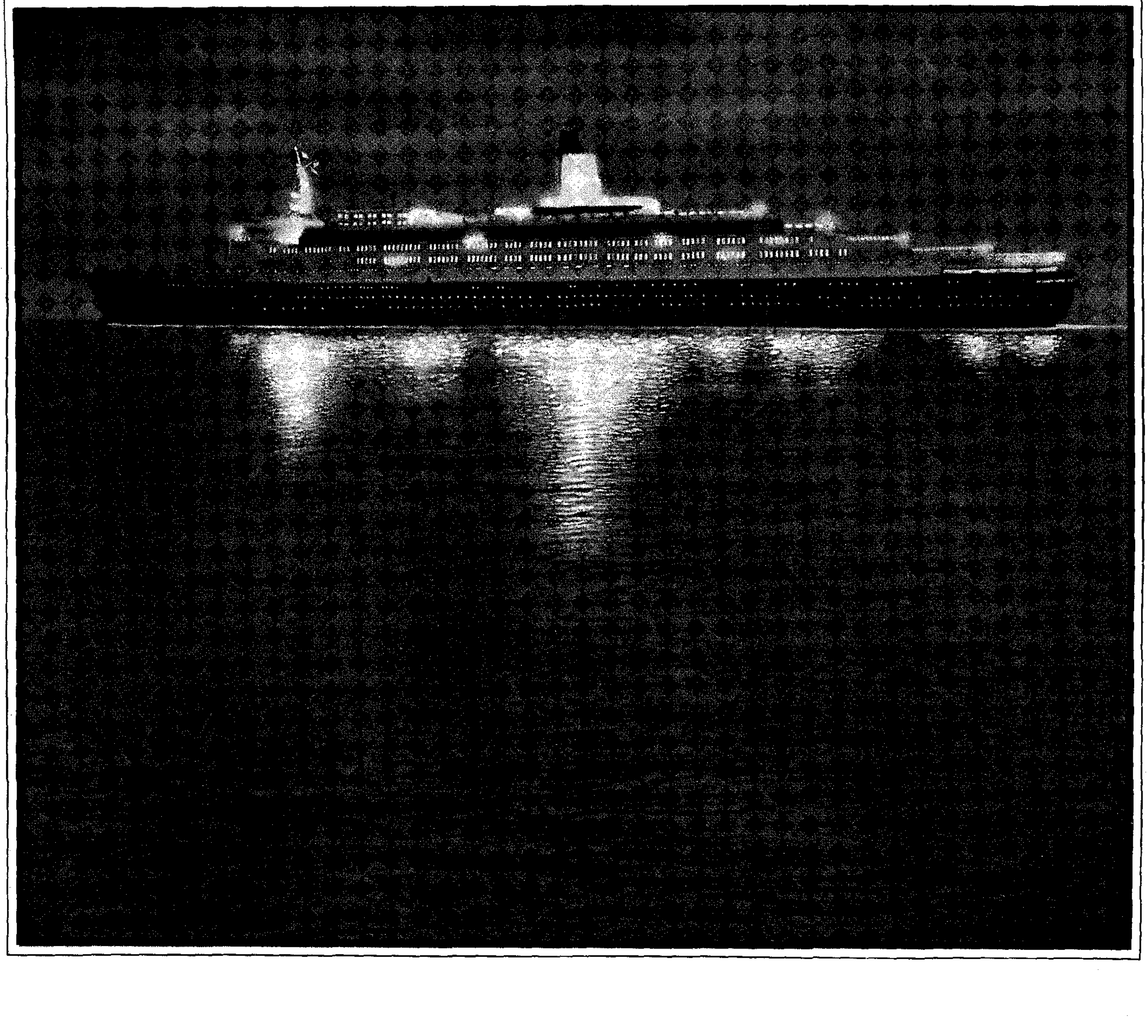

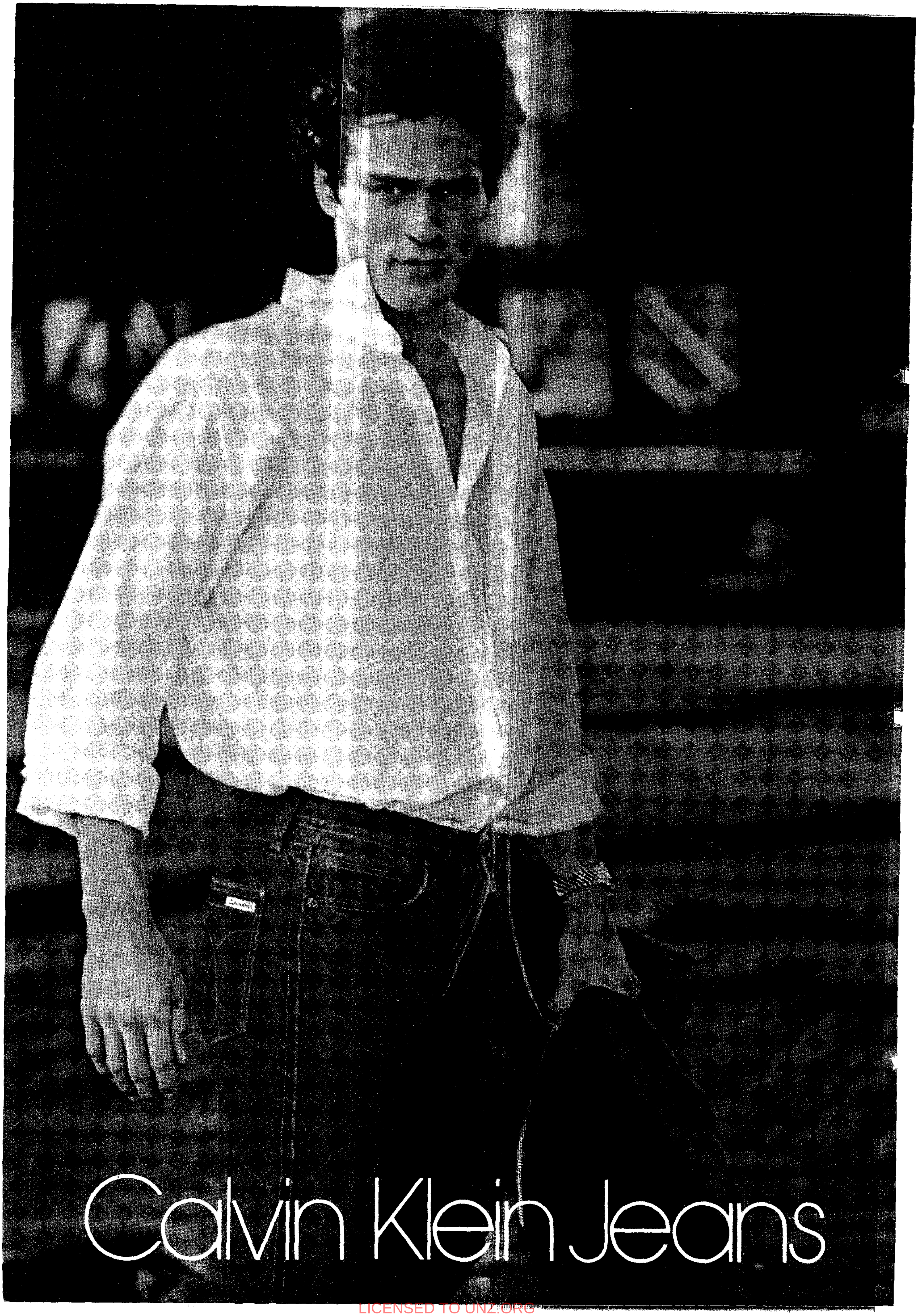
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 18: "The Cycle."
Feb. 19: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 20: "Chuquiago."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"California Suite."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 15: "Joseph Andrews" and "Pretty Baby."
Feb. 16-22: "Death on the Nile" and "Handle with Care."
From Feb. 23: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Quintet."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Warriors."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"In Praise of Older Women."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Great Train Robbery."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hardcore."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Deer Hunter."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"An Unmarried Woman."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Agatha."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"On the Yard."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Feb. 15: "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder."
From Feb. 16: "Despair."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Quintet."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 22: "California Suite."
From Feb. 23: "Ice Castles."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 15: "Magic."
Feb. 16-22: "Death on the Nile."
From Feb. 23: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Great Train Robbery."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Warriors."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 15: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
From Feb. 16: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Hardcore."
Theatre 2: "In Praise of Older Women."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Movie Movie."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Halloween."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"In Praise of Older Women."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "Bread and Chocolate."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 22: "The Lord of the Rings." From Feb. 23: "The Last Wave."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 15: "Violette." From Feb. 16: "Tracks."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Feb. 15: "Bread and Chocolate."
From Feb. 16: "The Lord of the Rings."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Murder by Decree."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 22: "Movie Movie."
From Feb. 23: "Wifemistress."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 22: "Wifemistress."
From Feb. 23: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Great Train Robbery."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quintet."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Your Turn, My Turn."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Max Havelaar."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "California Suite."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 22: "Watership Down." From Feb. 23: "The Last Wave."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 15: "Moment by Moment." From Feb. 16: "The Brink's Job."
Theatre 4: "The Lord of the Rings."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Movie Movie."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 15: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "Pardon Mon Affaire."
Feb. 16-22: "Death on the Nile" and "Sorcerer."
From Feb. 23: "The Wiz" and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Great Train Robbery." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Quintet." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 15: "National Lampoon's Animal House." From Feb. 16: "California Suite." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Late Great Planet Earth."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 15: "Moment by Moment." (†) From Feb. 16: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Warriors." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Hardcore." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Feb. 15: "California Suite." (†)
From Feb. 16: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"In Praise of Older Women." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Feb. 22: To be announced.
From Feb. 23: "Ice Castles." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Last Wave." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 14: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier.
Feb. 15: "The Seventh Victim" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Tom Conway and Jean Brooks; "Cat People" (1942), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway; and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Frances Dee and James Ellison.
Feb. 16-17: "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.
Feb. 18 (showings at 1:30, 8, and 10:05): "Duelle" (1976), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Juliet Berto and Bulle Ogier.
Feb. 18 at 3:35: "Out One: Spectre" (1972), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, a four-hour-plus film, with Bernadette Lafont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Michel Lonsdale.
Feb. 19: "House of Bamboo" (1955), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Robert Ryan, Robert Stack, Shirley Yamaguchi, and Cameron Mitchell; and "Moonfleet" (1955), directed by Fritz Lang, with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Joan Greenwood, Viveca Lindfors, and Jon Whiteley.
Feb. 20: "Noroit" (1976), directed by Jacques

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rivette, with Geraldine Chaplin, Bernadette Lafont, and Kika Markham.
Feb. 21: "Lady in the Lake" (†) and "Dark Passage." (†)
Feb. 22: "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont; and "Grey Gardens" (1976), directed by the Maysles brothers, about Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter Edie in their decaying East Hampton mansion.
Feb. 23-24: "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian; and "Cat and Mouse" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Michèle Morgan and Serge Reggiani.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 14: "The Fountainhead" (1949), directed by King Vidor, with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Lust for Life" (1956), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, and Pamela Brown.
Feb. 15: "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve, Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, and Ian Hendry; and "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York and René Auberjonois.
Feb. 16: "Between the Lines" (1977), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with John Heard and Lindsay Crouse; and "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
Feb. 17: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962), directed by Richard Brooks, with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.
Feb. 18: "Sleuth" (1972), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine; and "And Then There Were None." (†)
Feb. 19: "Giant" (1956), directed by George Stevens, with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.
Feb. 20: "The Horse's Mouth (†); and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Howard and Wendy Hiller.
Feb. 21: "Metropolis" (†) and "The Golem." (†)
Feb. 22: "Weekend" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Mireille Darc; and "Band of Outsiders." (†)
Feb. 23: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Feb. 24 at 1: "Transport from Paradise." (†)
Feb. 24: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 15: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa, a Soviet-Japanese co-production; and "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Machiko Kyo.
Feb. 16-17: "FM" (1978), directed by John A. Alonzo, with Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, and Cleavon Little; and "American Hot Wax" (1978), directed by Floyd Mutrux, with Tim McIntire.
Feb. 18-19: "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.
Feb. 20: "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love" (1977), directed by Harry Rasky, a documentary on Marc Chagall, narrated by James Mason; and "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life" (1969), directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris, a documentary.
Feb. 21-22: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Feb. 23-24: "Play It Again, Sam" (†); and "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, and Ron Moody.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 14: "Maisie" (1939), directed by Edwin Marin, with Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Ian Hunter, Ruth Hussey, and Cliff Edwards; and "Emma" (1932), directed by Clarence Brown, with Marie Dressler and Myrna Loy.
Feb. 15-17: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, and Una Merkel.
Feb. 18-19: "The Fuller Brush Girl" (1950), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert, and Lee Patrick; and "My Sister Eileen" (1942), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair.
Feb. 20-21: "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (†) and "It Should Happen to You." (†)
Feb. 22-24: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (†); and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Feb. 15: A program of four black musical revue films: "Killer Diller," "Boogie Woogie Dream," "Jivin' in Be-Bop," and "Symphony in Black."
Feb. 16-17: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon" (1956), directed by Daniel Mann, with Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford, Machiko Kyo, Eddie Albert, and Paul Ford.
Feb. 18-19: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Robert Walker and Farley Granger; and "I Confess" (1953), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.
Feb. 20: "Comanche Station" (1960), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Randolph Scott, Nancy Gates, and Claude Akins; and "The Tall T" (1957), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Randolph Scott, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Richard Boone.
Feb. 21-22: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "Angel Face" (1953), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall.
Feb. 23-24: "Second Chance" (1953), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Robert Mitchum, Linda Darnell, and Jack Palance; and "Drums of Tahiti" (1954), directed by William Castle, with Dennis O'Keefe, Patricia Medina, and Francis L. Sullivan. Both films in 3-D.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 14: "A Place in the Sun" (1951), directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, and Raymond Burr; and "Desire Under the Elms" (1958), directed by Delbert Mann, with Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins, and Burl Ives.
Feb. 15: "The Man Who Laughs" (1928), a silent film, directed by Paul Leni, with Conrad Veidt, Mary Philbin, and Olga Baclanova; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss and Conrad Veidt.
Feb. 16: "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Lena Horne, and Fanny Brice; and "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland, Lana Turner, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey.
Feb. 17: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Har-

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Feb. 18-19: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, and Ina Claire; and "Two-Faced Woman." (†)

Feb. 20: "The Big Clock" (1948), directed by John Farrow, with Ray Milland, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elsa Lanchester, and George Macready; and "Mirage" (1965), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Gregory Peck, Diane Baker, and Walter Matthau.

Feb. 21: "The Guardsman" (†); and "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward.

Feb. 22: "Road House" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "Johnny Belinda." (†)

Feb. 23-24: "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940), directed by Norman Foster, with Sidney Toler, Jean Rogers, Lionel Atwill, Mary Nash, and Sen Yung; and "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940), directed by Eugene Forde, with Sidney Toler, Marjorie Weaver, Lionel Atwill, Sen Yung, and Robert Lowery.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 15 at 2:30: "The Soldier and the Lady" (1937), directed by George Nicholls, Jr., with Anton Walbrook, Fay Bainter, and Akim Tamiroff. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 6: "Thirteen Women" (1930), directed by George Archainbaud, with Ricardo Cortez, Myrna Loy, and Irene Dunne. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8:30: "The Richest Girl in the World" (1934), directed by William Seiter, with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30: "Prestige" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with Adolphe Menjou, Melvyn Douglas, and Ann Harding. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 6: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Dick Powell and Claire Trevor. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at noon: "Mighty Joe Young" (1949), directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Terry Moore, Robert Armstrong, and Ben Johnson. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2:30: "The Big Street" (1942), directed by Irving Reis, with Henry Fonda, Lucille Ball, and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 5: "Hell's Highway" (1932), directed by Rowland Brown, with Richard Dix, Rochelle Hudson, and Tom Brown. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at noon: "We're Rich Again" (1934), directed by William Seiter, with Buster Crabbe, Edna Mae Oliver, and Billie Burke. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2:30: "Man of Two Worlds" (1934), directed by J. Walter Ruben, with Francis Lederer and Elissa Landi. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 5: "Before the Revolution" (1962), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Adriana Asti; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at noon: "City of Contrasts" (1931), directed by Irving Browning; "Birth of a Building" (1950); and "N.Y., N.Y." (1957), directed by Francis Thompson. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2:30: "The Saint Takes Over" (1940), directed by Jack Hively, with George Sanders, Wendy Barrie, and Jonathan Hale; and "The Falcon Takes Over" (1942), directed by Irving Reis, with George Sanders, Lynn Bari, and Hans Conreid. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 6: "Diplomaniacs" (1933), directed by William Seiter, with Wheeler and Woolsey, Hugh Herbert, and Louis Calhern. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at noon: "City of Contrasts," "Birth of a Building," and "N.Y., N.Y.". . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2:30: "The Third Man" (1949), directed by Carol Reed, with Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, Orson Welles, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 6: "That Our Children Will Not Die" (1978), directed by Joyce Chopra. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Man of Two Worlds.". . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6: "Prestige.". . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 8:30: "Mighty Joe Young.". . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Five Came Back" (1939), directed by John Farrow, with Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, John Carradine, and Wendy Barrie. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 6: "The Third Man.". . . ¶ Feb. 24 at noon: "Scarlet River" (1933), directed by Otto Brower, with Tom Keene, Edgar Kennedy, Yakima Canutt, Lon Chaney, Jr., Joel McCrea, Myrna Loy, and Bruce Cabot. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Bad Lands" (1939), directed by Lew Landers, with Noah Beery, Jr. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 5: "Five Came Back." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—In conjunction with the 1979 biennial exhibition, film and video works made during the past two years are being shown in both the second-floor film-video exhibition space and the first-floor lobby gallery. The programs change daily and/or weekly; our best advice is to phone the museum for exact film and video titles and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Feb. 15-18: A program of twelve recent animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 22: "Cinema Dead or Alive?" (1978), in French, made by the Zurich Filmcollective; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—With Dustin Hoffman and Vanessa Redgrave, directed by Michael Apted. (Cinema I.)

And Then There Were None (1945)—The Agatha Christie murder mystery and play "Ten Little Indians" (known in England as "Ten Little Niggers") gathers together a group of characters and then ticks them off to the nursery rhyme. Ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows; on arrival, they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they start keeling over like plague victims. This René Clair version never had much life in it to start with, despite the cast—Judith Anderson, June Duprez, Roland Young, Walter Huston, Mischa Auer, Barry Fitzgerald, Richard Haydn, Louis Hayward, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, and Harry Thurston. The efforts at sprightly, stylish comedy don't gain much momentum. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. (There were English versions made in 1965 and 1974. The Christie material was also parodied in the boisterous, unfunny 1976 "Murder By Death," written by Neil Simon.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 18.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—The two heroes (Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey) begin by playacting crime and violence movies, then really act them out in their lives. Their girl (Anna Karina), wanting to be accepted, tells them there is money in the villa where she lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them go through the robbery they're committing as if it were something in a movie—or a fairy tale. The crime does not fit the daydreamers nor their milieu: we half expect to be told it's all a joke—that they can't really be committing an armed robbery. This Jean-Luc Godard film is like a reverie of a gangster movie—a gangster movie as students in an espresso bar might remember it or plan it. It has the gangster-film virtues (loyalty, daring) but they are mixed with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium. It's as if a French poet took a banal American crime novel and told it to us in terms of the romance and beauty he read between the lines; that is to say, Godard gives it *his* imagination, re-creating the gangsters and the moll with *his* world of associations—seeing them as people in a Paris café, mixing them with Rimbaud, Kafka, Alice in Wonderland. This lyrical romantic tragicomedy is perhaps Godard's most delicately charming film. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 22.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 24.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Guild; through Feb. 15.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 16.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Art, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ National; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 16.)

Chuquiago—A Bolivian film, directed by Antonio Eguino. In Spanish. (Little Theatre; starting Feb. 20.)

The Cycle (1974)—An Iranian film, directed by Darius Mehrjui. In Farsi. (Little Theatre; through Feb. 18.)

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that, which puts him ahead of her, but not very far. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, from a David Goodis story. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 21.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; Feb. 16-22.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen

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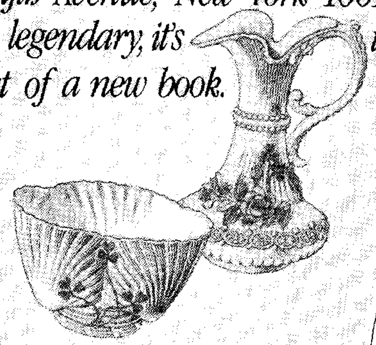

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treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. It is also caught in its own obsessions. And because the director, Michael Cimino, plays them out on such a vast canvas, the film has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. (12/18/78) (Coronet.)

Despair—With Dirk Bogarde and Andrea Ferréol, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. (Gemini 2; starting Feb. 16.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress. Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

The Golem (1937)—Julien Duvivier directed three of the best French films of 1937: "Pépé le Moko," "Un Carnet de Bal," and "The Golem," a remake of the silent German classic. The Golem is a stone man, eight feet tall, brought to life by a magically endowed rabbi, who commands his creation to overcome the Austrian oppressors of the Jewish people. The monster runs amok to order; Harry Baur plays a king who tries to trammel him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 21.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea; the film is a fictionalized version of what, according to Michael Crichton, who directed, and adapted from his own novel, was the first train robbery. There's a total absence of personal obsession—even moviemaking obsession—in the way Crichton works; he never excites us emotionally or imaginatively, but the film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. With Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Sutton, U.A. East, Cinema 3, and Criterion.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the husband (in disguise from his wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play, which Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (It was later turned into a movie musical, "The Chocolate Soldier.") The cast includes Roland Young as a critic, Ann Dvorak as a fan, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 21.)

Halloween—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Handle with Care (1977)—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 16-22.)

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Hardcore—With George C. Scott, Season Hubley, and Peter Boyle; directed by Paul Schrader. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Joyce Cary's painter hero, Gulley Jimson, is a fabulous, lewd creation: the modern artist as a scruffy, dirty little bum. Gulley's antic self-destructiveness is partly based on the behavior of Cary's friend Dylan Thomas, and his approach as a painter is derived from the tradition of William Blake. Alec Guinness's sly, likable Gulley isn't all that one might hope for (Guinness lacks passion and innocence and the real fire of insolence), and the movie is too literal-minded—it's a conformist movie about nonconformity—but, with that said and out of the way, let's admit how marvellously enjoyable it is. With Ernest Thesiger as Hickson; Renée Houston as wily old Sarah; Kay Walsh (less successful) as Coker, the conscience-ridden barmaid; and Michael Gough (wretched) as the sculptor. Ronald Neame directed Guinness's adaptation; paintings by John Bratby. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Ice Castles—With Bobby Benson, Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt, Jennifer Warren, David Huffman, and Lynn-Holly Johnson; directed by Donald Wrye. (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Feb. 23.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast (in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina), but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end he's all over the place acting. Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. At first, she's like a placid ingénue, except that she has furtive yearnings—naughty thoughts. When she's finally nude, in bed, and aroused, she heaves and writhes so prodigiously she's like a storm-tossed sea. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza.)

In Praise of Older Women—With Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, and Tom Berenger; directed by George Kaczender. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Rivoli. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Feb. 15.)

It Should Happen to You (1954)—Judy Holliday in a pleasantly erratic satirical comedy; the targets—advertising, TV, and urban gullibility—are rather easily pinked, but the scenarist, Garson Kanin, and the director, George Cukor, don't loiter over them for long. The heroine, who yearns for celebrity, takes her life savings and places her name in giant letters across a billboard in Columbus Circle. Before long, she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. She also tosses about in romantic indecision: Should she give her heart to an honest documentary filmmaker (Jack Lemmon) and say farewell to the big time, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer (Peter Lawford)? With Connie Gilchrist, Melville Cooper, and Michael O'Shea, who is particularly funny as a seedy entrepreneur. (Regency; Feb. 20-21.)

I Wanna Hold Your Hand—Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Olympia; starting Feb. 23.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman, previously known as a giddy second-string blonde, surprised audiences with her touching performance as the brunette deaf-mute Belinda and won an Academy Award. The setting is an island off Nova Scotia, where a poor, proud farmer, appropriately named McDonald (Charles Bickford), lives with his acidulous sister (Agnes Moorehead) and his afflicted daughter, who is generally regarded as an idiot. Along comes a kindly young doctor (Lew Ayres), who teaches her sign language and encourages her to comb her hair, and she becomes presentable enough to attract a leering local bully (Stephen McNally, earlier known as Horace McNally), who rapes her. She has a baby—Johnny Belinda. This Jerry Wald production might have been as exasperating as the Broadway play by Elmer Harris that it's based on, but the director, Jean Negulesco, managed to provide an atmosphere in which the hokey, tearjerking elements are used for more than mere pathos—an example of technique over subject matter. With Jan Sterling as an unscrupulous tart, Rosalind Ivan, Dan Seymour (sometimes mistaken for Zero Mostel), and Mabel Paige. Cinematography by Ted McCord. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 22.)

Joseph Andrews—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel who has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (4/24/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 15.)

Lady in the Lake (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating, besides, since Montgomery (who also directed) is the only star; the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. At one point, the face of Audrey Totter, the feminine lead, comes swimming out at you, lips ajar, as if to honor you with a great big kiss; then she's lost in shadows. That's about as close as you get to any fun. With Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 21.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. The portents keep coming, but there's no delivery. The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 23.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Feb. 16.)

Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. The gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment—and the picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (72nd Street East; through Feb. 15.)

Max Havelaar—Directed by Fons Rademakers. In Dutch. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, another—labyrinthine, underground—for the slaveworkers who tend the machines. The industrialist-tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with saintly Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant commissions a mad inventor to create a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of the German film, "Metropolis" is a brilliant piece of expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 21.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces octuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Porter Hall, Esther Howard, and Freddie Steele. (Regency; Feb. 22-24.)

Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; through Feb. 15.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Festival; through Feb. 22.)

Murder by Decree—With Christopher Plummer as Sherlock Holmes and James Mason as Dr. Watson. Also with Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, Geneviève Bujold, and David Hemmings; directed by Bob Clark. (Ziegfeld.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

On the Yard—With Thomas Waites and John Heard, directed by Raphael D. Silver. (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire (1977)—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Olympia; through Feb. 15.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 23.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema Village; Feb. 23-24.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 15.)

Quintet—With Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Bibi Andersson, Fernando Rey, and Brigitte Fossey; directed by Robert Altman. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and Embassy 1.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac (1956)—Abe Burrows adapted and Richard Quine directed the George S. Kaufman-Howard Teichmann Broadway play about the little-old-lady stockholder in a giant corporation; though her holdings are minuscule, her questions about corporate salaries cause an uproar at the annual meeting, and pretty soon she has enough proxies to take over the business. In the movie, this eccentric stockholder becomes a woman of marriageable age, and Judy Holliday brings the role her familiar cartoon mixture of wide-eyed primordial simplicity and complacent urban abrasiveness. She's a funny woman, yet lacking in variety; she's wonderful in a sketch but a little monotonous in a starring role like this one. However, the fault here isn't primarily hers: it's in the formula Broadway comedy, with its predictable situations and sledgehammer laugh lines. With Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams. (Regency; Feb. 20-21.)

Sorcerer (1977)—William Friedkin's remake of Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear," about four fugitives at the end of their endurance in Latin America. In spite of the title, the quality of the film is not metaphysical but lies in the tension of the gesture of defiance by the four men, who have nothing real to lose, though capitalist society, dependent on labor, has trained them to think their null existences of value. After a wretched hour of unnecessary opening plot, the sad thriller is set. See the Clouzot version in preference. (7/18/77) (Olympia; Feb. 16-22.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." In this fifth movie version of "La Femme et le Pantin," Pierre Louÿs' short novel about a femme fatale, the role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, poker-faced except for a squint of amusement and a foxy, crooked smear of a smile, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's physically impulsive, and sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. Buñuel sets up the Louÿs story, then treats it glancingly—as a joke to hang other jokes on—and his jokes now don't have the violence underneath to make connections for us. His style is too serene for his subject. In French. (12/19/77) (Olympia; through Feb. 15.)

Tracks—With Dennis Hopper, Taryn Power, Dean Stockwell, and Topo Swope; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 16.)

Transport from Paradise (1963)—A grim, powerful Czechoslovakian movie, directed by Zbyněk Brynych, about the transfer during the Second World War of several hundred Jews from a ghetto to the gas ovens of Auschwitz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 24 at 1.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 18-19.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (3/6/78) (D. W. Griffith.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 15.)

The Warriors—With Michael Beck, James Remar, and Thomas Waites; directed by Walter Hill. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

Watership Down—An animated film, based on the Richard Adams story. Directed by Martin Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Bennett, and Denholm Elliott. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 22.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder—With Marjoe Gortner, Hal Linden, Peter Firth, Lee Grant, and Candy Clark; directed by Milton Katselas. (Gemini 1. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through Feb. 15.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Feb. 23.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Forum. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 23.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Leotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

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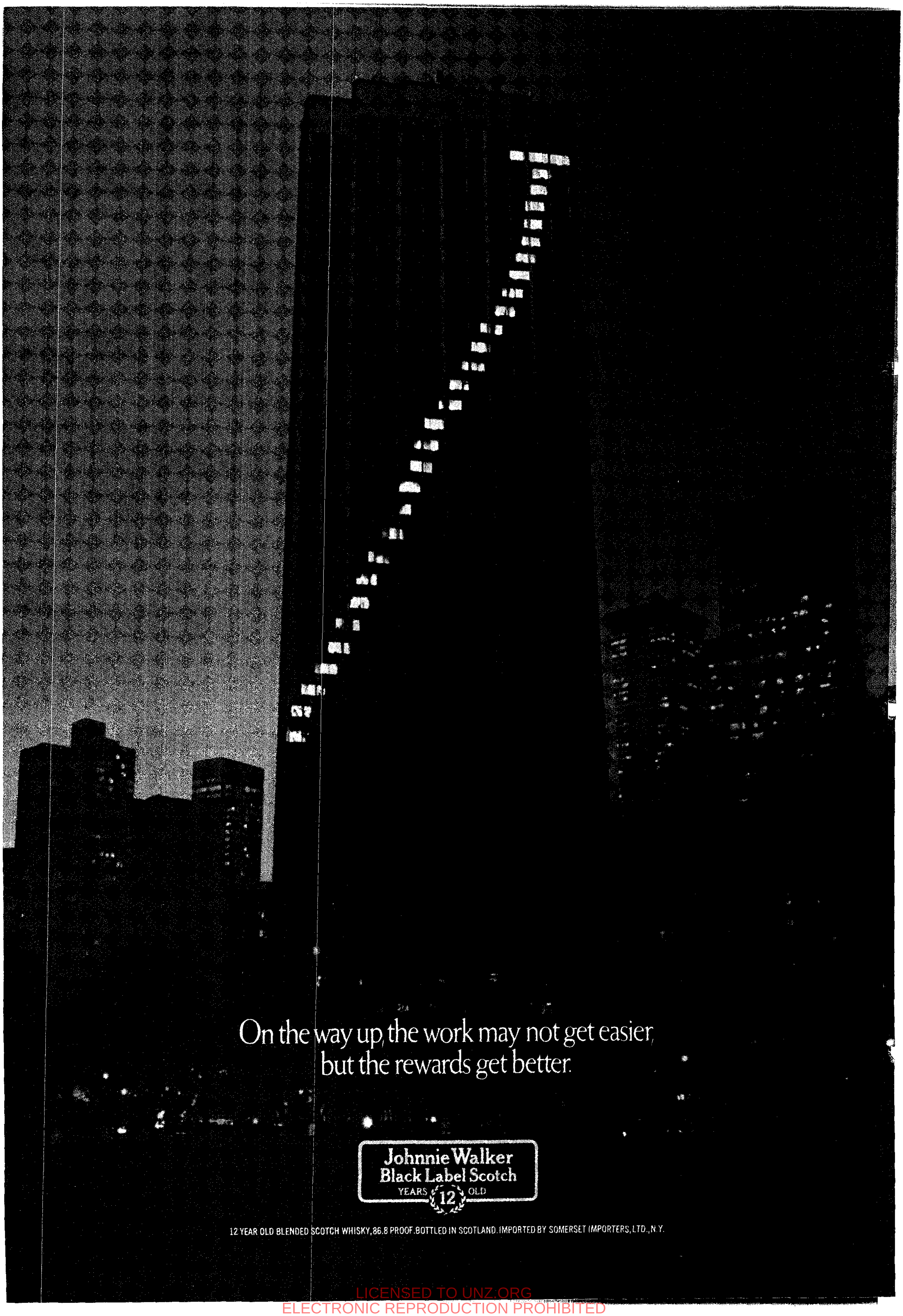
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR the last century or so, most governments have thought it wise to separate religion from politics, but in the last few years religious feeling has begun to seep in around the edges of the political realm again. There is a spiritual impulse abroad in the world which seems to recoil from what secular leaders of almost every political persuasion have wrought in our time. In South America, many young Catholic priests are in rebellion against repressive regimes, and have declared that Christ was a revolutionary. The Pope has counselled these activist priests to turn their attention back to purely spiritual matters, but his own election to the papacy has had important political repercussions in his native Poland, and he may shortly make a trip there to commemorate the martyrdom of Saint Stanislaus, who was put to death in 1079 on the order of King Boleslav II, the ruler at that time; the present government, which already faces strong unofficial opposition from an alliance of the Catholic Church, workers, and intellectuals, is said to be worried by the symbolism of the occasion. Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who has little use for any existing government, has advised the Soviet rulers, in a lengthy open letter, to drop Communism and replace it with a system based on Christian principles. President Anwar Sadat of Egypt, a greatly admired figure on the world scene these days, traces the beginnings of his highly innovative style of statesmanship to a deep religious experience that he underwent while he was in jail in the nineteen-forties for opposing British colonial policies. Our own President Carter is a "born again" Christian and has engaged in missionary work. But the most spectacular intrusion of religion into the political realm has occurred in Iran, where, if Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini could have his way, God Himself would step in and run the country. "The actual authority to legislate belongs exclusively to God," Khomeini has written. As for everyone else, he has explained, "There is no room for opinions or feelings in the system of Islamic government. Rather, the Prophet and the Imams and the people all follow the wish of God and His laws."

No one can tell at this point just what sort of government will emerge in Iran, but Khomeini's speeches and writings already serve as reminders of why God was removed from politics in the first place. His most important qualities make Him dangerous in a political setting. God is in His nature perfect, but human political communities are in their nature imperfect, and efforts to raise them to the level of divine perfection invite violence. God and God's laws are eternal, but change is the life and essence of politics, and attempts to halt change by imposing rigid and unchangeable codes can lead to stagnation and repression. God is invisible and ineffable, but political institutions must appear before the public in the full light of day, and political policies should be spelled out in clear language. Finally, God is a giver of absolute truth, but in a free society, at least, political truths, including the truths on which freedom is based, are relative. That is, each person in a democratic society owes a fundamental respect even to views with which he disagrees, and cannot regard them simply as the opinions of the Devil. A democrat must hold to the faith propounded by Gotthold Lessing some two hundred years ago: "Let each man say what he deems truth, and let truth itself be commended unto God!"

The spiritual and the political may have been mingled with more promising (although not yet conclusive) results in another recent event—the Camp David summit meeting last year of President Carter, President Sadat, and Prime Minister Begin. On that occasion, the three leaders were said to have been spurred to greater efforts by religious conviction. And the decision to hold the summit at all, like President Sadat's decision to go to Jerusalem in 1977, thoroughly defied the normal rules and expectations of politics, and seemed to have required some sort of spiritual inspiration. Naturally, for each man the faith had to be of a different kind, inasmuch as Carter is a Christian, Begin is a Jew, and Sadat is a Muslim. Given this diversity, a certain blurriness and lack of specificity were called for in every reference to God's will in the televised ceremonies after Camp David. Any differences between the teachings of Christ, Moses, and Muhammad conveniently melted away for the occasion: politics had driven the three political leaders into ecumenism. Here there could be no question of absolutely binding heavenly edicts, or of brutal punishments that would be meted out to those who disobeyed. The moral may be that when the divine being is invoked in temporal affairs three religions serve better than one.

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WE have these X-Ray Spex. For $1.95, plus shipping, a Long Island novelty company fits you out with X-Ray vision. The Spex are black plastic eyeglass frames with cardboard lenses printed in a red-and-white spiral design; each lens has a hole about the size of a moderately dilated pupil, and covering each hole is what looks like a bit of black-and-red feather. The instructions say that the Spex let you "SEE BONES IN HAND!" (by means of "An Hilarious Optical Illusion") or perpetrate "WORLD'S FUNNIEST PRACTICAL JOKE!" ("You will have every girl in the room run away screaming, or cringe blushing"). Quackery and depravity! Instead, we put on the X-Ray Spex one Tuesday morning recently to read the *Times*.

Suddenly, surfaces dissolved. Things were not what they had seemed. Things were not even *things*. Spectres and phantasms, tricks of the light, mirages and fata morganas made up the news of the day. A "shadow government" had been formed by Khomeini in Iran, and the turmoil there "cast a long shadow across Wall Street." "Paper or phantom entities" had been used in a credit raid on the American Bank & Trust Company. Impersonators of policemen had committed a record number of crimes. Planners dreamed of new trolley cars on Forty-second Street; Mayor Koch dreamed of an end to the "buck-passing" among city agencies that handle juvenile crime; the director of the city's Office of Economic Development dreamed of "an incredible renaissance" in downtown Brooklyn, where the Brooklyn Academy of Music dreamed, for its part, of a new repertory troupe that will guarantee twenty-five actors a season of work every year; China's Deputy Prime Minister for Science and Technology, with what he called "a long-range view" that was not "short-sighted," dreamed of a TV satellite and an atom smasher that the United States agreed to help his country build; General Electric dreamed, with "high hopes," of a light bulb that would cost fifteen dollars but last from five to ten years and use only half the power of an incandescent bulb; the Nickolaus Exercise Centers advertised the dream of "a straighter spine, a flatter stomach, and an altogether better-looking body;" forty academics and corporate executives, dreaming, sent up a "trial balloon" for the idea that their two worlds can work together; the National Organization for Women dreamed of "new concepts" to explore at its National Assembly on the future of the family, in November; the National Basketball Association dreamed of expansion; the District of Columbia dreamed of congressional representation; the New York State Commissioner of Substance Abuse Services, criticizing the "Rockefeller" drug law of 1973, dreamed of a "drawing board" that "everybody should now get back to;" and some newspaper reporters dreamed that Billy Carter meant it when he offered to turn over to their newspapers all his financial records.

There was news of nullities: the enforcement not proposed by the S.E.C. as it ended its inquiry into New York's financial crisis; the hundred and twenty-one million dollars in student loans that H.E.W. had not been repaid; the evidence not produced by the F.B.I. to prove that "the Weather Underground was actually an espionage group directed by a foreign government, and not a domestic political organization."

There was news of ghosts: the ghosts of hero sandwiches from Manganaro's which are no longer served on Amtrak's New York runs; the ghosts of irretrievable moments (Phil Mahre slaloming through a snowstorm in Czechoslovakia to give the United States men's team its first World Cup skiing victory of the season; Mikhail Baryshnikov and Joseph Duell making their débuts in the ballet "Symphony in C" at the New York State Theatre).

The Census Bureau announced that the identity of the two-hundred-and-twenty-millionth American, born at ten-forty-five the previous morning, could never be known.

We read about the invisible and the visionary, the unverifiable, the unthinkable. Then we put down the paper, removed the X-Ray Spex, stepped aboard our trial balloon, and took off.

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Over Here

A QUICK tour of the Antiques and Memorabilia Show at the Statler Hilton with the man in charge, Mort Berkowitz:

"Over here, we have some Joe Franklin sheet music. Do you know Joe? Joe was into nostalgia long before anybody else. Joe was here for two days. You just missed him. . . . Over here, everything from old shawls to umbrellas, including old plates. . . . Quilts here. . . . Porcelain to Chinese pots. . . . This is some old scrimshaw. Scrimshaw is engraving on bones or ivory—made popular on Nantucket in the time of Moby Dick. . . . And, of course, silver, which is always popular. . . . Antique jewelry. Sequins are pretty popular now that disco is in vogue. Any twenties or thirties fashions now that disco is in vogue. Did you know that this is the largest nostalgia show in the city? Nostalgia is very large. So many people long for the good old days, long for *something meaningful*. I mean, they long to regain their childhoods, don't you find? . . . You see those hats? Beautiful. . . . Of course, the Beatles are ever popular. And meet Helene, who is one of the largest Betty Boop collectors in the world. Hi, Helene. . . . This is really Art Deco. I don't know if you know Art Deco. Do you know Art Deco? . . . That's

"Come in and let me take your coat."

not an antique. That's just a little horse Kenny's mother gave him. You don't know Kenny. . . . A collection of tokens and coins. Richard, what were tokens used for, again?"

"Tokens were used as ads in giveaways to entice business and also to supplement the coins of the time."

"Thank you. That was very eloquent, Richard. What more can I say? . . . Over here, some books that we all read as children. . . . Oh, here is something interesting. Stuart, can you explain what this is?"

"This is a viewer for stereo cards and cabinet photos. The original piece, which looked just like this one, was invented in the eighteen-fifties by Antoine Claudet. Ten years later, the American manufacturers made the model that you are now looking at. Actually, this is a copy, in cherry wood. It is priced at three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Thank you, Stuart. Very good. . . . And, of course, there's Charles Lindbergh. He is ever popular. O.K.? O.K."

Conference in Shubert Alley

IN Shubert Alley last week, some of the California-based creators of a new play, "Zoot Suit," written and directed by Luis Valdez, about Chicanos—specifically, about *pachucos*, or zoot-suiters in Los Angeles in the early nineteen-forties—which is scheduled to open next month at the Winter Garden, met with Bernard Jacobs and Gerald Schoenfeld, in their offices at 225 West Forty-fourth Street, which is, as theatre buffs know, the famous address of the late theatre-owning, play-producing Shubert brothers, Lee and Jacob, called J. J. In 1972, the Messrs. Jacobs and Schoenfeld, who had been the attorneys for the Shuberts for sixteen years, took over what is known professionally as The Shubert Organization (and is the owner of, among other theatres, the Winter Garden), and then *they* became known as The Shuberts. The purpose of the meeting last week—which we attended, with the permission of all the parties concerned—was to settle some questions about how to promote and publicize, and corral audiences for, "Zoot Suit," which opened in Los Angeles last August, under the auspices of the Mark Taper Forum, with help from El Teatro Campesino, the Farmworker's Theatre. "Zoot Suit," which has music and dancing, turned into a tremendous hit, moved from the Mark Taper Forum, holding seven hundred and fifty people, to the Aquarius, in Hollywood, holding twelve hundred, and was seen not only by conventional theatregoers but also by a large predominantly Hispanic audience, many of them going to the theatre for the first time in their lives.

At The Shubert Organization offices, we had the pleasure of sitting with the following cast of characters:

Gordon Davidson, forty-five, artistic director of the Mark Taper Forum. Tall, thin, sharp-featured, radiating confidence and energy.

Phil Esparza, thirty, general manager of El Teatro Campesino and community-relations coördinator for "Zoot Suit." Dark-complexioned, muscular, bearish, passionately idealistic, with a droopy mustache of the kind that is pasted on actors playing Mexican bandits in sombreros.

Ken Brecher, thirty-three, a professional anthropologist who became director of new programs for the Mark Taper Forum and staff producer of "Zoot Suit" in Los Angeles. Gregarious by nature, scholarly, handsome, Spanish-speaking, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, completely devoted to his activity of the moment.

Bernard Jacobs, sixty-two, small, thin, gray-haired, wary, and practical, as well as skeptical in the classic attorney tradition.

Gerald Schoenfeld, fifty-four, portly, bald, jolly-mannered, and practical, as well as skeptical in the classic attorney tradition.

The California contingent wore conventional California-type colorful shirts, open at the collar, and slacks; The Shuberts wore conventional New York-type business suits, white shirts, and neckties. Mr. Schoenfeld held up the start of the meeting by giving the visitors a quick, enthusiastic tour of The Shubert Organization offices, beginning with the waiting room, which contained a Steinway grand piano, two greatly overstuffed sofas upholstered in dazzlingly bright-blue leather, a well-worn Persian rug, and an ornate bookcase with the masks of Comedy and Tragedy carved on the top, and with, behind glass, costume sketches for old shows such as "Blossom Time" and "The Student Prince," and with, furthermore, impressively old-looking books: the Waverley Novels; "Memoirs of Napoleon," by Mme. Junot; and "Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche, Vol. III."

SCHOENFELD (*proudly*): J. J. Shubert was a great collector. I'm not saying he was a great *reader*—but a great collector, yes. He was a great importer of objets d'art. He imported two carved bronze doors from Italy, for example. They're so heavy that if he used both together they would sink through the floor. So he put one on his apartment, on the eleventh floor of the Sardi Building, where the Dramatists Guild has its headquarters. The other one is in the basement of the Cort. A lot of this stuff comes from the Shubert Archives. We have an ongoing program—with a real archivist—which we fund. This whole place used to be Lee's own apartment. Bernie and I share the apartment. For my office, I have the bedroom.

JACOBS (*dourly*): I have the living room. I have the fireplace. (*Davidson, Esparza, and Brecher look politely at the furniture.*)

DAVIDSON: We don't have much time. I'm catching a plane back to the Coast tonight. I'll be back here for the start of rehearsals.

ESPARZA: We've got some ideas about communicating with a new audience, about getting the Hispanic community involved.

BRECHER: Phil and I have discovered a lot of excitement already about "Zoot Suit" among the high-school kids in Spanish Harlem.

SCHOENFELD (*continuing the tour*): Just one look. (*Opens door to a closet.*) See the closet? Look at the size of it. (*Leads way into a huge bathroom.*) That was Lee Shubert's barber chair. Look at the shower. Have you ever seen anything like it? Ten needle-heads coming at you from four directions! The Shuberts grew up in poverty, in Syracuse. They had a sister who died of malnutrition. So I guess they needed all this.

BRECHER: Cozy.

JACOBS: The apartment has a certain sedate air, but it's really hectic. (*Gives tight laugh.*)

SCHOENFELD: We kept some of the original things. It's all part of our program to restore the theatres. We've already redone the Majestic, the Imperial, the Booth, the Lyceum, the Forrest in Philadelphia, the Shubert in Chicago. We own twenty-one and a half in all, the half being the Music Box, which we share with Irving Berlin.

JACOBS: Shall we? (*Leads way to his office, containing an enormous desk, several chairs, a long conference table, and the fireplace, above which he has many photographs of his grandchildren. He sits down behind the desk. The others take chairs facing him.*) The search for a Hispanic play has been something going on since "The Wiz." Look, the Hispanic minority in New York is one of the largest in the city. The theatre has to be open to *everybody!* (*He looks at the others as though expecting their congratulations, and seems disappointed when no congratulations are offered.*)

SCHOENFELD: I can't stay. I've got people to see. (*He leaves.*)

JACOBS (*leaning back in his chair, touching the fingertips of one hand to the fingertips of the other and looking very solemn*): There's really a war between the Broadway theatre—which is often called the commercial theatre—and the non-profit theatre. Actually, the non-profit theatre is appropriating a lot of our material. Sixty to seventy per cent of the plays that they're doing originate on Broadway. The rest of what they do is the classics, and maybe ten per cent is original work.

DAVIDSON (*looking a little pained but giving a wry smile*): Not anymore, Bernie. The non-profit theatre is the greatest source, the most fertile source, of material for Broadway these days.

JACOBS (*to us*): It's Gordon's story, but I'll talk. (*Gives his approximation of a laugh.*) My first experience with Luis Valdez was at Princeton in 1974—at the First Annual Congress of Theatre. It was an eclectic affair, intended to let all groups who cared about theatre meet and know each other. (*Gives fingertips a good workout.*) We met a lot of people we had never met before. I was impressed by Luis's story. This farm worker who became a playwright. And then I heard that one of his plays was being presented at the Taper—this showcase for talent.

DAVIDSON (*with a laugh*): We don't do a showcase, Bernie. We do *productions.* "Zoot Suit" was a *production.*

JACOBS (*to us*): There came a point in time when Gordon started calling us. We have always had a great admiration for what Gordon does. For the West Coast, Gordon does a great job. (*A laugh of self-appreciation.*)

ESPARZA: We had a wonderful non-traditional audience for the play.

BRECHER: Zoot suits, you know, started in Harlem. The audience can go beyond Hispanic. Black audiences will understand this play, too.

DAVIDSON: Luis has created a mythical character who speaks to everyone. I really feel it's one of those turning-point plays.

JACOBS (*to us*): Last August, we went out to Los Angeles and saw the play. We had a meeting of minds that same night. Gordon came to New York ten days later with Luis. We shook hands on a deal. When we first saw the play, on the second preview night, we had no idea it would be a success. We had no way of measuring the dimensions of the play. But instinctively we felt it would be successful.

DAVIDSON: We didn't want to do the play in New York under just *any* circumstances. We didn't want to be ripped off.

JACOBS: "Ripped off" is not a nice word.

DAVIDSON: What we are all concerned about is how to communicate this play to the people—to the regular audience and to the new audience.

JACOBS: Not to the exclusion of the *old* audience. In presenting this play, we desire to achieve success. But we'll *all* be disappointed if we don't attract a new audience. We're not just dealing with a bunch of white liberals. (*Pauses, clearly proud of the admission of self-disparagement. Again, his face registers disappointment when nobody responds.*) This play far transcends those kinds of limitations. This play is not just about Chicanos. It's about minority people. The Winter Garden has a capacity of fifteen hundred, which means five hundred fifty thousand people a year. I'll be satisfied if fifty per cent of the audience is Hispanic or black.

ESPARZA: We've been going out to the Hispanic communities here. They need an enormous amount of personal contact. There's a great difference between the Hispanic and the black communities. Language. That's why we need more personal contact. It takes a certain amount of investment. They feel, "Hey! Show us something more than a token effort."

JACOBS (*trying to conceal alarm*): You see, now we have the basic problem. As soon as there's partnership between a non-profit entity and a profit entity, you run into conflicts on how to spend money. The profit entity is much more prudent.

DAVIDSON: No. There's much more *waste.* You're dead wrong. *We* operate on a much tighter basis.

JACOBS: The Shubert Organization has crossed over. We're involved not primarily to make a profit but to develop a new audience.

Davidson: And we want to put on a play.

Jacobs: I say it's *my* money. *I* decide. We have certain priorities. If you dissipate those areas, you're robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Esparza: Why isn't it worth the investment? Just those little things we can do for them that mean a lot to them? We're going to be getting a lot of help from *them.*

Jacobs: I don't believe that at all, and I don't accept that.

Brecher: We have to show our gratitude for the support we're asking the community to give. We have to show it in different ways. Giving them buttons. Posters. Having our actors take part in the community religious processions. Ads in Hispanic magazines. Things like that.

Jacobs: If I followed your lead, I would be spending a million dollars on this show, when this show is budgeted at seven hundred thousand dollars.

Brecher: We're talking about all of seven *thousand* dollars. For a few little ads.

Davidson: I thought we set aside a certain sum for community development.

Esparza: You need something to show good will.

"It's Monday night, hon—time for trivia quiz!"

• •

Jacobs (*irritably*): You're asking us to do journal advertising. I don't believe in it. People are in the habit of buying tickets when the event is upon us, not planning three or four weeks before, not—

Davidson: In Los Angeles, they *do* plan in advance. They have the fear they won't be able to get in. You've got to respect their opinions. They're—

Jacobs: Excuse me for interrupting you. You find the traditional methods have to be amended somewhat? Do you forgo advertising in the New York *Times*? The whole history of shows is that the minority show attracts a minority audience. We're trying to make it attractive to a *mixed* audience.

Schoenfeld (*who has just returned and is listening, still looking cheerful*): Your degree of involvement doesn't matter as much when it comes to marketing and promotion.

Brecher: The point is that a unique marketing effort is called for here. For example, the big "Zoot Suit" ad in New York appeared first in *El Diario*, *before* it appeared in the Sunday *Times*. (*Gives Jacobs a big smile.*)

Jacobs (*reproachfully*): The real problem here is we bought a package—

Davidson: But—

Jacobs (*raising his voice*): Let me finish, Gordon. I let *you* talk. Let *me* talk. We bought a package that included a cadre of people you brought here. Now you say you can't do the job unless you get money for advertising in the little Hispanic magazines. We can't help it that you are profligate, and we are teaching you how *not* to be profligate.

Davidson: We are *not* profligate.

Esparza: No!

Brecher: No!

Jacobs (*leaning back in his chair and pushing the fingertips against each other*): I say you *are* profligate. But I will consider a budgetary analysis of what it will cost. You have to think about budgeting restraints, but I'd be a fool if I said no to everything. I don't want to take the chance. And be left behind at the railroad station.

Esparza: The most important thing is we all share a belief in this play.

Davidson (*with satisfaction*): And it's the play that speaks loud and clear.

WANTED: SHORT OR LONG RESPITE BY FORMER CINÉASTE

I OFTEN ask myself these days as I shell out four dollars, stumble over people's feet in the murk, and gingerly settle down on the slag of their popcorn just what sort of will-o'-the-wisp I'm still pursuing. Surely anyone marinated by sixty-five years' exposure to the silver screen, mile upon mile of acetate etched with the hallucinations of ribbon clerks and debauched waitresses, would be much better off at home sipping hot cocoa and reading Pascal's "Pensées" in his nightgown—they now have nightgowns embroidered with Pascal's thoughts—yet there I sit, slack-jawed, a grizzled prospector still avid for whatever nuggets might turn up in the sludge. To be candid, the only ones I hope to unearth someday were encapsulated, say my informants, in two foreign films of such unrelieved tedium that projectionists fainted away in their booths. The first was an Italian production, laid in ancient Greece, which bumbled along inexorably up to the moment its hero declined an invitation to dinner. "I really would love to come," he assured the host, "but we're having a dialogue at Plato's tonight." The second, a Mitteleuropean strudel based on the life of Mozart, contained a passage wherein the young genius tremblingly approached his patron, a Herr Mossbach, for an estimate of his latest work. The verdict, alas, was devastating, and Mozart, streaked with tears, tottered out into the snow. Waiting on the corner, his confidant, Bill Eugenspiel, refused to be daunted by the news. "Courage, Wolfgang," he said, clapping him cheerily on the back. "Who cares what that old mossback thinks? Let us go and compose 'The Magic Flute.' "

While treasures as dazzling as these are of a rarity beyond price, it should be noted that there are equally precious ones that were never recorded on film but that sparkle in the memory of graybeards like yours truly, who was once connected with the cinema. During the spring of 1935, I was briefly employed at the Warner Brothers-First National studio in Burbank, spot-welding the dialogue on a number of its pictures. Among the dozen or so screenwriters on the assembly line, which included Flotsman and Jetsman, a team that wrote several gangster classics, was one Winston Finston, a scholarly, withdrawn chap with a hearing aid, whose deafness, mercifully, shielded him from our boisterous witticisms. His particular achievement, I learned, was that he had furnished the idea for "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," the movie, starring Edward G. Robinson, about the epochal discovery of arsphenamine, the anti-syphilitic compound marketed as Salvarsan. Even had Finston and I been marooned together on a desert island, however, the pallid spirochete would have been a dubious basis for friendship, and in due course we left the lot without exchanging so much as an imprecation about its godhead, Darryl Zanuck.

A decade passed before I heard of the man again, and then in a context so different that it defied credulity. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Finston, despite other seeming disabilities, like flat feet and membership in the Consumers Union, had applied for entry into the United States Marine Corps and been accepted. His experience gained as a screenwriter enabled him to survive the rigorous training of the Corps. He scrambled through mire, demonstrated he could eviscerate any opponent, and in general displayed sufficient barbarity under pressure to qualify him for jungle warfare. Shortly thereafter, his outfit received a forty-eight-hour leave, along with the strict admonition to hold itself ready to be shipped out. Four days later, a couple of burly M.P.s ransacking the Los Angeles area for strays came abreast of a renowned delicatessen called Woloshin's, on La Brea just off Wilshire. Through the window they caught sight of a figure in Marine uniform staging a culinary orgy. A cornucopia of smoked salmon, sturgeon, pastrami, corned beef, chopped liver, sauerkraut, dill pickles, sour tomatoes, rye bread, bagels, and seeded rolls ranged before him, Finston sat, chewing blissfully, his eyes closed and hearing aid switched off—a man literally at ease in Zion. His bubble, woefully, burst in a twinkling when the M.P.s yanked him to his feet and branded him AWOL.

"I'm not! I'm not!" he pleaded. "They sent me here!"

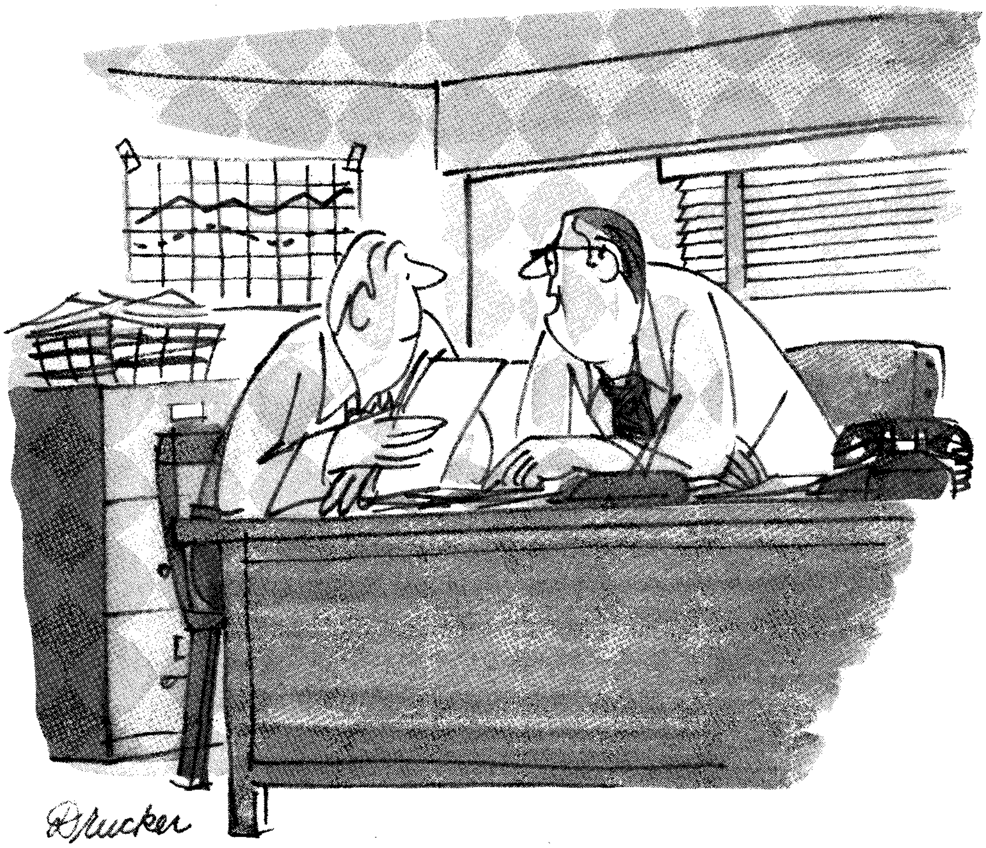
His captors gaped at him. "They what?"

"They told me to go to Woloshin's."

"Not Woloshin's, you fool," they cried in outrage. "The *Aleutians!*"

SONNY'S NEWS STAND
SONNY'S NEWS STAND T-SHIRTS $3.75
W Miller

CAME postwar Hollywood, when McCarthy's tumbrels rolled and the mournful cry of the fink—"Bring out your dead heresies"—resounded through the streets. From Azusa to the shores of Malibu, from the throne of Harry Cohn, at Columbia, to the cardboard spires of M-G-M, where Louis B. Mayer and Dore Schary were suzerain,



"You stay here and watch our markets in the States. I'll open China."

• •

dissent was hushed, and no man gave ear to his neighbor lest Communist henbane be poured in while he nodded. Under the iron heel, the crucible well-nigh cracked, but along with the dross it produced one gem of purest ray serene. Its mineral elements, so to speak, were two—Keenan Wynn, the actor, and an executive at M-G-M named Serge Kolodny. The latter, a porcine type akin to those that root out truffles in Périgord, had been chosen by management to sniff out lurking subversives, and though Wynn bore no taint, he had been observed at meetings of the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League, a supposed branch of the Comintern. Inviting the young man to his office, Kolodny proceeded to massage his ego with chicken fat. Like his immortal sire, greatest of all comedians, Keenan was B.O. dynamite, the most blazing talent since Warren William, and Clark Gable's own choice to inherit his mantle. Hence it was imperative to inoculate him against insidious foreign doctrines. Could Keenan by any chance, he asked silkily, recall the names of any individuals he had encountered at the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League?

"Jiminy crickets," Wynn protested. "I meet hundreds of people every day, Mr. Kolodny. I never listen to their names, I just autograph—"

"Of course, my boy," his inquisitor soothed him. "Nobody could answer a question like that off the top of their head. Now, why don't you go home, have a couple of highballs and a good feed, and tomorrow, when your brain clears, we'll have another chat—O.K.? . . . By the way," he called out as Wynn was closing the door, "the option on your contract's just coming up for renewal, isn't it?"

A sudden, inexplicable fantasy that he was being drawn up into Kolodny's snout as into a vacuum cleaner seized the actor, and he left hurriedly.

The interrogation resumed next day, with Kolodny using every means short of threat to elicit the identity of the League's conspirators. In vain, he wheedled, flattered, cooed. Wynn's forehead beaded over with perspiration as he lashed his memory to no purpose. All he could recollect, he asserted, was a sea of faces, speeches, applause.

The other man resorted to guile. "The human mind is like a maze," he pronounced, formulating what might be termed Kolodny's Law. "The more you hock away on it, the less you can drain out. Now," he added, with apparent irrelevance, "I understand you're very fond of motorcycling. Is that correct?"

Wynn signified it was.

"Then forget everything we said. Take a carefree little spin on your wheel—go to Vegas, Tijuana, lay in the sun and commute with nature. Remember what Shakespeare said: 'Where the bee sucks, there suck I.' By Monday, you'll be as fresh as a baby, ready to spill out names, dates, all that poison they fed you."

Three days thence, Wynn sat once more in Kolodny's office, oil-stained and travel-worn, fiddling with the helmet and goggles in his lap. "The next night, we went on to Bakersfield," he recounted. "After dinner, I shot some pool there—"

"Yes, yes, must have been a great trip," Kolodny said impatiently. "You look fabulous, Keenan. But, getting back to our little problem—did you at least think of one person you recognized at those League meetings?"

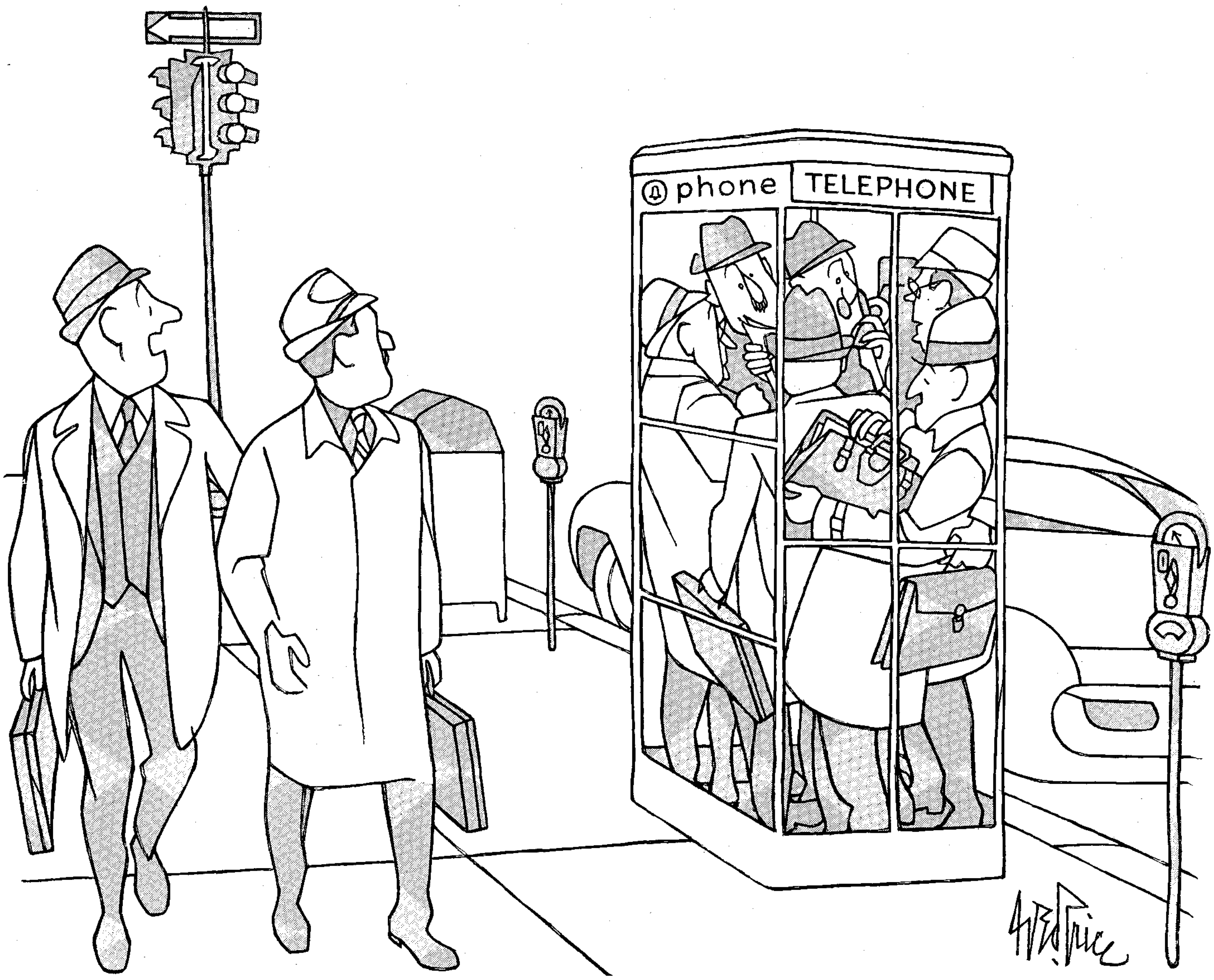
As Wynn hesitated and nodded slowly, Kolodny half rose from his chair. "Who, who?" he fluted like a barn owl.

"Dore Schary," said the actor.

Kolodny's face went livid. "What the hell, kid, you're only human," he sputtered. "If you can't remember, you . . . can't . . . *remember!*"

AMONG the regrets most of us harbor in common, I daresay, is the wish that we could have been a fly on the wall at some colloquy of the great. I once grew dizzy when Sax Rohmer, the creator of Dr. Fu Manchu, in the course of narrating some trifling incident observed, "At the time, I was strolling arm in arm with E. Phillips Oppenheim at a hotel in Évian-les-Bains." Similarly, what a privilege it would have been to eavesdrop on Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler at the dinner *Black Mask* gave its contributors in the twenties, even though each swore he was unconscious of the other's presence. No less historic was an occasion in 1933 when two celebrated poets converged in Hollywood, giving rise to a line that lit up the sky like Vesuvius. Flies on the wall there were none, but one of the duo, E. E. Cummings, generously confided the details many years later.

"God knows what I was doing on the Coast," he said. "Some impresario with a pointy head had read my play 'him' and thought it would make a good musical for Jeanette MacDonald and Bertrand Russell, so Marian and I



"Say, isn't that Saunders, Brown, Orito, Smith, Smedley & Parks?"

• •

went out to see if there was any catch. There was—he wanted me to play Russell, in a sailor suit. Well, when that fell through, we figured what the dickens, you're only dead once, let's be real Angelenos. So we visited the homes of the stars, watched the grunion run at Santa Monica, drank malted milks too thick for a straw—it was stupendous. Those people really know how to get the marrow out of life." He paused, obviously derailed by a random memory. "Say, who was the fat poet who used to hang around Lee Chumley's place down here in the old days?"

"Fat poet?" I pondered. "Would it be Eli Siegel, who wrote 'Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana'? He was thin, but his poetry was quite fat."

"No, no, this one wrote light verse. Used to contribute to F.P.A.'s 'Conning Tower' in the *World*. . . . Well, doesn't matter. Anyway, just before we left L.A., some face card in the movie colony invited us to a party, a very stylish affair, in a gorge called Pussy Willow Canyon—or am I making that up?"

I assured him that naught was impossible in the Land of Nod.

"Well, we had a devil of a time finding the place—drove up and down endless ravines, blundered into the wrong haciendas, châteaus, palazzos—and finally got there an hour late. The house was lit up like Versailles. Rivers of champagne, two hundred magnificoes milling around the lawns—it was a floorwalker's idea of heaven." He stopped again. "Look, this fat poet whose name escapes me—you must remember him. He was pretty well known; in fact, he wrote some very sprightly stuff for the old *Life* and *Vanity Fair*."

"I can't think who you mean. Wait a second—could it have been Louis Untermeyer or Arthur Guiterman?"

He brightened. "Yes, the same *galère*, the W. S. Gilbert school, but it wasn't either of them. Oh, well, it'll come to me. So there we were at this shindig, Maid Marian and I, strutting around with the other peacocks. Eftsoon, some rake like Lew Cody or Lowell Sherman besought her to trip the light fantastic, and away they whirled to the strains of 'There's Danger in Your Eyes, Chérie.' Just as I was heading for the bar, someone grabbed my shoulder, spun me around, and wrapped me in an embrace, drenching my shirtfront with his tears. It was this poet from Chumley's. He'd been out there writing movies for fifteen years— And now I remember his name. 'Look on me, *cher maître*, and have pity,' he was sobbing. 'You knew me when I was Sam Hoffenstein, a bard. Cummings, I'm a whore!' "

But, of course, that was just a metaphor. I worked in the place. They never made any of us wear kimonos.

—S. J. PERELMAN

GOLF DREAMS

THEY steal upon the sleeping mind while winter steals upon the landscape, sealing the inviting cups beneath sheets of ice, cloaking the contours of the fairway in snow.

I am standing on a well-grassed tee with my customary summer foursome, whose visages yet have something shifting and elusive about them. I am getting set to drive; the fairway before me is a slight dogleg right, very tightly lined with trees, mostly conifers. As I waggle and lift my head to survey once more the intended line of flight, further complications have been imposed: the air above the fairway has been interwoven with the vines and wooden crosspieces of an arbor, presumably grape, and the land seems to drop away no longer with a natural slope but in nicely hedged terraces. Nevertheless, I accept the multiplying difficulties calmly, and try to allow for them in my swing, which is intently contemplated but never achieved, for I awake with the club at its apogee, waiting for my left side to pull it through and to send the ball toward that bluish speck of openness beyond the vines, between the all but merged forests.

It is a feature of dream golf that the shot never decreases in difficulty but instead from instant to instant melts, as it were, into deeper hardship. A ball, for instance, lying at what the dreaming golfer gauges to be a 7-iron distance from the green, has become, while he glanced away, cylindrical in shape—a roll of coins in a paper wrapper, or a plastic bottle of pills. Nevertheless, he swings, and as he swings he realizes that the club in his hands bears a rubber tip, a little red-rubber tab the color of a crutch tip, but limp. The rubber flips negligibly across the cylindrical "ball," which meanwhile appears to be sinking into a small trough having to do, no doubt, with the sprinkler system. Yet, most oddly, the dreamer surrenders not a particle of hope of making the shot. In this instance, indeed, I seem to recall, on my second or third swing, making crisp contact, and then striding in the direction of the presumed flight with a springy sensation of considerable expectancy.

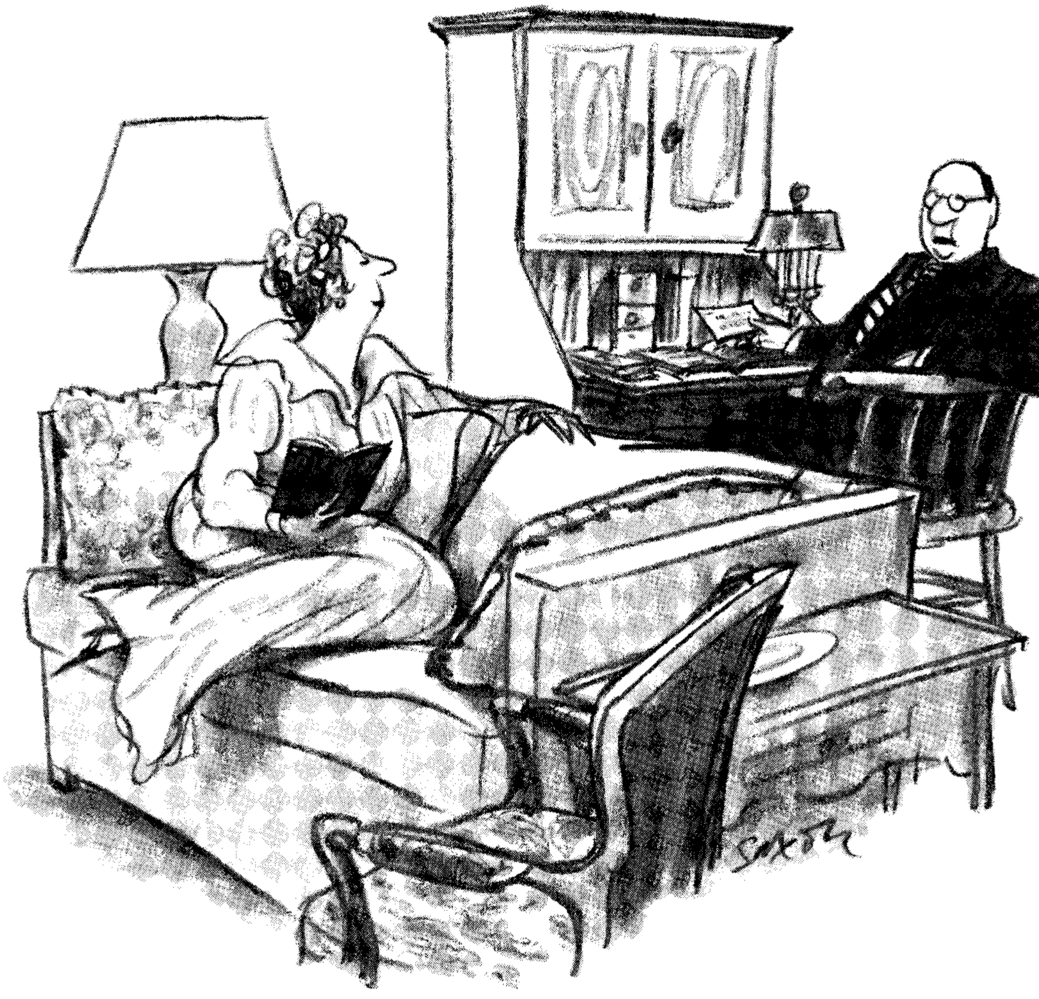
After all, are these nightmares any worse than the "real" drive that skips off the toe of the club, strikes the prism-shaped tee marker, and is swallowed by weeds some twenty yards *behind* the horrified driver? Or the magical impotence of an utter whiff? Or the bizarre physical comedy of a soaring slice that strikes the one telephone wire strung across three hundred acres? The golfer is so habituated to humiliation that his dreaming mind never offers any protest of implausibility. Whereas dream life, we are told, is a therapeutic caricature, seamy side out, of real life, dream golf is simply golf played on another course. We chip from glass tables onto moving stairways; we swing in a straitjacket, through masses of cobweb, and awaken not with any sense of unjust hazard but only with a regret that the round can never be completed, and that one of our phantasmal companions has kept the scorecard.

Even the fair companion sleeping beside us has had a golf dream, with a feminist slant. An ardent beginner, she says, "I was playing with these men, I don't know who they were, and they kept using woods when we were on the green, so of course the balls would fly miles away, and then they had to hit all the way back. I thought to myself, They aren't using the right club, and I took my putter out and, of course, I kept beating them!"

"Didn't they see what you were doing, and adjust their strokes accordingly?"

"No, they didn't seem to get it, and I wasn't going to tell them. I kept *win*ning, and it was *won*derful," she insists.

We gaze at one another across the white pillows, in the morning light filtered through icicles, and realize we were only dreaming. Our common green hunger begins to gnaw afresh, insatiable. —JOHN UPDIKE



"When did you start dotting your 'i's with little stars?"

THE FAITHFUL

THE travels of youth, the cheapness of things and one's intrepid poverty. "All ye who love the Prince of Orange take heart and follow me." So it was Holland that year, 1951. Descartes, more than three hundred years before, had spoken of himself as the only foreigner in Amsterdam not on business.

Everywhere we went in Europe that year, everywhere except for Amsterdam, there were Americans just like ourselves: those who had not been married long or were not married at all, most of us with fellowships and a little savings. We were to be seen now in December wearing winter coats pleated with the wrinkles of a long summer's rest in torn suitcases. Holland: led there by Motley's "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" and Fromentin's "The Masters of Past Time" in its neat little Phaidon edition.

An unfashionable *gracht* in the center of Amsterdam—the Nicolaas Witsenkade. A busy, bourgeois street bordering on sloppy waters, and the towers of the Rijksmuseum in view toward the west. Houses with stone steps and made of yellow or red brick were lined up in a businesslike, practical, nineteen-twenties decency and dullness. Autumnal tile decorations on the façades, and here and there fans of purple and amber glass over the doorways.

Housewives of centuries had created the pleasantly stuffy little rooms with their dark panelling, had hung round lamps, with shades of old tasselled silk, over the carpeted dining tables. The house was not handsome, and the landlady worried about the apartment because it had been her own and everything in it was dear to her. Anyway, he and I said as we met her anxious glance: What a triumph every country is.

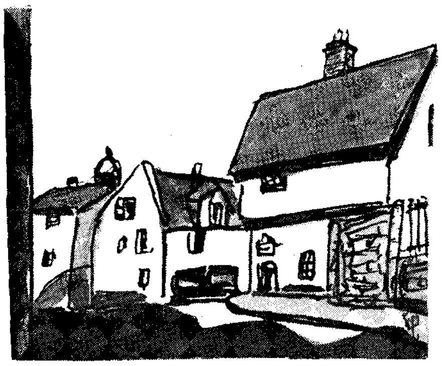
We observed that the coziness of small countries could not always be expropriated by an invader. Yes, a squat, round, shiny black stove that had worked for years with the solemn obedience of an old donkey tormented our days and nights with its balky resentment of a new and ignorant hand. Perplexing dying of the embers so soon after they had been coaxed to blaze. We crept into the cold sheets under the ancient thick coverlets and were held at head and foot by the heavy frame of the bed, pierced by the sharp metal of carved leaves and fruits, acute reminders of spring. Daylight came in a rush and the whole town came alive at dawn. The baker and coal seller arrived with such swiftness they might have been dressed and waiting throughout the night. Greedy travellers, Americans, hail the dawn of a new experience!

In the winter, sleet blew through the beautiful town, graying the waters of the Amstel. In the spring, in daylight and in the early evening, we used to watch on the porch that faced us the life of the unemployed Indonesians. Their ancestors had been exiles, once flung out from the swamps of the Zuiderzee to the humid airs of Djakarta. Now their children were returned colons, geographical curiosities, back once more to the sluices and polders of home, the unfamiliar homeland that received them with the chagrin proper to what they were: a delayed bill, finally arriving.

The Indonesians gathered on their porch, sitting there as a depressed late testament to the great energy of the Dutch, to old mapmakers, shipbuilders, moneylenders, diamond cutters, receivers of Jews, Huguenots, Puritans. The unions we were staring at had taken place on unimaginable sugar plantations, in the deranging heat of exhausting empires. Beautiful, liquid-brown women—silky petite mother-in-law, dust-colored child—their little wrists and ankles delicate as chicken bones. And the heavy, dry, freckled, tufted Dutchmen, homely and reassuring.

The disasters of the war still lay over the country, and yet all of our Dutch friends were reading Valéry Larbaud's "A. O. Barnabooth: His Diary," enjoying the sly chic of the fabulously rich hero and his addiction to "boutiqueism."

The crowds of Amsterdam, and even the countryside filled with people in their houses, each one a sort of declassed nobleman sharing the space as a tree would patiently accept the nightly roosting of flocks and flocks of starlings. All the knowledge of Europe seemed to be nesting there, too. And a certain sadness, a gasping for breath: No, no, the strain is nothing; take no notice of it; I have just had a wish for the mountains.



IN Amsterdam, we knew many people, and not a single one has slipped from memory. Just now, dreaming, I am drawn back to a woman painter named Simone and to her fervent romancer, the eternal husband, Dr. Z.

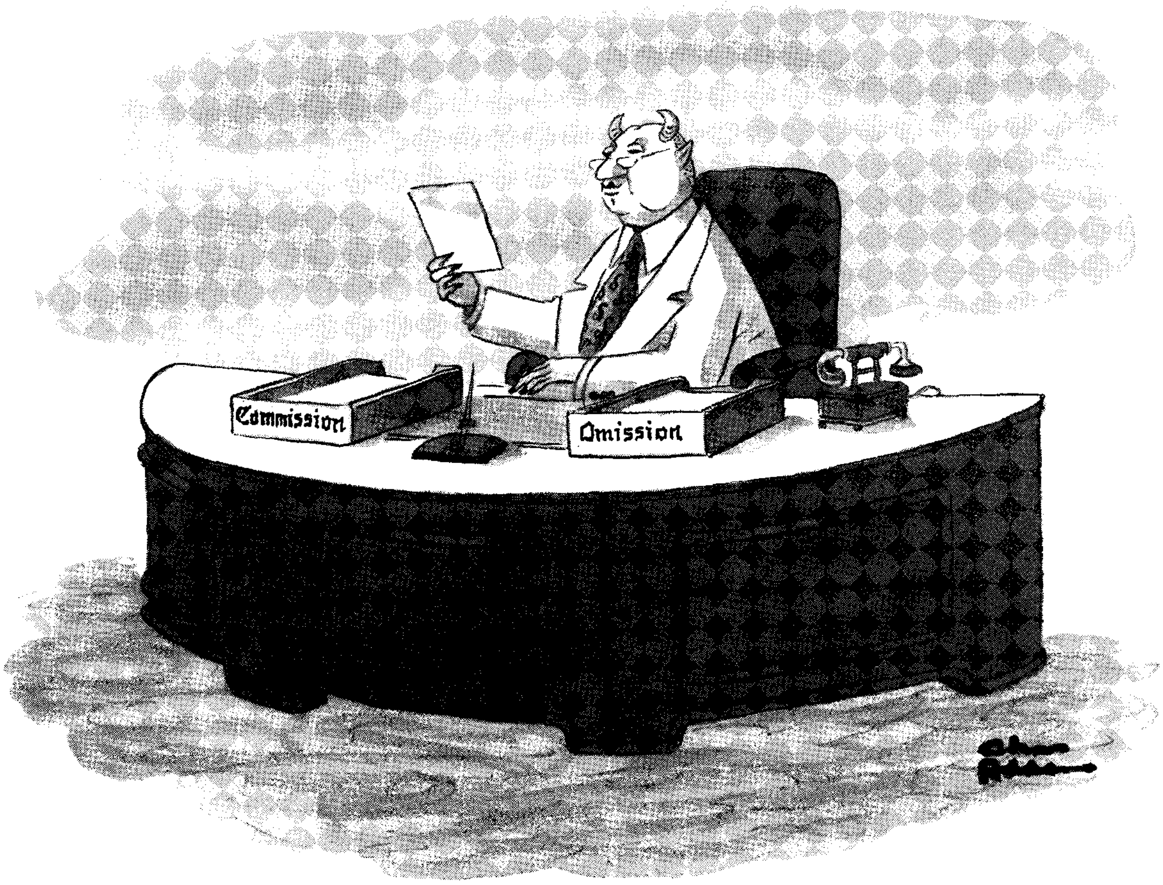
Dr. Z had the moderate, well-nourished egotism suitable to his small, learned group of colleagues and friends and proper to the educated professional world of Amsterdam. He had his success, some of it medical, as a specialist in blood diseases, and some of it amorous. Because of the time he devoted to women, he might be surprised to find himself remembered as a *husband*.

In Holland, the coziness of life is so complete it cannot even be disturbed by the violent emotional ruptures that tear couples and friends forever apart in other places. Instead, there first husbands and first wives are always at the same dinner parties and birthday celebrations with their second husbands and wives. Divorces and fractured loves mingle together as if the past were a sort of vinegar blending with the oil of the present. Where can one flee to? New alliances among this restless people are like the rearrangement of familiar furniture. Houses and lives are thus transformed—up to a point. My dear, look, there is the man who plays his violin in the street and there is his son with the saxophone. Coins are falling from the windows. The shadow has passed and everything is in order once more. She moves into his place.

The *Herengracht*, a great improvement. His wife settles someplace else, taking along her volumes of the existentialist philosophers. What a pleasure to be recombining and yet not going anyplace. The old map of the central city, with its faded tintings, catches the sunlight.

Dr. Z, all day in his white coat and in the evenings wearing a tie of bright red and blue stripes, was born in Amsterdam. But the blood of the East ran in his veins. There was something sheikhish about him, and although there were more flamboyant men around, handsomer and younger, he occupied his space with a kindly, intense assurance. His personal life was rich in variety and yet thoughtful. His originality was that he did not shift so much as acquire.

Fidelity, consideration, sweet-natured uxoriousness were the marks of this faithless husband. In a way, he



was like a cripple who yearly enters the hundred-yard dash. Bravo, everyone cried out when he scored. Of course, his exploits were not large in number and he was a busy, serious man who was often called to the platform of universities and academies to receive honors. Still, he had his entanglements, rather plain and serious like himself, but worthy, intense, absorbing. Without ever leaving his only wife, he turned each of the women in his life into a wife. Have you paid your taxes? he would say; have you called your mother this week? Oh, dearest, I do not like the sound of that cough.

Many times, he was seized by the impulse to flee and thought himself ready or forced by love to "make a new life." But this was impossible for one who could not throw anything away. What a commitment intimacy always is, he would sigh. The sacred flow between men and women, in bed, conversing in a café, talking on the telephone, passing time. What didn't he know about the treacherous, beautiful, golden yoke of time?

Does one still enjoy his old schoolmates, his first cousins? That is not the point. They are one's schoolmates, one's cousins, and there is always something there, like the enduring presence of one's big toe.

Mevrouw Z: She had been there forever. They had been separated by the war, but managed to get back together in their same old house. Mevrouw Z liked to be called Madame Z, because she was French. Small, she must have become in her first youth one of those petite, compact persons who never change, who find a certain exterior style and accept it, as one accepts a piece of architecture for purchase. When her young black hair began to turn gray, she dyed it back to the old color and wore it in the short bob of her youth. The moment she got out of bed in the morning, she recolored her eyelashes with black mascara. She wore velvet berets and held firmly to her *look*, which announced like a trumpet that she was not Dutch, she was French. Otherwise, she did not conform to any of the notions of a Frenchwoman. She did not cook well, she was not interested in attracting men, she did not have a shrewd hand with household accounts. She let an old Dutchwoman from the country look after the house. Madame Z was idle except for the enormous amount of reading she did and except for her passion for the French theatre. She read about the theatre in French papers every day and went to Paris often, taking in a performance every night.

After you had seen her a few times, you found that she was vain but not argumentative. Little appeared to her as new in life, little came as a surprise. It was appealing. She had the idea that a gross, uncomplicated self-interest was the old truth that a new force or person was trying to disguise.

Dr. Z, who found the events of his own life flushed with the glow of the unique, the unexpected, the inexplicable, sometimes chewed his lip in annoyance when she expressed her belief in the principle of repetition. They lived in a profound intimacy nevertheless.

FROM Holland I wrote many complaining letters. Dear M: How cold the house is. How we fight after too much gin, etc., etc.

Complaining letters—and this one of the happiest periods of my life: With what gratitude I look back on Europe for the first time. So, that wraps up Verona. We take in the cracked windows and the brilliant dishevelment of Istanbul. And the long time in Holland: time to take trains, one to Haarlem to see the old almshouse governors painted in their unforgiving black-and-white misery by Frans Hals in his last days. The laughing cavaliers perhaps had eaten too many oysters, drunk too much beer, and died a replete, unwilling death, leaving the poor and their guardians, freed by a bitter life from the killing pleasures, to shrivel on charity, live on with their strong, blackening faces.

Antwerp and Ghent: what wonderful names, hard as the heavy cobbles in the square. Amsterdam, a city of readers. All night long, you seemed to hear the turning of pages: pages of French, Italian, English, and the despised German. Those fair heads remembered Ovid, Yeats, Baudelaire—and remembered suffering, hiding, freezing. The weight of books and wars.

DR. Z had acquired the nurse in his office. A fresh-looking woman who had never married and who lived frugally outside the center—a long trip on her bicycle. She had her occasional afternoons with Dr. Z, afternoons now grown, according to gossip, as perfunctory and health-giving as a checkup. Oh, the burdens.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

1

Jonathan, the last of the giant tortoises
on wind-beaten Saint Helena,
misses his island mate,
who died in a fall from a cliff
a century ago.
He is ancient and crusty,
more lonely than Bonaparte
strutting on the volcanic beach,
reviewing his triumphs.
Lately he has made himself
a deliberate nuisance
to the sporting set
of the British Crown Colony
by butting and upending benches
near the tennis courts
and disrupting croquet games
by sitting on the croquet balls.

2

At the Porch of the Caryatids
on the Acropolis
the noble supportive maidens
are stepping down
from their weathered pedestals,
one by one,
to seek asylum in a museum.
Their places will be taken
by identical synthetic sisters
conditioned to withstand
the high, classic, polluted air.

3

Three thousand years ago
they soaked him in pickling brine,
stuffed his body with resins,
baked him in desert heat.
He was Ramses the Second,
feared by Hittites and Israelites,
the hard Pharaoh of Exodus,
colossal as the temples
his minions sweated out of rock.
Paris has him now
on temporary loan.
In the aseptic laboratory
of the Musée de l'Homme,
where he lies in state
for special treatment,
who will cure the old mummy
of the loathsome fire
raging under his bandages?

4

Children at play in a field,
tumbling down a hole
into the pristine Paleolithic,
showed us the way,
ripped the lid from the grotto.
We sped to the spot on wheels
with our cameras and basket lunches.
Now the bison of Lascaux,
prodded from their centuries
of limestone sleep, are sick.
Clots of a virulent mold
suppurate on their flanks,
emitting a green stain.
We name it *la maladie verte,*
an infection from people.
At the back of our minds,
squat figures, whose hairy hands
carried torches and the dream of art
through cheerless labyrinths,
gabble in the shadows.

5

On Twelfth Street in Manhattan,
opposite St. Vincent's mental pavilion,
while I was sweeping the sidewalk
of its increment of filth
deposited by dogs and unleashed humans,
a blue van rolled by
with its sidepanel reading:
WORLD FINISHING AND DYEING COMPANY.
I did not catch the face of the driver.

—STANLEY KUNITZ

• •

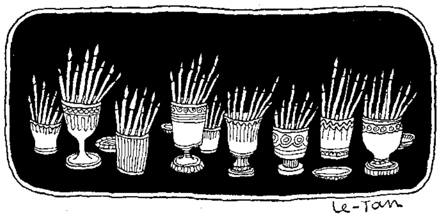
Dr. Z acquired Simone, the painter, after her husband left her. He nudged the other two to make room. Simone was often spoken of as the most independent woman in Amsterdam. She was also the only female painter anyone talked about, and it was from her long, anxious struggle to establish herself that the independence had arrived. If indeed it had. She did not display any special happiness or confidence from "doing something well."

Why should painting pictures make you happy? she said. It is not a diversion. Her nerves were frazzled and she had a strong leaning toward melancholy and exhaustion. Yet, worn down by life as she saw herself to be, she was always in movement, always running up and down the stairs to her studio on the fifth floor. In her agitated fatigue, Simone was a striking figure in tattered, mysterious clothes that she apparently bought in junk shops on her travels. Skirts and blouses and jackets of satin or flowered cloth, Balkan decorations, old beads, capes, shawls, earrings. The effect was sometimes that of a deranged frugality, and other times she brought it off, like the church dignitaries in Florence when they go in their worn velvets and shredded furs to release the dove from the altar of the Duomo.

Perhaps if she had been a man she would have become a cardinal. She had been born a Catholic, and although this had been set aside in the libertarian Amsterdam intellectual world, which was a sort of archive of Trotskyist, Socialist, and anarchist learning, Simone was sometimes seen slipping into church, wearing several large shawls in pitiful disguise. It was whispered that perhaps she was praying for the soul of her brother, who had collaborated with the Nazis.

Simone's husband looked like an Alpine skier and was, instead, a professor of history. He actually went off alone on a long skiing holiday in Austria, and in about six months a new woman arrived in Amsterdam, an American. I've always wanted an American, the husband said.

Dr. Z was sympathetic to Simone and outraged by the husband's complacency, and more by his ridiculous happiness with the pretty American.



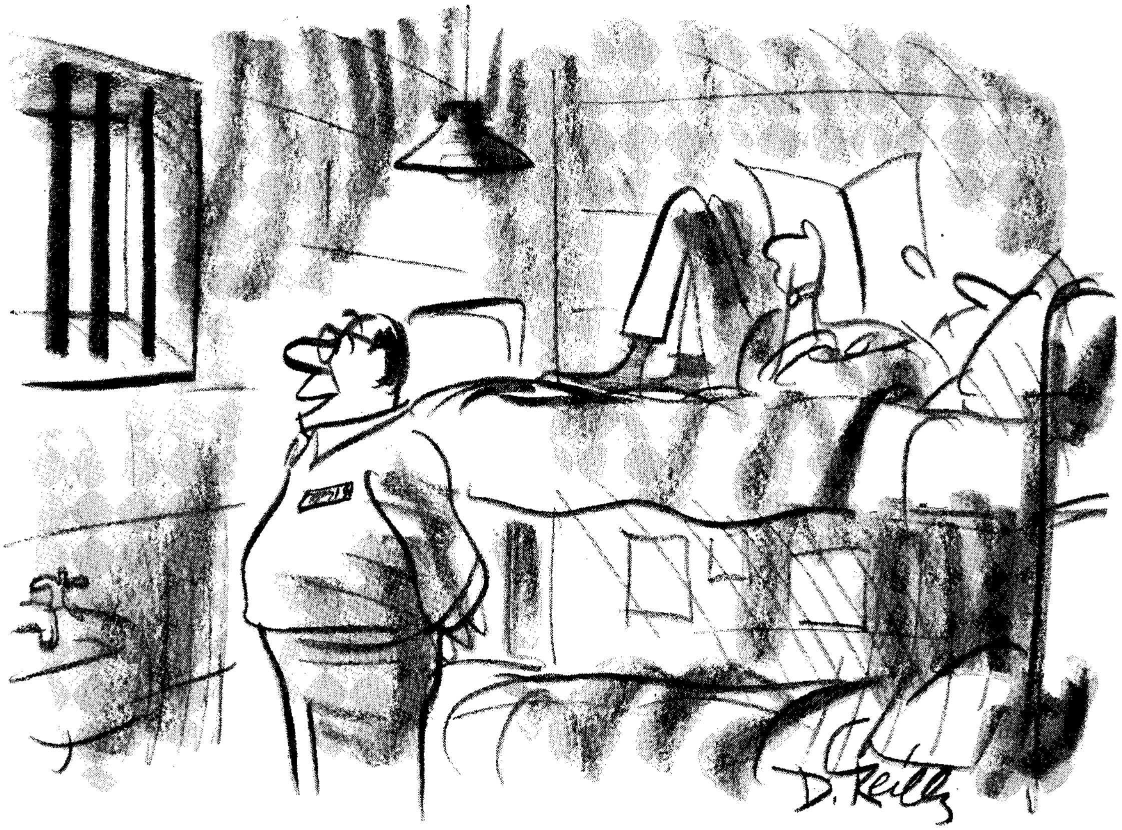
The Doctor would have managed differently somehow, in some way, man of binding memories that he was. He took to quoting the Russian folk song mentioned in Pushkin's story "The Captain's Daughter":

> If you find one better than
> me—you'll forget me,
> If one who is worse—you'll
> remember.

Worse? How does he know now, and if it turns out that way it will be too late, Madame Z insisted.

Slowly, or not so slowly, Dr. Z's duet became a trio. He and his wife had known Simone for years. Was that not favorable? Wasn't the ex-husband living with his American in the apartment below Simone's?

Dr. Z was a passive man *by nature;*



"It's kind of nice. My book and I are coming out the same day."

• •

that is, he was often led to actions and moods quite the contrary. Certainly at the beginning of his affairs, this natural passivity took flight. He began in a frenzy of passionate feeling. He fell in love; he drank too much; he rushed through his work as quickly as possible and got home very late for dinner and sometimes not until midnight. His nest was shaken by the new windstorm, and the squawking of birds began. His wife said that this was exactly what she had expected and that it did not interest her. Simone hesitated, but there was the infatuated Dr. Z with theatre tickets. There he was holding fast to her arm as they passed her husband and the American girl at the door of the house. Soon she said with a disheartened sigh that she, too, was in love.

The nurse cried all day, even in front of the patients. When Simone sometimes called the office, the nurse abused and threatened her.

It is very poor medicine to have nurses in such a state, Simone said. Perhaps another position could be found for her.

Dr. Z was taken aback but quickly resumed his ground. It's all over with her, he insisted, but I cannot turn away someone I have known and worked with for seven years.

Dr. Z was jealous of Simone, and her silences filled him with terrible alarm. He pushed his love back a few years. Yes, he remembered being overcome with feeling years ago just at the sight of her buying a book in the square, and at a New Year's party when she was wearing green velvet shoes.

I don't remember anything of that sort. Right now is soon enough for me, she said.

At times, the Doctor did not want to go home at night and announced that he was prepared to give his house to his wife or to set her up in France. For weeks, some new plan would seem to be working itself out. Yes, I am working it out, he said to everyone. But then the time came when his mood turned crestfallen and sad. He said Madame Z hated change.

No one likes change, Simone said. Dr. Z wept. But it has been more than twenty years. Think of that.

IN Amsterdam, there were no celebrated expatriates living in the hills or set up in flowery villas near the sea. One week, a lot of snow. Where are we? we wondered. In Iowa City? Northern Europe—many times, it was as if all of the trams were leading back to America. At night, feeling uprooted because so much was familiar, we would tell each other the story of our lives. The downy, musty embrace of the bed set us afloat, not as travellers but as ones somehow borne backward to the bricks and stuffs of home.

We went to the flower market. A thousand still-lifes. People, rushing about on the Leidseplein, revealed ghostly similarities to those we had left behind. The stove died, the snow clung to the panes, the outline of our fringed lamps caught the light of the street. In the shadows, listening to the bells ringing the hours, we would lie smoking and talking. The hills of home in the flatness of Holland. Think of it, he would say, our parents were born in the last century. The Czar was out chopping wood for exercise.

HISTORY assaults you, and if you live you are restored to the world of gossip. That is what it had been for Dr. Z. He was half Jewish and had spent time in a labor camp in Germany. This well-established Netherlands lover, with his nervous alliances and peculiar fidelities, had looked death in the eye, had lived through the extermination of his younger brother. This life, his *aura*, remained in his proud, olive-tinted eyes, in his researches on the devastations flowing in the bloodstream, in his death-defying lovemaking. He was a small, shrewd European country, moving about carefully in peacetime, driven on by the force of ghastly memories.

So, life after death is to fall in love once more, to set up a little business, to learn to drive a car, take airplane trips, go to the sun for vacations.

It began to appear that Simone was not suited to the role of mistress. She said: This thing has brought a coarsening of my nature. I hate Madame Z. What is she—a general? She seems to be giving a great many orders to those of us behind the lines.

Hate? Dr. Z said. That's quite extreme. She has her qualities.

When Simone saw the wife on the street, she rushed off in the opposite direction. So fearful was she of a meeting that she would not go to her friends' houses without making careful inquiries.

The whole of their circle in Amsterdam was involved in the affair. This wish to oust Madame Z and the nurse is Simone's cardinal side, people decided. Yes, the little girl who held the hand of so many nuns cannot accept the purgatory of Dr. Z's confusing nature and intentions.

One time, Madame Z went to Paris for several weeks. With a round-trip ticket of course, Simone observed bitterly. But in the freedom she and the Doctor went for a weekend to London to look at pictures. It was not a happy time. Dr. Z was always calling Paris to speak to his wife or calling his office to speak to the nurse. Telling them tremendous lies about a "conference." Simone spent most of her time in London saying: It will soon be over and we will be back where we started.

Dearest darling, do not rush to suffer future pain, the Doctor said. But all went as she had predicted. Back once more, Simone could be seen several evenings a week at the window of her top floor, looking down on the street, waiting for the hurried approach of her lover. And late in the night, when he was returning to his wife, Simone would open the shutters and wave a long goodbye to the swarthy, badly dressed, vivacious man, now turning a corner and fading from sight.

Dr. Z was happy in his love pains. He adored to spend the evening in Simone's studio, smoking a cigarette, drinking coffee, eating little chocolate cakes, and sipping gin. He was honestly more and more in love, and the genuineness of his feelings often caused Simone to burst into tears of anger.

Dr. Z had studied the body and its workings and liked to say: We human beings are, *au fond*, put together quite simply. Yes, quite simply. The part that is complicated, even we as scientists are ignorant of that.

In matters of love he seemed to feel the same. His distressing trio caused him to be often fretful, sleepless, anxious, jealous, even drunken. But he also knew well the dejection of resignation and the torture of absence. So, tormented, accused, even guilty, there was still happiness to be found in reassuring the weeping nurse at the end of the day, in bringing home a pâté and cheese to his wife, in going down a dark canal on the arm of Simone and singing "In questa tomba oscura." Somehow he could lend to the noble composition a heartfelt flirtatiousness.

During our year in Holland, there was at last a movement of reclamation on the part of Simone. She broke off with the Doctor and stayed in the house for weeks, for fear of meeting him and once more surrendering to his passion for her. He whistled below the window; potted tulips arrived. Look at the colors! A late Mondrian, no? his note would say.

He called upon the help of European poetry:

> Alas for me, where shall I get the flowers when it is winter and where the sunshine and shadow of earth? The walls stand speechless and cold, the weather-vanes rattle in the wind.

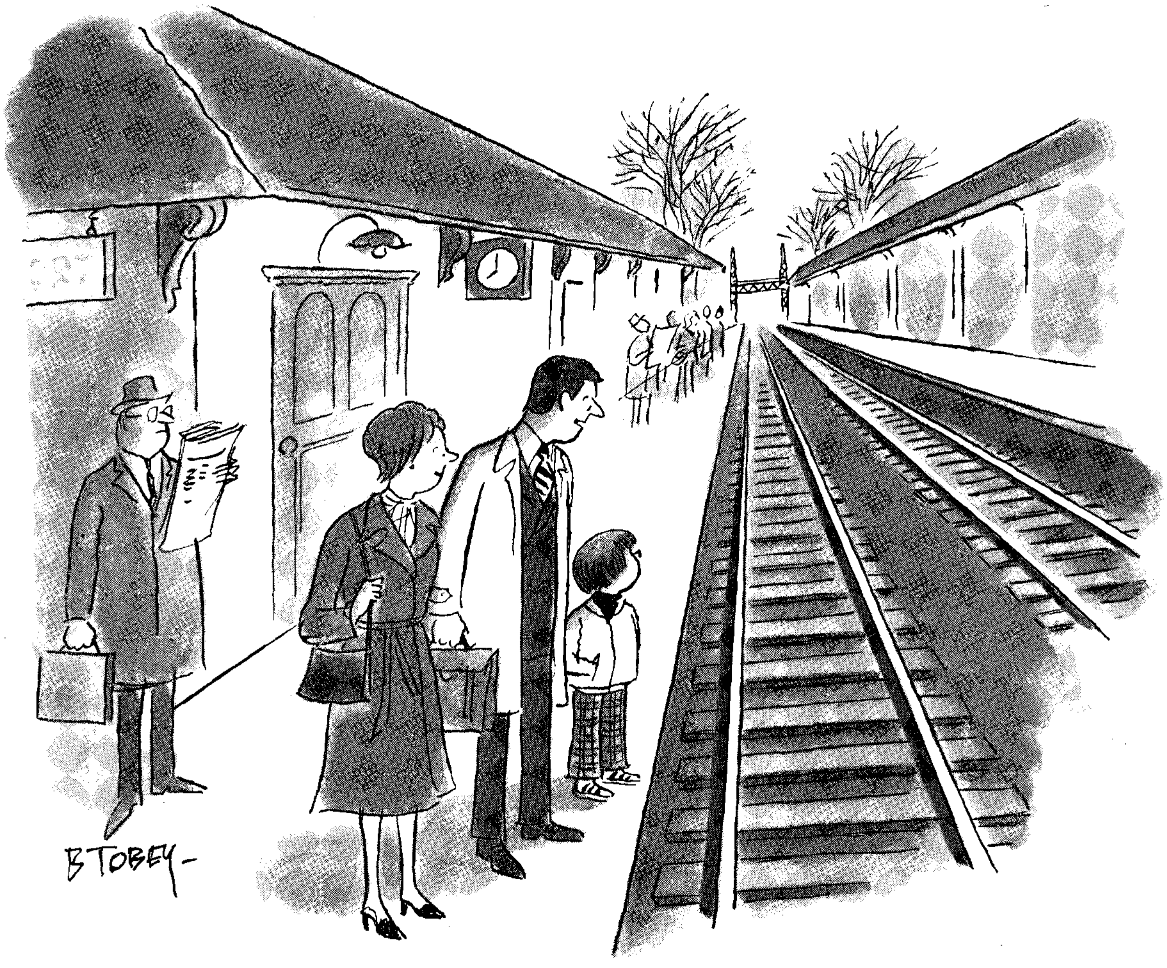
Simone was assisted by an attack of depression and did not turn back. She hurt the Doctor's feelings by saying: I do not seem to care for anyone just now. Least of all myself.

The Doctor's wife and the nurse were affronted by Simone's revolt. They accused her of triviality and shallowness, of heartlessness. The Doctor's suffering fell alike upon them, as if it were a contagion. His alarm, his loss, his humiliation were an insult to themselves. And perhaps the two women, so accustomed to his ways, sensed that the singularity of endings may slowly gather into a plural.

LOVE affairs, with their energy and hope, do not arrive again and again forever. So you no longer play tennis, no longer move from place to place in the summer, no longer understand what use you can make of the sight of the Andes or the columns of Luxor. It gradually became clear that Simone would not be replaced. Poor Dr. Z, with his infidelities and agreeable lies, his new acquisitions and engaging disruptions: they vanished suddenly but so quietly and naturally he was the last to know.

As Raleigh said about Queen Elizabeth: Old age took her by surprise, like a frost.

In a few years, the nurse went home to retire, to look after her



"I'll explain it to you, Stevie. It's called perspective."

old mother in the country. Simone died. It turned out that she had done more than a dozen portraits of Dr. Z, and one was sold to an American museum for a fair price. In it Dr. Z is seen in a white jacket, and there are instruments of his profession about him. On the wall not one but three stylized skeletons are dangling from hooks.

"According to the 'Times,' I'm 'superb.'"

• •

NINETEEN SEVENTY-THREE. The doctor and his wife were in New York for a conference. I went to meet them at a shabby, depressing hotel in the West Seventies where Europeans who are not rich often stay. They were like two woollen dolls, and I could not decide whether the Frenchwoman had grown to the size of the Dutchman or whether he had, with a courteous condescension, simply inclined downward to the size of his little French wife. She was still wearing her black berets, and her fingernails shone with a wine-colored polish. She spoke in tongues: Dutch, German, French, and English, as if choosing cakes from a tray.

Dr. Z met a mild New York winter day clothed in Siberian layers. He was wearing a heavy black overcoat, a woollen vest, a dark-gray sweater, and when he sat down in the waiting room off the lobby gray winter underwear appeared above his socks.

He talked: he told the Amsterdam gossip, he spoke of his work, of the fearful cost of things, of hippies in Vondel Park.

Madame Z smoked cigarettes and coughed. They were studying the map of the city, looking for subway and bus lines. The outstanding difficulties of thrift in New York bewildered them, and they sat there as if pulled down into the mud of a dismaying displacement, the confusion that afflicts unfashionable, elderly foreigners when they visit America. They who had been everywhere, from Djakarta to Tokyo to India and every country in Europe.

Dr. Z smiled and bowed and dashed about looking for chairs and a quiet corner. In fact, he seemed to be groping in the New York air for the supports of his life in Amsterdam, for his weathered little house on the Amstel, with his office on the first floor and the rooms above with the old patterned carpets, the comfort of the hideous abstract paintings given by patients, abstractions that covered the walls next to the stairs like so many colored water spots left over from an old leak.

Where is my life? he seemed to be saying. My plates of pickled mussels, the slices of cheese, the tumblers of lemon gin?

Still, importance flickered in his eyes—his olive eyes still shining with the oil of remembered vanity and threatening to water with the tears of all he had learned and forgotten in his long life.

We in Holland were the first to do certain important blood studies, he said. I no longer have my laboratory at the hospital, but I keep up with the developments in my field. How can one not? A life's work.

We in Holland kept appearing in his conversation. The vastness of the skies they had flown over and the large abyss into which they had fallen on the ground made him call forth his country—like an ambassador, one who stands for the whole.

You remember that he was well known there, his wife said without any special inflection. Oh, I know, I know. I remember well the well-known Dr. Z.

Enough of that, he said. Edam cheese is better known than any Dutchman. That it is well to recall also.

As it got to be near six o'clock, I asked if they wanted to go to a nearby Irish saloon for a drink. The Doctor drew back with a frightened look, but his wife took up the suggestion vehemently. Indeed, yes, she would like a drink, she said with a peculiar insistence and defiance.

We sat in a dark booth, and Madame Z ordered a Martini. An American Martini, she said twice. The Doctor crumpled and sagged over a beer—Heineken's.

Supporting home industries, his wife said.

Suddenly in the gloom, Madame Z began her lilting harangue, all of it pouring forth with an appalling energy. She did not use to talk very much, the Doctor said, attempting a smile. See the unbeckoned, unpredicted changes of age, the sky full of falling stars!

It was clear that the recitation was not new and that in the midst of it she could pause only to order another drink.

I have always hated Holland. I am not Dutch. I am French, born in Paris.

There are many Frenchmen, the Doctor interrupted. It is not what I would call a special distinction in itself.

She went on. There are many Dutchmen, too, and all alike. The men and the women. The provincialism. Can you imagine a country proud of skinny Indonesians, dark and slow and surly primitives, serving in red coats? *Rijsttafel*—a joke. Nuts and raisins and bananas. I would rather have herring, if the choice must be made. . . . And it must be made or starve. . . . But the worst thing is the ugliness of the people. Who can tell the men and the women apart in their rotten mackintoshes, their rubber-soled shoes. . . . Look at the Queen—a joke. And old Wilhelmina in her tweeds, like a buffalo. . . . And the weather, steaming like hell in the summer and drizzling sleet the rest of the year. . . . *Drizzling*, is that English? . . . What is going on in Amsterdam, tell me? Someone playing the organ in a church. They think they are masters of culture when they speak French, but if you want to write something you write it in Dutch, which no one reads. And why should they? Even the Poles are better off. Warsaw is a real city, not a puppet-show setting like Amsterdam.

Her black, black hair, her tiny little black feet, her wine-colored fingers heavy with red and green semiprecious stones set in gold. She was like an old glazed vessel, veined and cracked, that nevertheless held water.

The Doctor trembled. This is not what you would call a discussion, he said.

And, turning aside, he made an effort to change the awful flow. I am not a patriot, he said; still, couldn't I claim that the Dutch are a civilized people? A bit tiresome about the loss of Indonesia and all that, perhaps, but . . .

Dana Fradon

"Are you sure you have the right person? The F.B.I. gave me a new identity."

Indonesia! she shrieked, and the bartender shrugged. How all of you used to complain when you had to go out there to lecture—to advise, as you called it. To visit the rich men on their plantations. Little cries all night about the bugs and the humidity. The suffering sweat of the lordly Dutchman. Imagine Holland with colonies. Have you ever seen the so-called city of Paramaribo? It's a scandal, a joke.

Madame Z tottered to her feet, exhausted. The Doctor took her arm and gave a sigh as deep as death itself. Out on the street, in the cold wind, he supported his little wife, who could not stand alone. She dangled on his arm like a black shopping bag. For the moment, she was quiet, and he attempted a lighthearted manner, a whispered addition.

As you can see, she has taken to drink in a disastrous fashion. A sigh, and then he bowed with something of his old sheikhishness, drawing me into his memories.

It's all those love affairs—especially the darling Simone. They don't forgive you, after all. They have their revenge.

It seemed to soothe the Doctor to try to take the blame, as if even the revenge brought him back to his younger days. It was not clear whether he believed what he was saying. The ruefulness of his smile.

As we neared the hotel, he said bitterly: It is only eight o'clock. But what can we do except go to bed without dinner? She will sleep it off and not remember a thing, the way they do. So mysterious. Yes, she must go to bed.

Bed! Madame Z cried out, calling upon her last breath. They are all terrible lovers. Frauds, every one of them. Fiascos!

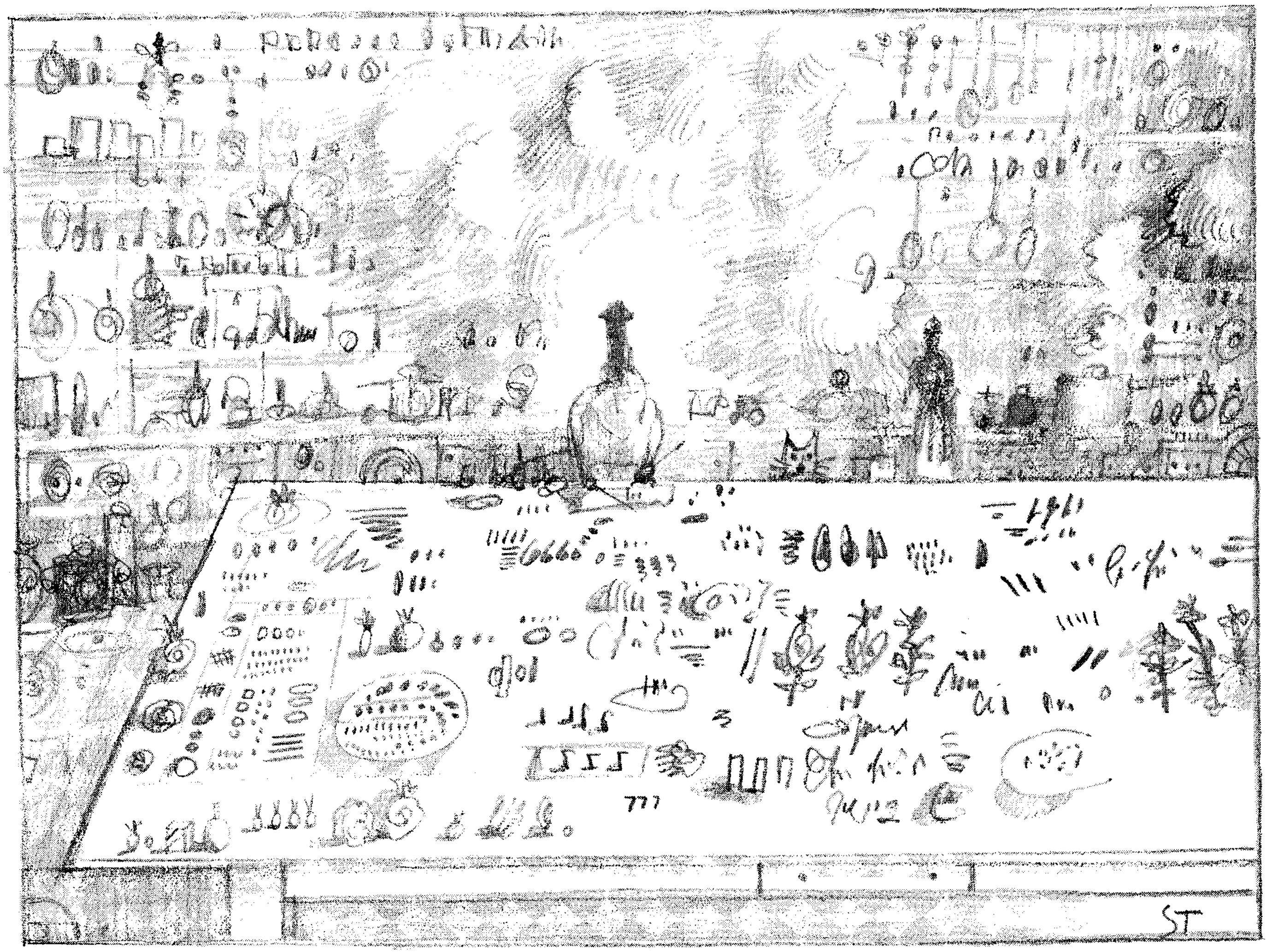
THEY passed into the brown-and-gray lobby, old companions, sad but not quite miserable. They were waving goodbye. He was bowing and she was now winking and smiling.

She had hit the Doctor like the Spanish Fury, but fortunately he was accustomed to the wind from the North Sea. Her hat askew and a strand of hair slanted down her cheek, Madame Z of Paris had at last become Dutch, needing only a few strewn oyster shells and a ragged dog to bring to mind those tippling, pipe-smoking women in the paintings of the seventeenth century, creatures of the common life the Dutch bourgeoisie were pleased to admire and purchase.

—ELIZABETH HARDWICK

PROFILES

BRIGADE DE CUISINE

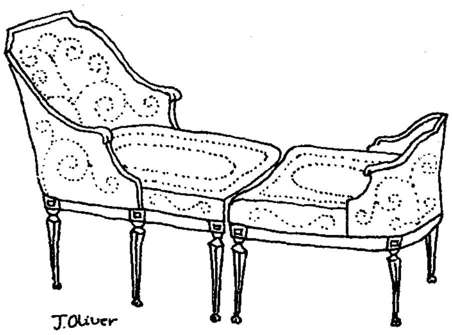


THE fifth-best meal I have ever sat down to was at a sort of farmhouse-inn that is neither farm nor inn, in the region of New York City. The fourth-best was at the same place—on a winter evening when the Eiswein afterward was good by the fire and the snow had not stopped falling for the day. The third-best meal I've ever had was centered upon some smoked whiting and pale mustard sauce followed by a saltimbocca, at the same place, on a night when the air of summer was oppressive with humidity but the interior of the old building was cool and musty under a slowly turning paddle fan. When things come up so well, culinary superlatives are hard to resist, and the best and second-best meals I have ever had anywhere (including the starry citadels of rural and metropolitan France) were also under that roof—emanations of flavor expressed in pork and coriander, hazelnut breadings, smoked-roe mousses, and aïoli. The list of occasions could go deeper, and if it were complete enough it might number twenty or thirty before the scene would shift—perhaps to the fields of Les Baux or the streets of Lyons. The cook who has been responsible for such pleasure on this side of the Atlantic was trained on the other side, in kitchens in various places on the Continent, notably in Switzerland, and including Spain, where he grew up in a lavish and celebrated Andalusian hotel that was managed by his father. His father was Austrian, but his mother was English, and so, from the age of eight, he was sent to be educated in Great Britain. As a result, he is in manner, speech, and appearance irremediably English. He has an Oxbridge accent and a Debrettian flourish of names—not one of which he will allow me to divulge. His customers tend to become his friends, and I had been a friend of his for something like five years before I thought to ask him if I could sit in his kitchen and take notes. He said it would be all right, but with the condition that I not—in any piece of writing—use the name of the restaurant, or his name, or the nickname of his wife, Anne, who is not known as Anne and is always called by her nickname. We further agreed that I would not even mention the state in which they live and work, or describe in much detail the land- and waterscapes around them, let alone record what is written over the door of the nearest post office, which is, as it happens, more than five miles and less than a hundred from the triangle formed by La Grenouille, Lutèce, and Le Cygne.

The man's right knee is callused from kneeling before his stove. He would like to see his work described. He would like to be known for what he does, but in this time, in this country, his position is awkward, for he prefers being a person to becoming a personality; his wish to be acknowledged is exceeded by his wish not to be celebrated, and he could savor recognition only if he could have it without publicity. He works alone, with Anne (who makes desserts and serves as hostess, bartender, *sommelière*). In a great restaurant of Europe, the team in the kitchen will be led by the *gros bonnet*, and under him a *saucier*, an *entremettier*, a *potagiste*, a *rôtisseur*, a *grillardin*, a *friturier*, a *garde-manger*, and any number of *commis* running around with important missions, urgent things to do. Here—with Anne excepted, as *la pâtissière-en-chef*—this one man is in himself the entire *brigade de cuisine*. It is his nature not just to prefer but to need to work alone, and he knows that if his property were invaded and his doors were crowded up with people who had read of him in some enamelled magazine he could not properly feed them all. "There is no way to get qualified help," he explains. "You'd have to import kids from Switzerland. If you did, you'd lose control. The quality would go down the drain." In the *haute cuisine* restaurants of New York, kitchens are often small, and, typically, "five ill-educated people will be working there under extreme pressure, and they don't get along," he says. "Working alone, you don't have interaction with other people. This is a form of luxury."

Sometimes, at the height of an evening there are two customers in his dining room. His capacity is fifty-five, and he draws that number from time to time, but more often he will cook for less than forty. His work is never static. Shopping locally to see what is available today, reading, testing, adding to or subtracting from a basic repertory of roughly six hundred appetizers and entrées, he waits until three in the afternoon to write out what he will offer at night—three because he needs a little time to run to the store for whatever he may have forgotten. He has never stuffed a mushroom the same way twice. Like a pot-au-feu, his salad dressing alters slightly from day to day. There is a couple who have routinely come to his dining room twice a week for many years—they have spent more than fifteen thousand dollars there—and in all that time he has never failed to have on his menu at least one dish they have not been offered before. "I don't know if they're aware of this," he has told me. "We owe it to them, because of the frequency of their visits. They keep us on our toes."

In the evening, when his dining room is filling and he is busy in the rhythm of his work, he will (apparently unconsciously) say aloud over the food, and repeat, the names of the people for whom he is cooking. A bridge-toll collector. A plumber. A city schoolteacher. A state senator—who comes from another state. With light-edged contempt, he refers to his neighborhood as *Daily News* country. There are two or three mobsters among his clientele. They are fat, he reports, and they order their vegetables "family style." There is a couple who regularly drive a hundred and twenty miles for dinner and drive home again the same night. There is a nurse from Bellevue who goes berserk in the presence of Anne's meringue tortes and ultra-chocolate steamed mousse cakes, orders every dessert available, and has to be carted back to Bellevue. There is an international tennis star who parks his car so close against the front door that everyone else has to sidle around it. Inside, only the proprietors seem to know who the tennis star is. The center of attention, and the subject of a good deal of table talk, is the unseen man in the kitchen.



"Usually when you go out to dinner, the social event revolves around the people you are eating with and not the people who prepared the food. Soon after we started going there, he appeared by our table and wanted to know how something was—a shrimp al pesto he was trying for the first time. We have been there about once a month for nine years and he has never disappointed us."

"He's better than any restaurant I've eaten in in New York."

"He's a shy, compulsive, neurotic artist."

BALLET BLANC

Baryshnikov leaps higher than your heart
in the moonlit forest, center stage, and pleads
with the ghostly corps, who pirouette, gauzed white
and powdered blue, like pearls, the star *sylphides*

of Paris, 1841. You swoon
back in red plush. Oboes, adagio,
sing *Love is Death*—but death's this lustrous queen
who twirls forever on one famous toe

while hushed in shadows tier on golden tier
swirl to apotheosis in the ceiling.
Miles away, through clouds, one chandelier
swings dizzily. What feeling

sweeps you? Dinner's roses and tall candles,
a certain wine-flushed face, your new blue dress
merge with the scented crush of silks and sables—
through which, you're more and more aware, two eyes

stroke, meltingly, your neck. You glow, you sway,
it's as though the audience were dancing, too,
and with a last, stupendous tour jeté
turned for a solo suddenly to *you*

and you become the Prince, the Queen, Giselle,
and waltz in a whirl of white through the painted grove,
your gestures as extravagant as tulle,
as wild as nineteenth-century hopeless love,

as grand as bravo! and brava! On wings,
you splurge and take a taxi home instead.
The park looms rich and magical. It's spring,
almost. You float upstairs and into bed

and into dreams so deep you never hear
how all night long that witch, your evil fairy,
crows her knowing cackle in your ear:
Tomorrow you will wake up ordinary.

—KATHA POLLITT

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"He could never expand. He is a legitimate perfectionist who would find anyone else's work inferior to his own. No one would meet his standards. *He* doesn't meet his standards. Sometimes when I try to compliment him he refuses the compliment."

"I see him as one of the last of the great individualists, very happy in his kitchen, with his illegal plants out back. If he were to become prominent, his individualism would be damaged, and he knows that."

In part, the philosophy of this kitchen rests on deep resources of eggs, cream, and butter, shinbone marrow, boiled pig skins, and polysaturated pâtés of rich country meat. "Deny yourself nothing!" is the motto of one of the regulars of the dining room, who is trim and fit and—although he is executive vice-president in charge of public information at one of the modern giants of the so-called media—regards his relationship with the chef as a deep and sacred secret. "The place is not chic," he goes on. "It is no Southampton-type oasis. The people there are nondescript. In fact, that place is the only realizable fantasy I have ever had. The fantasy is that there exists a small restaurant in the sticks, with marvellous food, run by civilized, funny, delightful people who have read every book and seen every movie and become your good friends—and almost no one else knows about them. I used to fantasize such people. Now I know them. They exist. And the last thing in the world they would want is fame that is associated with hype and overpublicity. They are educated, sensitive, intelligent. Their art is what comes out of the kitchen. I'm sure he wants his work appreciated, but he doesn't want visitors coming to his hideaway for purposes of seeing the freak—the guy out in the woods who is making three-star meals. He would like to be appreciated for the right reasons—like an author who wants to be writing instead of going on TV talk shows. He is delighted when someone finds him, but wary, too. I think one proof of his sincerity is that he could raise his prices but he doesn't. He could advertise, but he doesn't. Somehow, that would be making too much of a commercial venture out of his work. It is inconceivable to imagine how his business could be run to make less money."

The chef is an athletically proportioned man of middle height—a swimmer, a spear fisherman. One day when he was thirteen he was picking apples in a tree between North Oxford and St. Giles and he fell out of the tree onto a bamboo garden stake. It impaled his cheek at the left corner of his mouth. His good looks are enhanced, if anything, by the scar that remains from this accident. He has dark hair, quick brown eyes, and a swiftly rising laugh. Anne is tall, finely featured, attractive, and blond. Each has eaten a little too well, but neither is falling-down fat. They work too hard. She works in a long ponytail, a cotton plaid shirt, unfaded dungarees, he in old shirts with the sleeves rolled up, rips and holes across the chest. His trousers are generally worn through at the knees. There are patches, sutures of heavy thread. His Herman boots are old and furred and breaking down. He pulls out a handkerchief and it is full of holes. "I don't mind spending money on something that is going to be eventually refundable," he explains. "A house, for example. But not a handkerchief." Most of the time, he cooks under a blue terry-cloth sailor hat, the brim of which is drawn down, like his hair, over his ears.

He was working with a Fulton Market octopus one morning, removing its beak, when he happened to remark on his affection for the name Otto.

"I like Otto," he said. "I think Otto is a sensational name. It's a name you would have to live up to, a challenging name. It suggests aloneness. It suggests bullheaded, Prussian, inflexible pomposity. Someone called Otto would be at least slightly pompous. Intolerant. Impatient. Otto."

Anne said, "He has written his autobiography in that name."

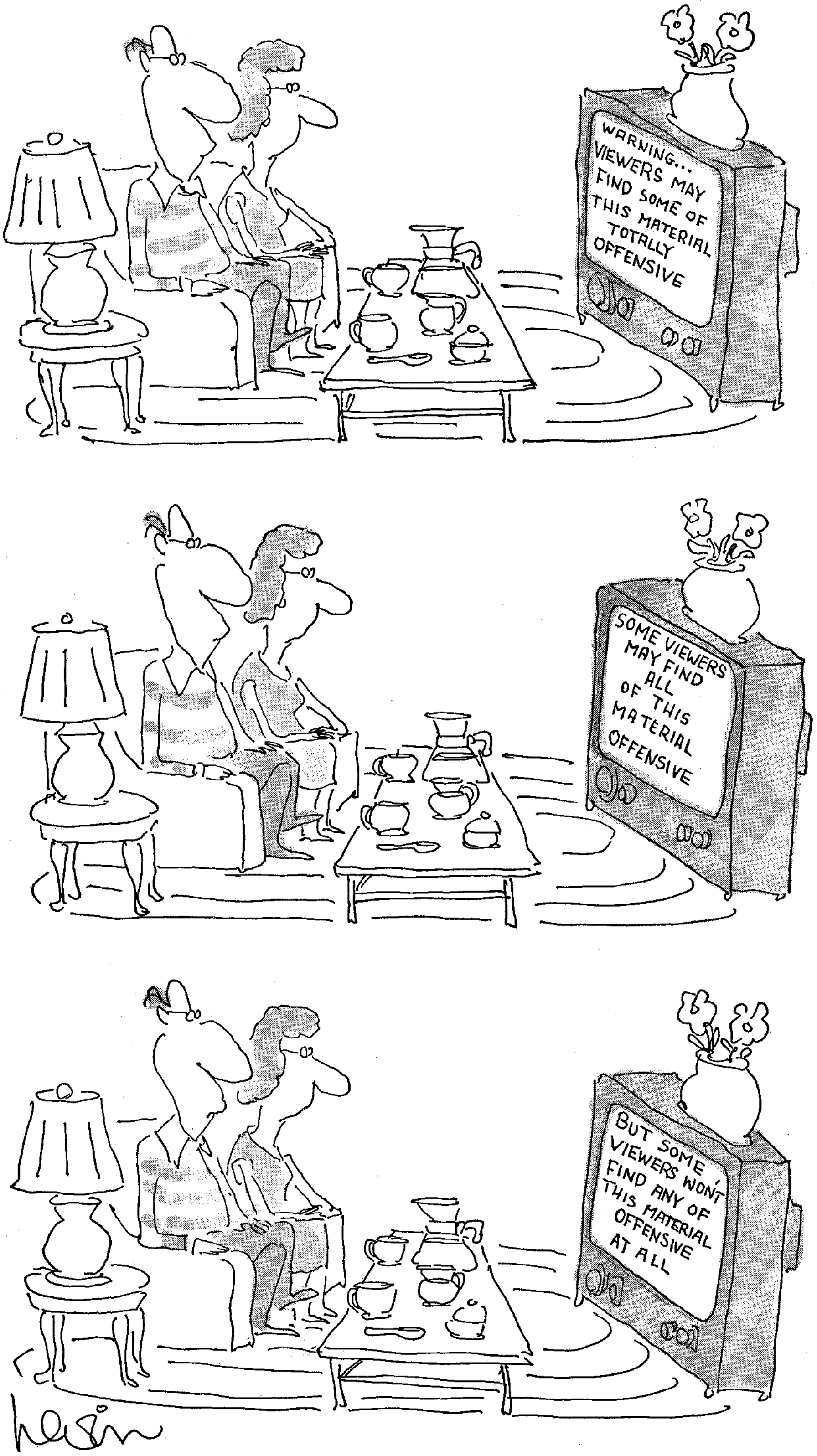
"I like Otto," he said again. "Why don't you call me Otto?"

I said, "Fine, Otto. I'll call you Otto."

Otto stepped outdoors, where he set the unbeaked octopus on a wide wooden plank. "Otto," he repeated, with savor. And he picked up an apple bough, a heavy stick about as long as his arm, and began to club the flesh of the octopus. "Otto," he said again, moving from one tentacle to the next. "I like that very much." Smash. "You do this to break down the fibres." Steadily, he pounded on. In time, he said, "Max is a good name, too—a sort of no-nonsense, straightforward name. Otto sounds humorless, and I don't think I'm humorless."

"Fine, Max. I'll call you Max."

"I like the way Max looks," he said. "It looks wonderful written on paper. You have the imagery of 'maximum,' too. And all the Maximilians." He struck the octopus another blow with the apple bough. "However," he went on, "I prefer Otto. Otto is autocratic. One word leads to another."


WARNING... VIEWERS MAY FIND SOME OF THIS MATERIAL TOTALLY OFFENSIVE
SOME VIEWERS MAY FIND ALL OF THIS MATERIAL OFFENSIVE
BUT SOME VIEWERS WON'T FIND ANY OF THIS MATERIAL OFFENSIVE AT ALL

He carried the octopus inside. He said he has a cousin in the Florida Keys who puts octopuses in his driveway and then drives over them. "It's just to break down the fibres. I don't know what happens. I just know that it works." He went into the restaurant bar and took down from a wall an August Sander photograph of an anonymous German chef, a heavy man in a white coat of laboratory length over pin-striped trousers and highly polished shoes. The subject's ears were small, the head a large and almost perfect sphere. On the upper lip, an aggressive mustache was concentrated like a grenade. The man was almost browless, his neck was too thick to permit a double chin, and his tiny black eyes—perhaps by the impertinence of the photographer—were opened wide. In his hammy hands were a bowl and a wooden-handled whip. "This pig-faced guy is a real Otto," said the chef. "When our customers ask who that is in the picture we say he is our founder."

As we returned to the kitchen, I thought about the chef's actual name, which, like the man's demeanor, like the man himself in nearly all his moods, is gentle and unaggressive—an all but dulcet name, ameliorative and smooth, a name like Randal or Malcolm or Neal or Duncan or Hugh or Alan or John. For all that, if he wished to call himself Otto, Otto he would be.

Anne said, "He is less pompous than when I met him."

"Never let it boil," said Otto, lowering the octopus into a pot. "It mustn't boil. It should just simmer."

NINE o'clock in a spring morning and with a big square-headed mallet he is pounding a loin of pork. He has been up for three hours and has made school lunches for the two of his children who are still at home, boned some chicken, peeled potatoes, peeled onions, chopped shallots, shucked mussels, made coffee, swept the kitchen, made stock with the head of a twenty-pound grouper, and emptied outside a pail of scraps for the geese. His way of making coffee is to line a colander with a linen napkin and drip the coffee through the napkin. He ate a breakfast of leftovers—gâteau Saint-Honoré, Nesselrode cream-rum-chestnut mousse. He said, "I always eat dessert for

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breakfast. That's the only time I like it. For the rest of the day, if I'm working, I don't eat. It's wonderful not to eat if you're in a hurry. It speeds you up."

Anne works late and sleeps late. Otto goes to bed when his cooking is done and is up, much of the year, before dawn. Even at 6 A.M., he is so pressed with things to do that he often feels there is no time to shave. Into the school lunches today went small pork cutlets. He said, "I really don't believe in letting children eat the food served at school. Hot dogs. Baloney. Filth like that." His children carry roast chicken, veal, various forms of fish instead. At home, at the inn, they cook their own meals and eat more or less at random. The family business being what it is, the family almost never sits down at a table together. Sometimes the children, with friends, have dinner in the restaurant. Otto says, "They dress as if they're going to a disco, contemptibly wearing their collars outside their jackets, which is worse than wearing a blazer patch." He charges them half price.

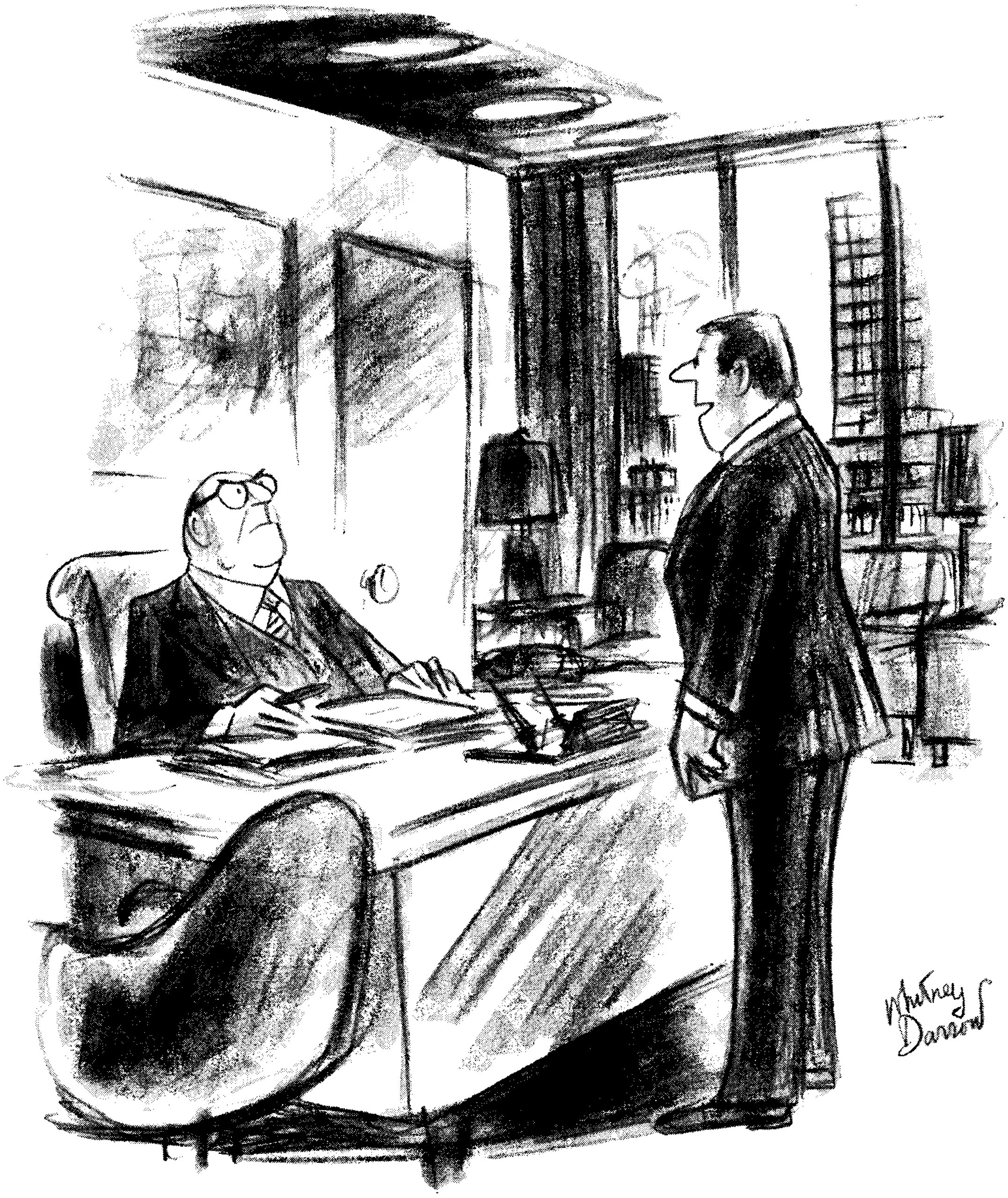
The pork loin flattens, becomes like a crêpe. He dips the mallet in water. "All the cookbooks tell you to pound meat between pieces of waxed paper," he remarks. "And that is sheer nonsense." He is preparing a dish he recently invented, involving a mutation of a favored marinade. Long ago he learned to soak boned chicken breasts in yogurt and lemon juice with green peppercorns, salt, garlic, and the seeds and leaves of coriander, all of which led to a flavor so appealing to him that what he calls chicken coriander settled deep into his repertory. In a general way, he has what he describes as "a predilection for stuffing, for things with surprises inside," and so, eventually, he found himself wondering, "Maybe you could translate a marinade into a stuffing. You could pound a pork loin thin and fold it like an envelope over a mixture of cream cheese, fresh coriander leaves, lemon juice, and green peppercorns. Then you'd chill it, and set it, and later bread it. Sauté it a bit, then bake it. It should have a beguiling taste."

Picking up a knife now, he extends his fingers beyond the handle to pinch the blade. He rocks his wrist, and condenses a pile of parsley. There are calluses on his fingers where they pinch the blade. "The great thing is the *mise en place*," he says. "You get your things together. You get ready to cook. You chop your parsley, peel your onions, do shallots, make the hollandaise, make demi-glace sauce, and so forth." He does most of this in the center of the room, a step from the stove, at a long, narrow table that sags like a hammock. He works on two slabs of butcher block, and around them accumulate small tubs, bowls, and jars full of herbs and herb butters, stocks and sauces, grated cheeses. A bottle of applejack stands nearby for use in pâtés, and a No. 10 can full of kosher salt, which he dips into all day and tosses about by hand. Everything he measures he measures only with his eyes. How does he know how much to use? "I just know what is going to make things taste good," he says.

"Even with garlic, for example?"

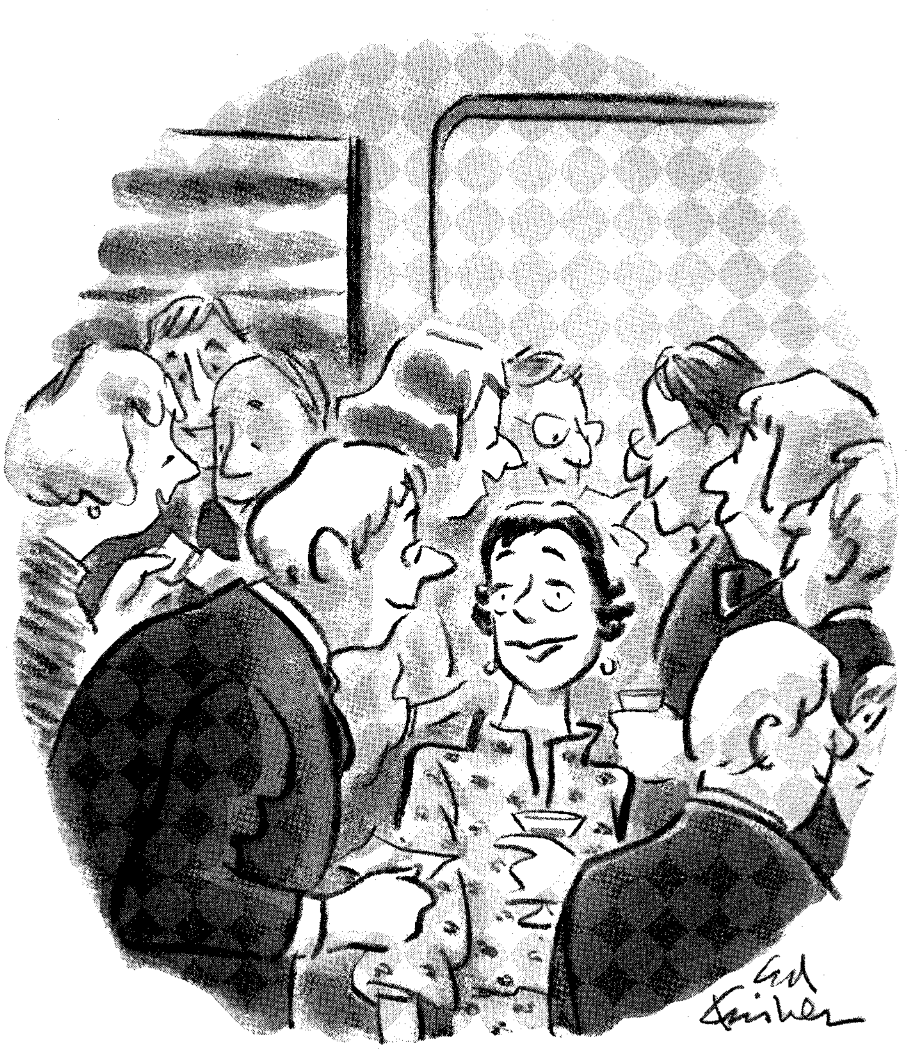
"In garlicky dishes, you can hardly use too much—as long as you don't burn it."

He nibbles some parsley, wipes the block. On his shoulder is a hand towel, and with it he polishes his working surfaces as if he were polishing cars. He wipes the edge of the stove. He wipes the lips of pots. After he sautés something, he wipes out the interior of the pan. All day long the cloth keeps coming off the shoulder—or out of a rear pocket when it has migrated there—



Whitney Darrow

"Mr. Thompson, I'd like a short sabbatical to find myself—within the corporation, of course."



"Leave me out of the charades. I'm no good at pretending anything."

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and as it grows foul it is frequently replaced. Like a quarterback, a golfer, a dentist, he would be unnerved without his towel.

When he finishes a patch of work—stops pounding loin of pork, completes a forcemeat for quenelles—he neatly puts the product away. Moving on to some new material, he carries it to a working surface, and cuts or separates or pours out just what he needs, and then returns the matrix—to the refrigerator, or wherever it came from—*before* he begins the new preparation. If he did not do this, he would risk chaos. His day will grow in frenzy and may eventually come a bit unstuck, but even in the whirl of the height of the evening he never fails to replace a source before he works on the substance.

He has a Vulcan gas stove with two ovens, a broiler, and six burners. Every time he turns it on he has to use a match. He keeps matches in a McDonald's French-fry packet nailed to a post. He saves the wooden sticks to use again as tapers. "We're really cheap," he confesses. "We wash our Reynolds Wrap and use it again."

His evolving salad dressing is stored in whiskey bottles and is topped up a few times a week with oil, egg yolk, wine, tarragon, marjoram, chervil, salt, pepper, chives, garlic, parsley, onions, scallion tops, vinegar, mustard seed—and almost anything but sugar. The thought of sugar in salad dressing disgusts him, although he knows it will sell salad dressing. He blends in some lightly boiled potatoes. They homogenize the dressing, he says, emulsify it, hold it together.

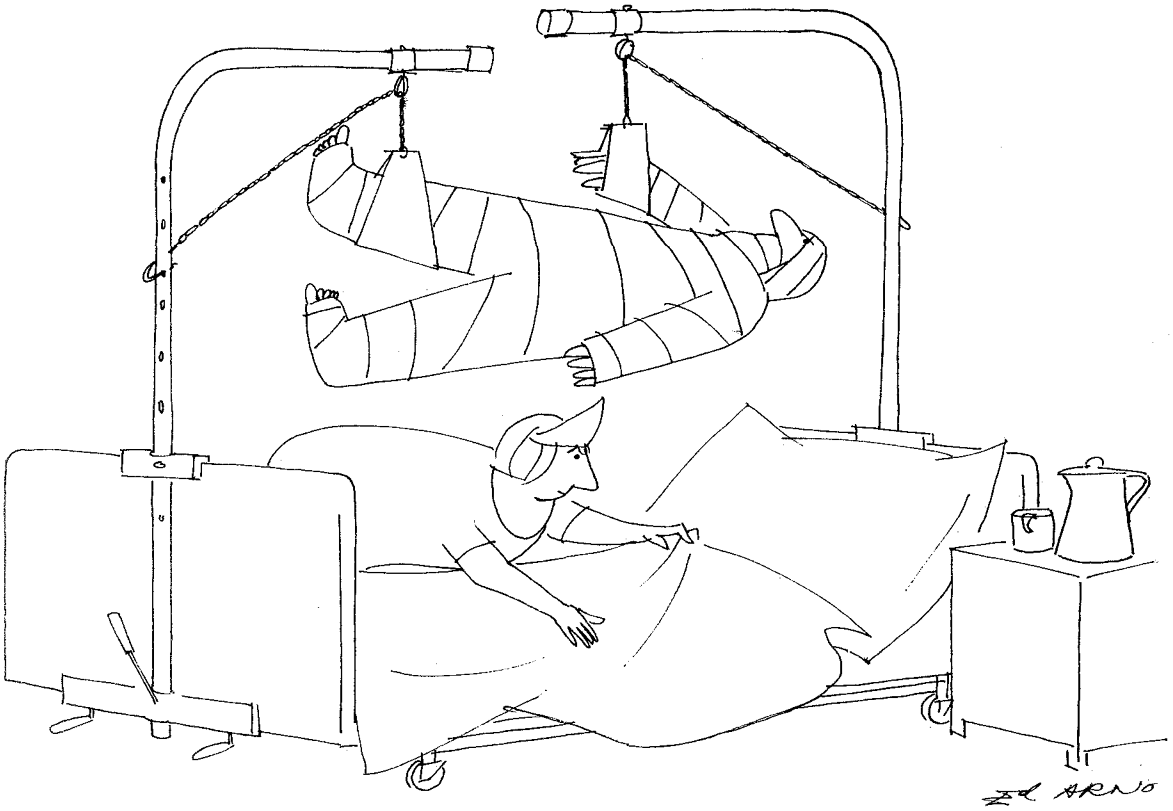
There is no top on the blender. Otto and Anne cover it with their hands—sometimes with a napkin. The blender is old and bandaged with tape. They have a KitchenAid mixer. "It's the worst-engineered thing I've ever seen. It spits ingredients into the air." To facilitate their preparations they have no other appliances. There is not even an electric dishwasher, just a three-tub stainless deep sink where Anne washes dishes in the dead of night, except on weekends, when a high-school student comes in to help. Three plugs stop the sink. A sign on the wall above says, "HANG PLUGS HERE. THIS IS A PROPHYLAXIS AGAINST DEMENTIA NERVOSA. PLEASE!" No rotisserie. No microwave. No Cuisinart in any form. "We're not anti-technology. We're just anti-junk," said Otto one morning. "There's no reason to be anti all 'labor-saving' things—just from sheer perversity to be against them—but, as it happens, there is nothing a Cuisinart can do that I can't do as quickly. And after using a Cuisinart I would have to clean it. Steak tartare cut with a knife has a better texture than it does if it comes out of a Cuisinart. The Germans call it Schabefleisch. For that matter, it is easier to cut hamburger meat than to make it in any kind of machine. If you grind it, you then have to clean the grinder." I asked him to make me a hamburger. He removed from the refrigerator the hundredth part of a ton of beef, sliced off a portion, put the rest of the meat back in the cooler, and returned to his working block, where his wrist began to flutter heavily, and in thirty seconds he had disassembled the chunk of beef and rearranged it as an oval patty. He ate some of the meat as he worked. Fast as it all happened, the cutting was done in three phases. He began with a one-handed rocking motion, and then held down the point of the knife with his left hand while pumping the handle with his right. He ended with a chopping motion, as if the knife were a hatchet. As he made the patty, he did not compact it crudely in his hands like a snowball. He tapped it together with the flat of the knife. The knife was Swiss (*hachoir* size), the blade vanadium stainless steel. "It's a lot of bull not to use stainless," he said. "If you know how to sharpen a knife, you can sharpen a stainless knife. You can't use a carbon knife to cut anything that has acid in it. If you cut anything acid with a carbon knife, it develops big black splotches. The splotches flavor the food." From under the stove he pulled a damaged iron skillet. Something that looked like a large bite was missing from the rim. He cooked the hamburger, turning it, touching it, turning it again and again, using the knife as a spatula. One morning he made fresh pork sausage for me the same way—mixing into the patty the salt, thyme, pepper, and coriander that are the essences of the flavor of sausage. The awakening aroma was vigorous and new. He tasted the raw pork as he went along. He said sausagemakers do that routinely. He observed that if one does need to make use of a meat grinder it is a good idea to put chunks of the meat into a freezer for twenty minutes beforehand. This in some way—he has no idea why—greatly reduces the stringiness that will often clog a grinder.

The kitchen has the dimensions of a fair-sized living room, and the refrigerator is a multi-doored affair that fills one end from wall to wall. The kitchen at a New York frog pond would not be half as large. (A frog pond, in Otto's vernacular, is any French restaurant, but particularly the finest and Frenchest of the supraduodenal boutiques.) Otto much admires André Soltner, chef of Lutèce, for removing (after he took over the ownership of the restaurant) some of his dining space in order to expand the kitchen. In Otto's kitchen, there is room for an old brass-studded leather Spanish chair. There is a television set, a big Grundig Majestic radio. On spacious high shelves are the chef's unending agents of flavor—his angelica seeds, his sorrel jam, his twenty-seven-dollar pelures de truffes, his valerian root, his Ann Page filberts, his Sun-Maid currants, and a thousand other things. Holding a deep, half-filled pan below my nose, he says, "This is rendered beef fat. We render all our pork and beef fat. It is extraordinarily unhealthy, but smell it. It smells of roast beef. Cooked in this, French-fried potatoes taste nutty and have a thick crust. The Belgians do all their *frites* like that. You can burn yourself badly, of course. I wouldn't want a large deep-fat fryer here. I'm too accident-prone. I burn myself all the time. The awful thing about burning is that you always burn yourself on a useful part of the hand." On a windowsill in the kitchen he grows *Aloe vera*, and tends it with affection, a handsome plant with its lanceolate, serrate, basal leaves. When he burns himself, he takes a leaf of aloe and slices it from the side, as if he were filleting a small green fish. He presses the leaf's interior against the burn, and holds it there with a bandage. "That takes the burn right away."

Outside, in his kitchen garden, Otto grows asparagus, eggplant, chili peppers, bell peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers, potatoes, spinach, zucchini, and chard. He also grows chervil, fennel, parsley, horseradish, basil, chives, marjoram, arugula, and tarragon, among other herbs. He freezes his herbs, he dries his herbs, and he aspirates the "h." He knows how to pronounce "Hertford," "Hereford," "Hampshire," and "herbs." He went to school in Oxford. Chervil, he says, is as potent to smoke as marijuana. "Black agaric is growing by the house, but I have not yet plucked up the courage to eat it. I grow my own garlic because the aroma is so much stronger when fresh. Garlic, fresh, throws a long cast through the kitchen."

The garden is not much affected by the shade of a condemned elm, where morels grow. Seashells in deep profusion—clam shells, oyster shells, conch shells, mussel shells—make tabby of the surrounding ground. Hold a conch to your ear. You can almost hear the sea. There are dogwoods, maples, white and Scotch pines, junipers, and dying apple trees beside the long drive that leads to the front door. The building is tall and proportional, not offensively ungainly, three stories, white, with many windows and a red tin roof. It glows at night at the end of its lane, and in daylight stands aloof in a field of tall grass, which is silvery brown after an autumn frost—fox grass. The place was a commune once, a boarding house, a summer hotel. There were two red barns. The communists burned up one for firewood. Otto's geese nest in the other. When Otto and I went in there once, he said, "It's a myth that geese are so dangerous. They don't bite hard." Wanting to show me some eggs in an embankment of down, he shoved aside a nesting goose. She struck, ineffectively, at the tough skin of his hand. I thought I'd like to see what that felt like, so I extended a hand of my own toward the head of the goose. She struck and struck again. She savaged my hand. She raised a pulpy red welt. Otto's geese patrol the grounds. Sixteen of them march up and down the driveway. "Geese once protected the Roman capitol," he says. "If something alarms these, they will make a commotion. But not during working hours." He used to kill and serve his domestic geese, but the flock has grown too old. He raised ducks and chickens, too. "Eating grubs and insects, the odd bit of corn, they tasted infinitely better." But he gave that up in surrender to the pressures on his time. He cautions you to beware the dog. Oh, no, not Zulu—not the shaggy black fun-loving Tibetan mastiff. Beware Fofa, the bitter little brown-and-white spaniel with beagley undertones—Fofa, half cocked, with the soprano bark and the heavy bite.

Behind the inn are a can-and-bottle dump, rusting fragments of dead machinery, lengths of snow fencing, an automobile radiator, used lumber, two



iron bathtubs, three mattresses, a rubble of used cinder blocks. There is little time to tidy what the dark paints out. The chef, who is not always ebullient, does not seem to care much anyway. "One of my great disadvantages is that I grew up in Spain in a luxury hotel with lots of servants," he will say. "I'll never be able to live as well as that, no matter how much money I make. It sort of crushes one's ambitions." He lives where sewer lines run up against winter wheatland and arms of forest interrupt the march of towns. There are heavy concentrations of wild deer. A man up the road sells mutton to hunters to take home as venison. On Otto's property, a clear stream flows into a good-sized pond. Water falls over its dam. He makes quenelles sometimes with pickerel from the pond. He makes quenelles, too, with whiting and other ocean fish and with a combination of shrimp and veal. "The veal binds them together and makes them very fluffy. My quenelles are much better than any quenelles you actually get anywhere. I don't know why. My quenelles have spring." To drink the pond or to share with the geese the scraps of Otto's profession, raccoons appear, and skunks, opossums—every creature of the woods, including one whose name would blow all this away. Otto will kill such creatures only to eat them. He has a Havahart trap in which he catches skunks. He takes the trap down the road to where some "perfectly contemptible" neighbors live, and releases the skunks there. He and Anne pick blueberries and wild grapes. They gather dandelions for salads, and blackberries for cobblers and pies. He has cooked, and served to customers, stinging nettles and the fiddleheads of ferns. He gathers sheep sorrel for soups and salads. He once served creamed cardoons. In a lake not far away, he dives for crayfish, collecting them from under boulders and ledges. "The sauces you can make with their heads are unbelievable." He has shot and served rabbits and squirrels (Brunswick stew). He shot a raccoon and attempted a sort of coon au vin but considered the dish a failure. Sometimes there are wood ducks and wild geese in the pond. Over the land at dusk, woodcocks swoop and plummet, sometimes into the oven. Otto eats thrushes and blackbirds ("Delicious") but does not serve them. He would like to raise and serve kid, but he could not bring himself to kill one. He feels it would be "like killing a kitten." And, for all his youth in Spanish kitchens, he says he could not bring himself to take the life of a suckling pig. When, however, the odd pheasant happens through his fields of grass, he is not the least bit reluctant to go through the steps necessary to roast it for twenty minutes and then flame it with cognac and put out the fire with madeira. Disjointed, the pheasant next enters a heavy clay crock and is covered over with slices of goose liver and peelings of truffle. "Then I nap it with a fairly strong game gravy, really a demi-glace of game, made with rabbits. I hang them a bit, let them get a little high." He adds more sliced goose liver and truffles; then he covers the crock with its heavy lid and glues it down tight with a dough of egg white, water, and flour. He sets the pot in a bain-marie, and puts the whole rig into a very hot oven—for less than half an hour. The contents are ready when the dough turns brown. Pheasant Souvaroff. It was in the "Spezialrezepte der Französische Küche," one of his textbooks when he was in Basel.

OTTO routinely dusts meat with white pepper "to lock in the freshness." Its taste seems unaffected. "It loses nothing," he says. "Bacteria don't like to eat their way through pepper any more than you would." Since he told me that, I have gone off on canoe trips with the meat in my pack basket dusted with pepper. The meat lasts for days. Otto doesn't camp. He once came down with pneumonia after sleeping a night on the ground.

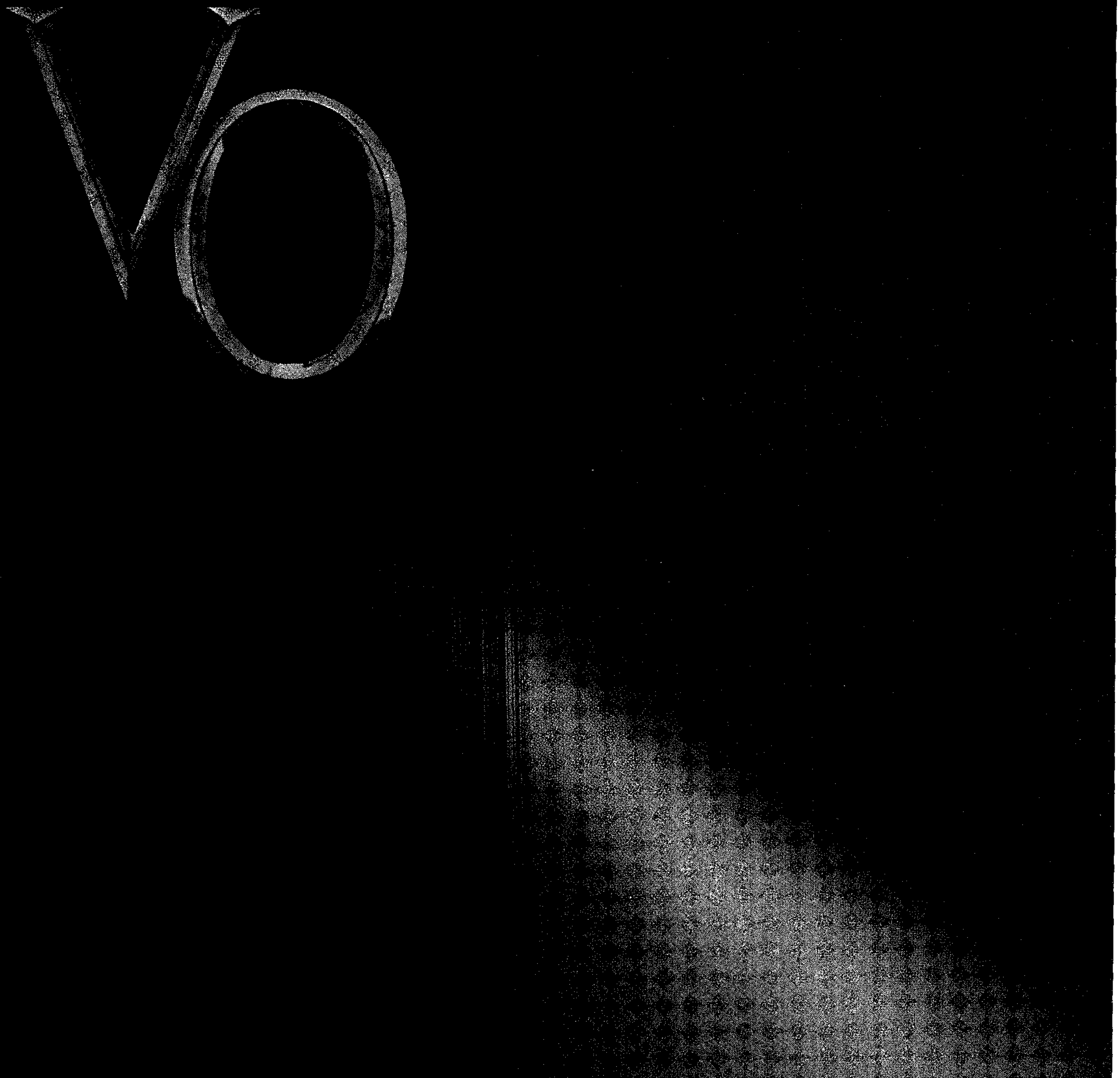
When he makes béarnaise, he uses green peppercorns, preferring the stronger taste. When he makes bordelaise, he uses pork rinds, boiled until tender, in preference to marrow. He does almost everything, as he phrases it, "*à ma façon*." As a result of a tale often told by English friends of his parents, he is a particular admirer of a parvenu member of the peerage whose eccentric and umbrageous reputation had caused his applications to be rejected by any number of London and provincial clubs. At the helm of a yacht, he appeared one year at the Royal Regatta flying a pennant lettered "MOBYC," which, he was by no means reluctant to explain, was the simple heraldry of My Own Bloody Yacht Club. "I do things MOBW—my own bloody way," says Otto. "I should write that—or '*à ma façon*'—on the menu after every dish."

The unfortunate peer. He may never have tasted English marrowbones roasted after being sealed with flour. "A very clubby thing they are, marrowbones, done that way," says Otto. "The ends are closed hermetically, with dough. When the bone is roasted, you remove the crust and eat the marrow with a spoon. They serve that at the best clubs—of which I also am not a member."

In his affection for marrowbones, he collects veal shanks—slowly, one at a time as they arrest his eye—and they pile up like cordwood in the freezer for about three months. He pan-fries them in butter and olive oil. He sautés his bouquet garni. He then braises the lot in stock, tomato purée, herbs, and wine. And when he has the sauce in place and the bones on plates and ready to serve, he dusts them with fine-chopped lemon peel, parsley, and garlic. "It's called gremolata," he says, "and that is what makes the osso bucco explode." Not absolutely everything is, or needs to be, *à ma façon*. That one, unaltered, is from the "Joy of Cooking."

In a roasting pan with hickory chips he is smoking shad roe. He will make a shad-roe mousse. "But it's not really a mousse. It's more like a butter. A form of pâté." He is struggling to name it because he has not made it before. He buys his hickory chips at the sporting-goods store—three dollars a pound—if he is pressed. He knows a carpenter, some distance away, who gives them to him for nothing. He smokes shrimp, trout, turkey breasts, and whiting, and turns pork loin into Canadian bacon. After twenty minutes with the chips, seven fresh rainbow trout will come out of the pan at what he considers acceptable (and I find remarkable) levels of taste and texture. He prefers the trout he smokes outside. He has a semi-dugout igloo made of earth and block, full of tunnels and traps, in which he cold-smokes trout for twenty-four hours. The wood is from his dying apple trees. He gets up to tend the smoker two or three times in the night. The principal difference between the twenty minutes inside and the twenty-four hours outside is that the resulting

The signposts of success are clearly lettered.



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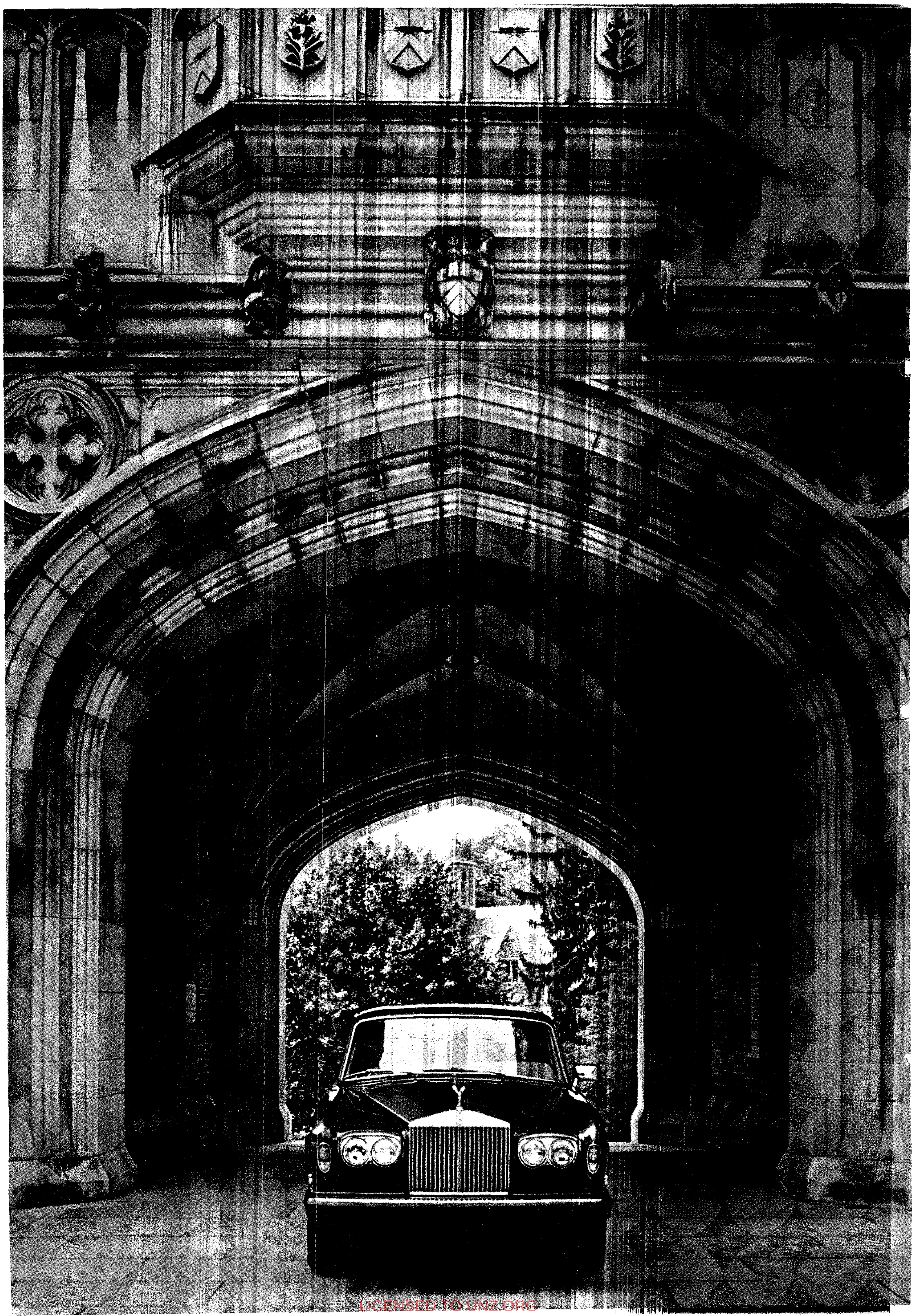

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The heart and soul of a masterpiece

©Rolls-Royce Motors Inc. 1979.

flesh is not opaque, it is translucent. When he smokes salmon out there, it takes thirty-six hours. He sometimes gives his Saturday-night ducks a little outdoor smoke before he roasts them in the oven. "If I ever perfect cold-smoking," he says, "I'm going to smoke swordfish. It is fantastic. It turns pink, like a rose."

He rocks a knife through some scallions, hauls a grouper out of storage and begins to reduce it to fillets. He eats some scallions and, slipping a hand into the refrigerator, pops a couple of shrimp and two or three fresh scallops. "Fresh scallops stink like boiling cabbage for a while," he remarks. "These no longer stink. They breathe. They freshen themselves and come clean. Here are some I put away last night in lime juice with pepper flakes and red onion. Try one. Beautiful, isn't it? Seviche. I just make stuff and keep making stuff through the day until I've got enough. Then I sit down and write it out."

Anne enters the room, her first appearance of the morning—hunting shirt, dungarees, long hair akimbo. "Every spring I go mad. I am subject to the same swirling forces that pull the crocuses out of the ground," she reveals. "It is because I retain fluids."

Her husband seems to agree. He says, "She is subject to the same forces that govern the tides."

The forces have spread her hair to form a spectacular golden Afro, beaming outward from a physiognomic sun. She removes Otto's hat. It has become too grubby for her to look at in this part of the morning. He makes no struggle, but he is not completely assembled without his terry-cloth hat. He never eats aspirin. If he has a headache, he fills a plastic Baggie with ice, places it on his head, and pulls down around his temples the brim of his terry-cloth hat. Anne has much to do. She will make a mocha meringue. Then a gâteau victoire au chocolat. But for the moment she is only holding her head. She says, "I can't do anything until my head is clear."

I ask how long that might be, and she says, "It's almost clear."

Anne is Latvian and was six when she left the country. Her American-accented English contains no trace of those six years (that I, at any rate, can discern). Her predominant memories of Riga are of food—wide bowls full of caviar, mountained platters of crayfish, smoked lampreys served under crystal chandeliers at banquets in her home. In an album is a photograph of Anne's mother all in white satin among sprays of lilies and roses bending attentively toward a bunting-covered drape-folded canopied bassinet—the day of the christening of Anna Rozmarja. Anna Rozmarja Grauds.

Otto sums it up. "They were rich," he says. "I mean, they were rich rich."

"When I was a little girl, I was swathed in ermine and mink. I don't have a need for it now. It's been done."

"Her family had flocks of money, many ships. It was one of the First Families of Latvia, which is like being one of the First Families of Scranton."

"When the Germans took over the house, they allowed us to live on the top floor."

Words rise quickly in Anne's mind, but in speaking them she often hesitates and stumbles, and most of what she says comes slowly. "When the Russians were after us, we had to hide in the country. I remember the cows and the river and the food. Latvia is rich in milk and cheese and eggs. Even in the war no one was hungry. When we were escaping, we stayed at a farm where there were hams and wheels of cheese and things."

"Was that far from Riga?"

"In LLLatvia, nnnnnnothing is far from Riga."

Tilsit was not far from Riga, and Tilsit was not even in Latvia. Otto's grandfather was an architect in Tilsit. One day, the architect saw an advertisement in a newspaper in which sums of money were mentioned in connection with the connubial availability of a young woman in Salzburg. "Her brother placed the ad, and this chap came down from Tilsit and married her," Otto recounts. "It was the only way she could attract a man. She was quite plain."

"She was a handsome woman," Anne informs him.

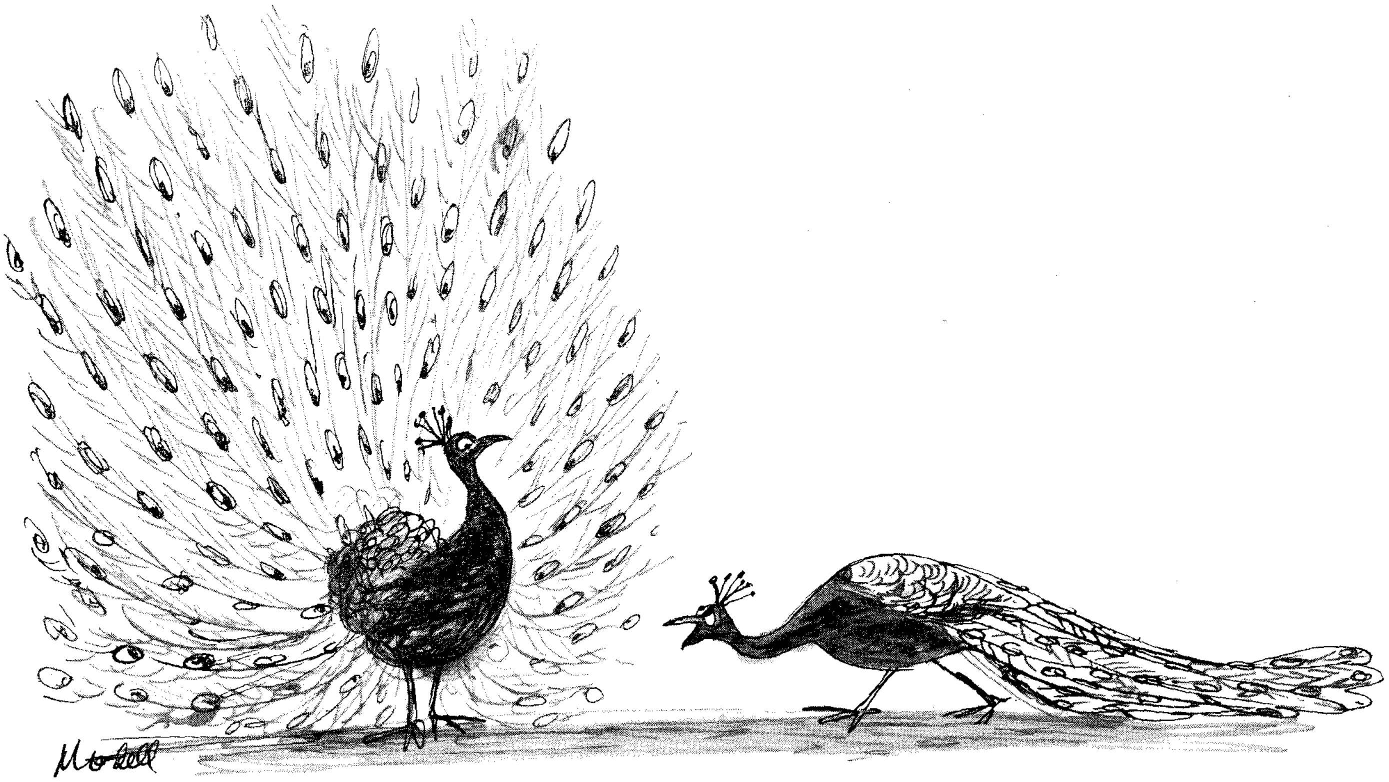
Otto says, "She was about as handsome as Eleanor Roosevelt. She was a violent Nazi, that grandmother."

Her husband, at any rate, was excoriated by his family for "promiscuous marrying into the proletariat." Her son, Otto's father, went to *Gymnasium* in Salzburg and was later trained in hotels in Berlin and Munich. By 1936, when he was asked to be manager of the Reina Cristina, in Algeciras, he had been married, in England. The Mediterranean and Iberian Hotels Company, Ltd., an English concern, wanted someone they could trust who could also get on with the Germans. Otto's father carried a German passport during the Second World War.

Otto was born in Buckinghamshire, in July, 1938, and was taken home on a Japanese ship. Food was scarce in Spain for many years thereafter—to the ends of, and beyond, two wars. Gypsies, near starving, came to the hotel, asked for food, performed circus stunts as a way of paying, and then ate less than they were given. Asked why they would ignore food set before them, they said that if they ate a great deal they would soon be hungrier than they would be if they ate little. When Otto was nine, he discovered a boy in a persimmon tree on the hotel grounds stealing fruit. Otto happened to be carrying an air rifle. Pointing it, he ordered the boy to descend. On the ground, the boy "broke for it," and began to climb a garden wall. Otto threw a brick and knocked him down. Proudly, he reported the achievement to his parents. His father cracked him over the head. Otto saw the boy as a thief; his father saw the boy as someone so hungry that he had to steal—and therefore it was proper to let him steal.

"You must remember," Anne will say of her husband, "that he learned early what food really is. He knows what it is to be without it. He has a grasp of the sanctity of food. That is his base. He finds delight just in seeing his ingredients. He goes on to luxury after that. Remember, too, that he ate awful meals endlessly—for years. He was in school in England after the war."

Tutored from the age of three, Otto was sent to Britain a year after the German surrender—to Tre-Arddur House School, on Tre-Arddur Bay, in North Wales, a place that, according to him, "specialized in ridding industrialists' sons of their accents, boys from Yorkshire and Lancashire." Otto spoke Spanish, French, and German, and virtually no English, so he had several accents that were targeted for destruction, too. He was called Dago or Greaser, because he came from "Franco Spain." When he was caught in this or that misdemeanor, the headmaster, gnashing craggily, told him not to "use your Spanish tricks" at Tre-Arddur. "My character was deformed there." Otto's tone is more factual than bitter. "I was a happy kid before then, and I became a morose loner. Eventually, when I was invited to join things, I realized I no longer needed to join." The headmaster whipped the boy for his miserable handwriting. On



"Somehow just being a peacock isn't reason enough for me to be proud anymore."

• •

the rugger field, the headmaster caned anyone who funked a tackle. "We won a lot of rugger matches. I was a hooker—in, you know, the center of the scrum." The Tre-Arddur year had its fine moments. The assistant headmaster fished in Scotland and brought back enough salmon to feed everyone in school.

Otto lived for the long vacs in Spain, for the big sardines on sticks over beach fires, the limpets, the wild asparagus, the fishing, and the catch of red mullet baked on fig leaves and tile. The Reina Cristina was lush beyond thought with its fountains and pools under bougainvillea, its date palms and tangerines, its Islamic arcades and English gardens. "You would have to be a Saudi sheikh to live that life again." English colonials, Andalusians, Murcians, titled and rich, "the whole of the south of Spain knew each other very well, they were very cliquey, and when they came to Gibraltar to clothe their women in English finery they stayed at the Reina Cristina." Above them all stood Otto's father, six feet five inches, thin and regal, actually a dominant figure among the sherry people and the rest of his distinguished guests. Guy Williams (Williams & Humbert), the Gonzalezes, the Palominos, the Osbornes, the Domecqs. "My father was, you know, *amigo íntimo* with all of them." Having four hundred employees, he was as well a figure of first importance in back-street Algeciras. He and a cork company were the principal employers in the town. He had his standards. He never hired a former altar boy. He felt that altar boys were contaminated by priests. He was scrupulously sensitive to the needs and natures of his staff. When Otto called the chef's son a *mariquita azúcar*, his father made him write a calligraphically perfect note of apology. On a tour of countries to the north, the family went out of its way to stop in Lourdes, because the Reina Cristina's housekeeper had mentioned that she would like some holy water with which to cure her black dog, which had come down with terminal mange. Approaching home through dry hundred-degree heat on the brown plains of the Iberian plateau, Otto and his younger brother suffered so with thirst that they drank the holy water. Their father filled the bottle from a tap, gave it to the housekeeper, and the dog was cured. The boys were thrashed about once a week—their mother's riding crop, their father's hand. There was no cruelty in it, merely custom. Otto calls his parents "permissive," and cites his father's reaction to his experiments with hash. Otto had an underwater-diving companion named Pepe el Moro who would sniff kif before diving in order to clear his sinuses and increase the depth of the dives. Otto sniffed, too. When his father learned that his son was using narcotics, he said only, "Stop that. It's unhealthy." When the *cuadrillas* were in town, the great matadors stayed at the Reina Cristina. Otto as a child knew Belmonte, and later Litri, Ordoñez, Miguelín. Their craft so appealed to him that he knew every moment of their ritual, from the praying in the chapel to the profiling over the sword. In the album is a snapshot of Otto with Ernest Hemingway on the veranda outside the Cristina's bar. Otto marvels at "the incredible patience" Hemingway displayed toward "a callow youth" in his teens. Otto's family had a farm in the mountains with an irrigation system that he still thinks of as nothing less than lyrical—its pools and rivulets descending among terraced beds of kitchen plants. His father also managed the Hotel Reina Victoria, in Ronda. Otto would go there on horseback, the more to be involved in the beautiful country—the Serranía de Ronda—and he paid for all his needs with Chesterfield cigarettes. He went slowly when he went back to school.

His mother's parents lived in Oxford, and he moved on from Tre-Arddur to St. Edward's because St. Edward's was there. It was a distinguished public school, distinguished for having been repugnant to young Laurence

Olivier some decades before. Otto was hungry there, not caring for the food. With his air rifle, he killed sparrows and thrushes in his grandparents' garden and roasted them on spits over open fires. In his form, he won the St. Edward's general-knowledge prize in all the years he was there. He was very fond of his grandparents. His grandfather was J. O. Boving, an engineer known for a proposal to harness the Severn bore. He gave his grandson a copy of the Boving family tree, which is fruited, for the most part, with farmers. Its mighty trunk, emerging from the soil, has cracked to pieces a Corinthian temple, thus implying the family's durability relative to the artifacts of the earth. Anne, absorbed, now looks up from the picture. She says, "Most of my family should hang from a tree."

She pours cream from a cup into a bowl, and the cream is so thick that it clings to the cupside like mayonnaise. In bottles, it will not pour at all. To have such cream, she drives many miles each week to a farm in another state. Between layers of pecan cake, she is about to establish three concentric circles of royale chocolate and whipped cream. She has turned to this project after finishing another, in which a layer of meringued hazelnut was covered with a second story of hazelnut Bavarian cream that was in turn covered, top and sides, by a half-inch layer of chocolate cake that had been formed upon an overturned pie plate. Atop this structure was a penthouse confected of chocolate, butter, egg yolks, and brandy. "It looks simple, but it takes so bloody long," she said as she finished. "To admit you eat something like that, these days, is almost like confessing to incest. I was a size twelve before I met Otto. Now I'm size eighteen." Her height saves her. One might well say that she is grand, but she could not be described as fat. Her husband, for his part, works sixteen hours a day, is in constant motion, professes to eat almost nothing, and should be quite slim. By his account, "a couple of cucumbers" is about all he consumes in a day. Somehow, though, he has acquired at least twenty-five pounds that he would like to do without.

Now and again, he will stop to hold a pastry sleeve for her or hammer a dented cake pan back into form, but in the main they work separately, and rapidly, at spaced stations of the table, he slicing some salmon, completing a brioche to enclose it, she making puff paste, or a cake from yogurt cheese. (It takes a couple of days to drip, through cloth, the whey out of a gallon of yogurt. The yield is a quart of cheese.) She makes two, three, four, even five new desserts in a day. A light almond dacquoise is—as much as anything—the standard, the set piece, from which her work takes off on its travels through the stars. The dacquoise resembles cake and puts up a slight crunchy resistance before it effects a melting disappearance between tongue and palate and a swift transduction through the bloodstream to alight in the brain as a poem.

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Chon Day

Otto licks shad-roe pâté from a rubber scraper, wipes clean his working surfaces, and carries to the refrigerator a sour-cream aggregate of curried Moroccan lentils, tasting a spoonful as he puts them away. He leaves the kitchen. Time to drive who knows how many miles for supermarket shopping. Behind the wheel and rolling north, he says, "Supermarkets occasionally have fresher stuff than you can buy anywhere else." He is more or less forced to shop retail anyway. He feeds two hundred people a week, not enough to warrant wholesale buying if he is going to offer a virtually different menu every night—if he is going to shop, as he does, opportunistically, and "just make things," willy-nilly, through a free-lance working day. If he happens to see scallops the size of filets mignons, he will take them home, grill them, and serve them under sauce béarnaise. He knows a certain Shop-Rite that is "wonderful for brains, sweetbreads, and chicken," and the Grand Unions of his region are supplied now and then with amazingly fine beef. He reads the ads. He makes his rounds. He walks through a supermarket, sees some good shell steaks on display, and tosses fifty pounds of them in small packages into his cart. He drives eighty miles for Westphalian ham. He drives an upper-middle-aged eight-cylinder Dodge, a car so overpowered it is no good on ice. The family call it their "off-the-road vehicle." They had a Volkswagen bus once. Otto is a competent driver but easily bored and tending toward sleep. One day, with him snoozing and safely belted, the bus rolled over three times and spilled green crawling lobsters onto the road. To avoid the irritation of a summons, Otto gave the lobsters to the cops. On the dashboard of the Dodge now are two plastic packets of malt vinegar from Arthur Treacher's Fish & Chips. "I like junk food," Otto declares. "Treacher's chips are awful. They don't seem real. They seem to be made of mashed potatoes. But the fish is good. Actually, it is great."

"Define 'great.' "

"Specifically, the batter is delicious and the fish is acceptable. The fish is

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white and moist. It has no flaw. The batter is very clever. Water, flour, baking powder, a bit of cornmeal—we think it's like a churro batter. The texture is just wonderful—crunchy and crisp. You don't concentrate on taste but on texture. What a horrible thing to say about food! They have plastic packets of sauce tartare there, too. You suck it out. It's degenerate." He will go big distances for a McDonald's Egg McMuffin. "It's a *triumph*," he explains. "It's inspired. With melted cheese instead of hollandaise, it is eggs Benedict for the masses. I don't know why it wasn't thought of long ago." If you ask for a doggie bag in Otto's dining room, your pheasant Souvaroff or your grilled squid rings in aïoli sauce are returned to the table in a polystyrene container that first held an Egg McMuffin. (Otto is generous to a fault, and the unwary amateur can eat his way into a stupor.) His professed affection for junk food is pretty much used up on Arthur Treacher and the Egg McMuffin. Other examples are few and faint. "I've had a Big Mac. Over the years, I've had a Big Mac four times. Once, when I was quite hungry, it was good." He enjoys the sort of anisette Italian sausages that are sold in hard rolls from old white vans. He has never crossed the threshold of a Colonel Sanders. Fried chicken is one of his favorite things on earth. He soaks lean chicken overnight in milk, and fries it in pure raging lard.

Soft drinks?

He shakes his head, but reconsiders. "Oh," he says, "I'll drink a Tab if I have a headache."

Coffee?

"No. Very little. Six or seven cups a day, no more. And twenty cups of tea." He also guzzles vichy by the quart.

Beer?

"Only on Saturday night. A six-pack, after work."

Wine?

"When we go out. Not often at home."

Booze?

"I've been known to drink four or five pink gins. Gin and Angostura. If it weren't for my work, I could drink all the time. You simply can't cook and drink. You cut yourself and burn yourself. You lose your edge. You can't do it and drink. Impossible."

"Faulkner drank. One of his relatives is supposed to have asked him, 'Bill, are you drunk when you write those stories?' And Faulkner said, 'Not always.' "

"Oh," says Otto, "Evelyn Waugh has a very good line on drinking. One evening during the war, his commanding general said to him, 'Waugh, you're making a spectacle of yourself. I must ask you to stop.' And Waugh—he was the rich man's John O'Hara—he said, 'Surely, sir, you can't expect me to change the habits of a lifetime to accommodate your whim.' "

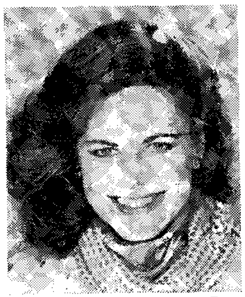
Once, when we were out on the road like this, Otto said he often wished he could keep on going—to destinations more exotic than the Grand Union. He was not altogether content with this region. He had dreams of San Antonio. He thought about Key West. He said he felt a need for "new momentum," felt "imprisoned in the economics" of the present inn. Waitresses had netted as much from the business as he and Anne combined. In a year, several thousand dollars were going for heat alone, and even more to insure the ungainly wooden building. After he had paid the oil company and the insurance company, what was left was less than he could earn by doing unskilled labor. He said that in Algeciras there was one fire engine and it performed two functions. It put out fires in the cork factory and it watered the ring at corridas. Homes and restaurants did not burn. They were made of fieldstone and mortar. Otto would like to construct a new building half underground, heated and powered by the sun, and with such a high percentage of masonry in its materials that it would be virtually fireproof—a restaurant where heating bills and fire insurance are covered by hors d'oeuvres.

At an A. & P. he picks up bibb and ruby lettuce, at the ShopRite potatoes and brains. "The A. & P. have wonderful produce. Sometimes. And they always have bibb lettuce." The next stop is in a mall parking lot, between a Rite Aid Pharmacy and a K Mart, in the shadow of a Great American. "The fruit in here is terrible," says Otto as he picks out the Great American's six best pears. Moving his cart along, he collects five pounds of bean curd, some bean sprouts, and a couple of dozen Japanese midget eggplants. "Bean curd is the cow of the Orient," he says. "It has many of the same nutrients as milk. Look there. Eggroll wrappers. When you can buy bean curd and eggroll wrappers in a supermarket in a town like this there's some sort of quiet revolution going on." He sees and excitedly handles five packages of lovely big leeks. "Hey, I'm glad I came! I'll make leeks vinaigrette, certainly, and leek soup. When the Welsh come to play rugger at Twickenham, they have leeks in their lapels. If you cut off the roots of leeks and plant them, they grow. That will appeal to your Scottish sense of thrift." Scallions. Onions. Outsize artichokes. Endive. Escarole: "It's slippery. It's meaty. It's got everything!" Parsley root: "Hey, great! Here, eat one. I put it in with parsley for flavoring, but mainly I just eat it raw, eat it all myself. It's too good for the customers." A parsley root in its appearance suggests a stunted and misshapen albino carrot. It has the texture of an apple and the taste of parsley. "It's good sliced in soup. Or grated in a salad." He takes a bottle of ReaLemon from a shelf, saying, "Ever smelled this? It smells like skunk." By a forest of bottles of Frothee creamy head for cocktails, he stops, picks one up, and reads the label, finding there a form of glycol that he identifies as a substance used in brake fluids. Two pounds of bacon. Thirteen and a half pounds of fresh ham. Seven and a half pounds of veal. Veal kidneys. Veal hearts. Eleven half pound packages of sweetbreads go into the cart. There is a gap in the tilting mirrors behind the meat, and a butcher's startled face is framed there. "That's all the sweetbreads we have," he says. "That's all there is."

That may be all there is in this tank town. It hardly bothers Otto. For all his rampant eclecticism—and the wide demands of his French-based, Continentally expanded, and sometimes Asian varietal fare—he knows where the resources of his trade are virtually unlimited. Mondays, when the inn is dark, he leaves his Herman boots in his bedroom—his terry-cloth hat, his seam-split dungarees—and in a dark-blue suit like a Barclays banker he heads for New York City. "In a few square blocks of this town are more consumer goods than in the whole of Soviet Russia," he remarked one time as he walked up Ninth Avenue and into the Salumeria Manganaro, where he bought a pound of taleggio ("It's like a soft fontina") and was pleased to find white truffles. "They're from Piedmont. Grate them on pasta and they make it explode." At Fresh Fish (498 Ninth), he bought river shrimp from Bangladesh weighing up to a quarter of a pound each. He bought sausage flavored with provolone and parsley at Giovanni Esposito (500), and at Bosco Brothers (520) he stopped to admire but not to purchase a pyramid of pigs' testicles, which he said were delicious in salad. "Texas strawberries, you know. They're wonderful. They're every bit as good as sweetbreads. Boil them tender. Dry them. Dredge them in flour. Pan-fry them." At Simitsis International Groceries & Meat (529), he bought a big hunk of citron in a room full of open bins of loose pasta, of big bags and buckets full of nuts and peppers, of great open cannisters of spices and sacks full of cornmeal, hominy grits, new pink beans, pigeon peas, split peas, red lentils, semolina, fava beans, buckwheat kasha, pearl barley, Roman beans, mung beans. "This place is fabulous. If I had a restaurant in New York—oh, boy! New York has everything you could possibly want in food. If you look hard enough, you'll find it all." At Citarella (2135 Broadway, at Seventy-fifth), he admired but did not buy a twenty-pound skate. He had walked the thirty-five blocks from Simitsis to Citarella. He prefers to walk when he's in town. I have seen him on the street with a full side of smoked salmon, wrapped in a towel, tied to a suitcase like a tennis racquet. If Anne is with him, he rides. "You poach skate and serve it with capers and black butter," he said. "It's a wonderful fish, completely underrated. I shot a big electric one in the Caymans." Citarella had flounder roe for eighty-five cents a pound. "You pay four dollars a pound for shad roe," said Otto. "Flounder roe is every bit as good. Shad roe has the name." He stopped for tea, ordering two cups, which he drank simultaneously. At Zabar's (Eightieth and Broadway), he bought thin slices of white-and-burgundy Volpi ham. "It's from St. Louis and it's as good as the best jamón serrano." At Japanese Food Land (Ninety-ninth and Broadway), he bought a couple of pounds of bean threads and four ounces of black fungus. On the sidewalks and having a snack, he ate twelve dried bananas. "That's, actually, nothing," he remarked. "I once et thirty-six sparrows in a bar in Spain. Gorriones, you know—spitted and roasted."

He tried to prove to himself not long ago that with United States ingredients he could duplicate the taste of chorizo, a hard Spanish sausage. He had to throw a good part of it away, because he failed to pack it tight enough and "fur grew inside." Casa Moneo, on Fourteenth Street between Seventh and Eighth, "is the best place for chorizos," he says. "They're made in Newark. They're as good as you can get in Spain."

He also buys chorizos at La Mar-



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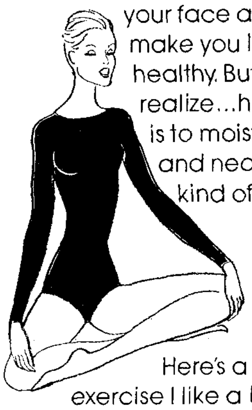

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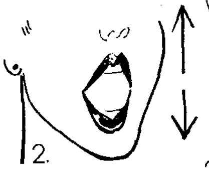

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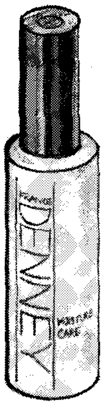

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queta—a series of concession stalls housed below the railroad tracks on Park Avenue in Spanish Harlem. Chorizos. Jamón serrano. Giant green bananas—four for a dollar. Dried Irish moss. Linseed. Custard apples. “When they’re very ripe they get slightly fermented. Mmm.” He will buy a couple of pounds of ginger, a bunch of fresh coriander, a couple of pounds of unbleached, unpolished rice—letting go the dried crayfish and the green peanuts, the Congo oil and the pots of rue, letting go the various essences, which are in bottles labelled in Spanish: Essence of Disinvolvement, Essence of Envy and Hate. Breadfruit. Loin goat chops. “OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY” shopping bags. “Goat is milk-white when it’s young. I don’t want to get into an argument with these people, but that is not kid, it’s lamb.” Seeing a tray of pigs’ tongues, he calls them “beautiful.” And high-piled pigs’ ears: “You slice them thin.”

He drops in at the Bridge Kitchenware Corporation, 212 East Fifty-second Street, nods at Fred Bridge, and says, “I’m looking for a whip for crème fouettée. I have never seen one in America that’s any good.” Bridge hasn’t either. Bridge has overcome the problem, however, by having a supply of stainless ones made for him in France. Otto looks over several as if he were choosing a new squash racquet. “Perfect,” he says, eventually, to Bridge. “Very beautiful. Flexible.” He buys a quenelle scoop. Rummaging in the back of the store, he picks up a tin sieve. A clerk frankly tells him not to take it because it is no good. “That’s why I want it,” he says. “I’ve never seen one that was any good. The best of them won’t last six months.” He asks for parchment paper. To “make stuff *en papillote*,” he sometimes uses, instead of parchment, narrow bags from liquor stores. “Tied at each end and oiled, they are perfect *en papillote* bags, as long as the paper has not been recycled. You can’t make things *en papillote* in recycled paper because of the chemicals involved. Some restaurants use aluminum foil for *en papillote*. Contemptible.”

He has lieutenants—certain fish merchants from his general neighborhood—who shop for him at the Fulton Market. But often enough he goes there himself, his body, at 4 A.M., feeling what he calls the *resaca*—“when the tide goes out and leaves the dry sand.” He loves this world of rubber boots and bonfires, wet pavement and cracked ice, and just to enter it—to catch the bright eye of a fresh red snapper—is enough to cause his tides to rise. “There is no soul behind that eye,” he says. “That is why shooting fish is such fun.” Under the great illuminated sheds he checks everything (every aisle, bin, and stall), moving among the hills of porgies and the swordfish laid out like logs of copper beech, the sudden liveliness in his own eyes tempered only by the contrast he feels between the nonchalance of this New York scene and the careful constructions of the Algeciras wholesale fish market, where “they display the food with a lot more love.”

“You never know what is going to be good. You have to look at everything,” he says, and he looks at bushels of mussels, a ton of squid, bay scallops still in their shells. “Make sure they’re not Maine mussels,” he remarks, almost to himself. “If they are, forget it. I’ve had Maine mussels in Le Cygne. They’re awfully tough. You just want the big squid. The New Jersey squid.” He looks at a crate of lobsters. They are dragons—up into their salad years—and three of them fill the crate, their heads seeming to rest on claws the size of pillows. “People think they’re dragons because they look like dragons, but they’re called that because they are caught in dragnets,” he says, picking one up and turning it over, then the second, and the third. The third lobster has many hundreds of green pellets clinging like burrs to its ventral plates. “Eggs. They’re better than caviar,” says Otto. “They’re so crunchy and so fresh-tasting—with lemon juice, and just enough bland vegetable oil to make them shine. You remove them from the lobster with a comb.”

Baskets of urchins disappoint him. “See all the white spots? The freckles? See how the spines are flat? If the spines are standing, the creature is very much alive.” For many months, he and his legates have been on the watch for urchins that are up to his standards. They must be very much alive because their roe, which is what he wants, is so rich and fragile that it soon goes bad.

He views with equal scorn a table of thin fresh herrings. He serves herring fillets in February, and this is not February. “That’s the only time of year when we can get big fat herrings. They’re sensational then, maybe a day or two out of the sea. You have et bottled herring, have you? Awful. Her-

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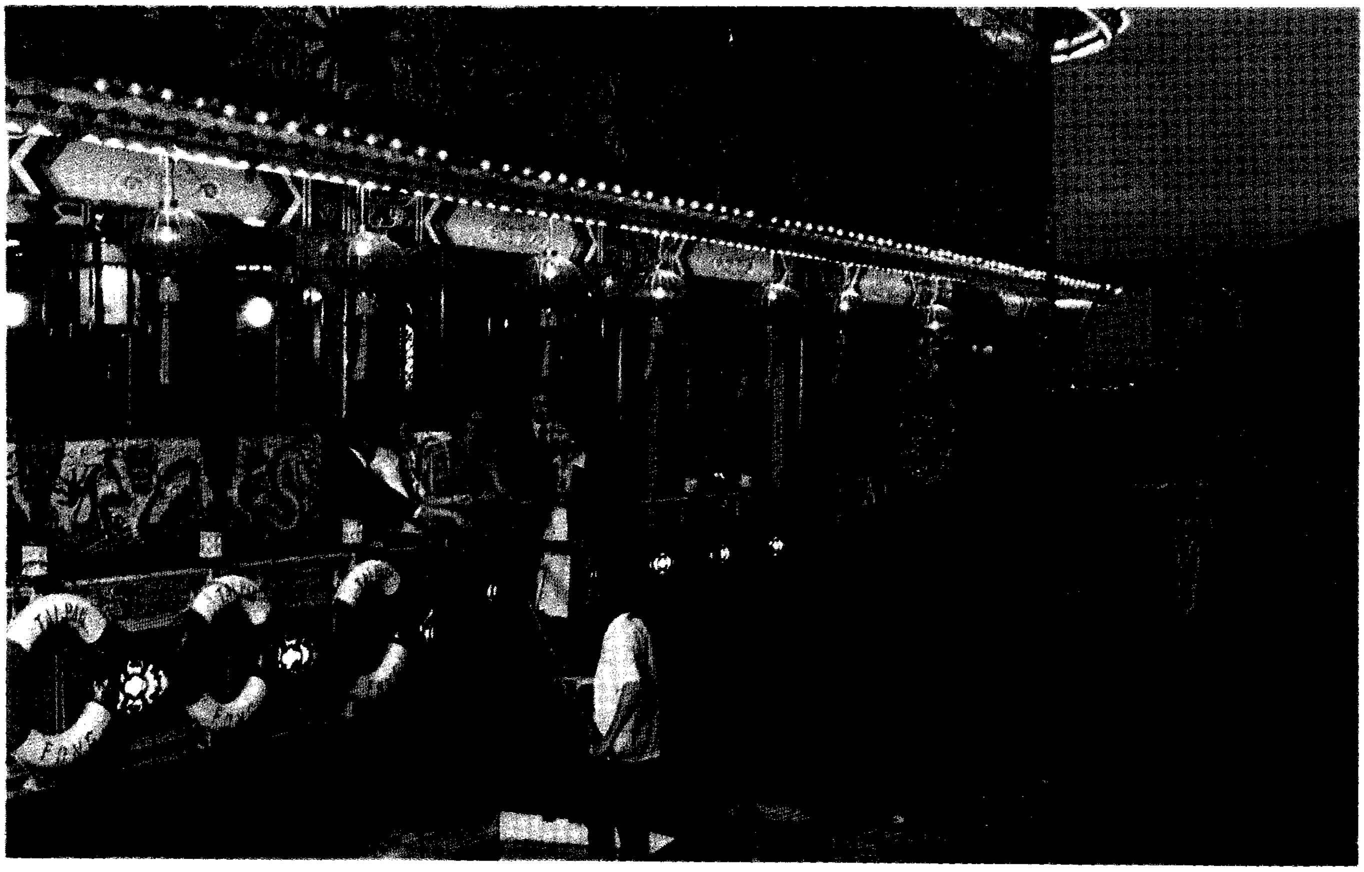

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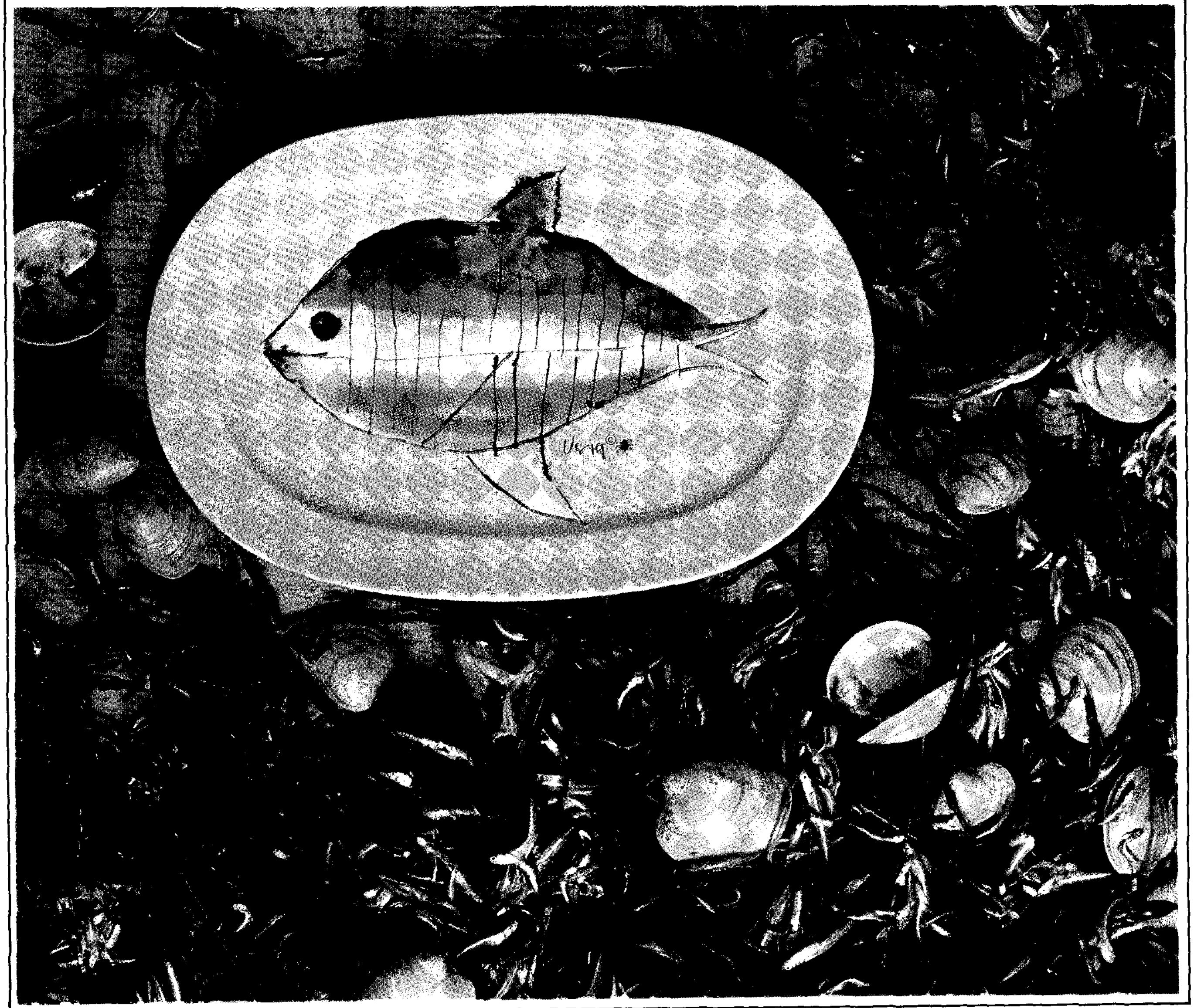

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ring, or salmon, in sour cream. They don't use crème fraîche. They use a sauce with dubious taste but with better keeping qualities." Otto never prepares herring the same way twice, but his goal is the same if his ingredients are not. He uses, say, vinegar and dill with peppercorns and onions, and his goal is to give the herring "a taste so clean it's lovely."

He feels the flanks of sand eels, each no longer than a pencil. "You dredge them with flour, drop them into deep fat, and eat them like French fries." And he presses the columnar flank of a swordfish, pleased to have it back in the market. He quotes Ted Williams. It is Williams' opinion that the surest way to save the Atlantic salmon is to declare the species full of mercury and spread the false word. "Swordfish is a bummer in the freezer," Otto says. "But there are all sorts of fish you *can* freeze. Shrimp are better frozen properly on a ship than carried for days to market unfrozen. In properly frozen shrimp there's never a hint of ammonia. Scallops freeze well, too—and crabmeat, octopus, striped bass, flounder, conch, tilefish, grouper. Red snapper frozen is no good. It gets watery, waterlogged. A soft-fleshed fish like a sea trout is no good frozen. Freezing tuna or bluefish precipitates the oily taste. No frozen fish is better than fresh, but well-frozen fish is better than fish a week old."

Groupers—weighing thirty, forty pounds—face him in a row, like used cars. "You can split those big heads," he says. "Dredge them in flour and pan-fry them. Then you just pick at them—take the cheeks, the tongue."

There are conger eels the size of big Southern rattlesnakes. "With those I make jellied eel, cooked first with parsley, white wine, and onions. Almost no one orders it. I eat it myself."

As he quits the market, he ritually buys a pile of smoked chub, their skins loose and golden. "Smoked chub are so good," he says. "They just melt like butter. You can eat half a dozen quite happily on the way home in the car."

LUNCHTIME in the kitchen and Otto, who never eats a meal when working, offers me an artichoke and some veal with wild mushrooms and Portuguese sauce. "The best veal is not young but nearest to beef," he says, malleting and dusting the slice before him. "Heavy veal—older veal—is easier to work with, and it looks healthier. Do you know what Provimi is? It's an artificial milk feeding that more or less bleaches veal on the hoof. Keeps it from turning pink. Ugh." He has been trimming romaine and chicory, and he puts the trimmings into a pot and steams them until they collapse. With a sprinkling of parmesan, they whet the palate. "I never throw anything away," he says, "unless it's been paid for." He picks up a handful of hot greens and shoves them into his mouth.

"English people are less conscious of utensils than Americans are," says Anne.

He replies, "That is because you can't buy your hands."

" 'Eating food with a knife and fork is like making love through an interpreter,' " she goes on. "Somebody wrote that. I can't remember who."

Lunches have been good in the kitchen—Otto's fast foods, in his fashion, selected not to slow up his routine.

Veal and Westphalian ham dusted with marjoram and wrapped around big fried croutons. He pan-fries them on a skewer and deglazes the juices with wine to make a full-bodied, gelatinous gravy.

Sautéed squares of lemon sole, with Swiss chard and anchovies which he tosses in a frying pan, holding the handle with both hands as he flings the chard and anchovies into the air.

Smoked whiting, seviche, cucumbers, and Vouvray.

Octopus al amarillo, with saffron, onions, potato, parsley, garlic, and wine—a peasant Spanish dish he has been eating all his life. "It's the sort of thing the maids would make at home for me after I'd been clamming, or caught an octopus or an eel or any fish with firm flesh."

Fried bread with tomato, garlic, and oil. "It's working-class food. The Spanish servants made that for me, too. It was comparable to a white child's being fed by slaves in the South. I learned from the Spaniards to stay away from expensive oil. It is said that the finest olive oil has the lightest color, and that is as great a myth as the maple-syrup myth. Dark, Grade B maple syrup has more flavor than Grade A. This is good green oil. Expensive oil is jejune and very pale."

He made a crêpe one day, filling it with spinach and shrimp. "You can put anything in a crêpe and sell it," he confided.

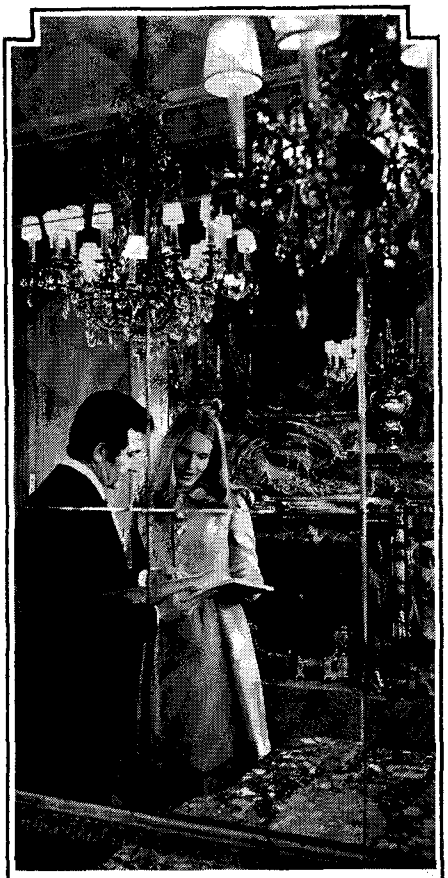
I asked if he had eaten at La Crêpe.

"Once," he said.

"And how was it?"

"We liked the cider."

One noon he handed me a very large bean curd grilled like a steak and stand-



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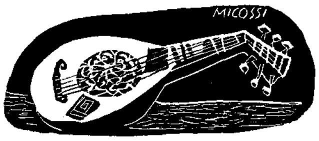
ing in a soy-based sauce with ginger, vinegar, and scallions; another noon, shad roe. Cooks vulcanize shad roe. This, however, was light and springy and all but underdone. "Why *not* undercook everything?" Otto said. "That way, if you need to you can cook it some more."

Directly from the sea I brought some mackerel one day, and we built an applewood fire outside. For the occasion, he quickly assembled a small cinder-block fireplace, and at the finish he kicked the hot blocks apart so he could get the mackerel right down on the fire and "burn" it, giving it what he called "a good Spanish smell"—the smell of wood smoke in broiled flesh.

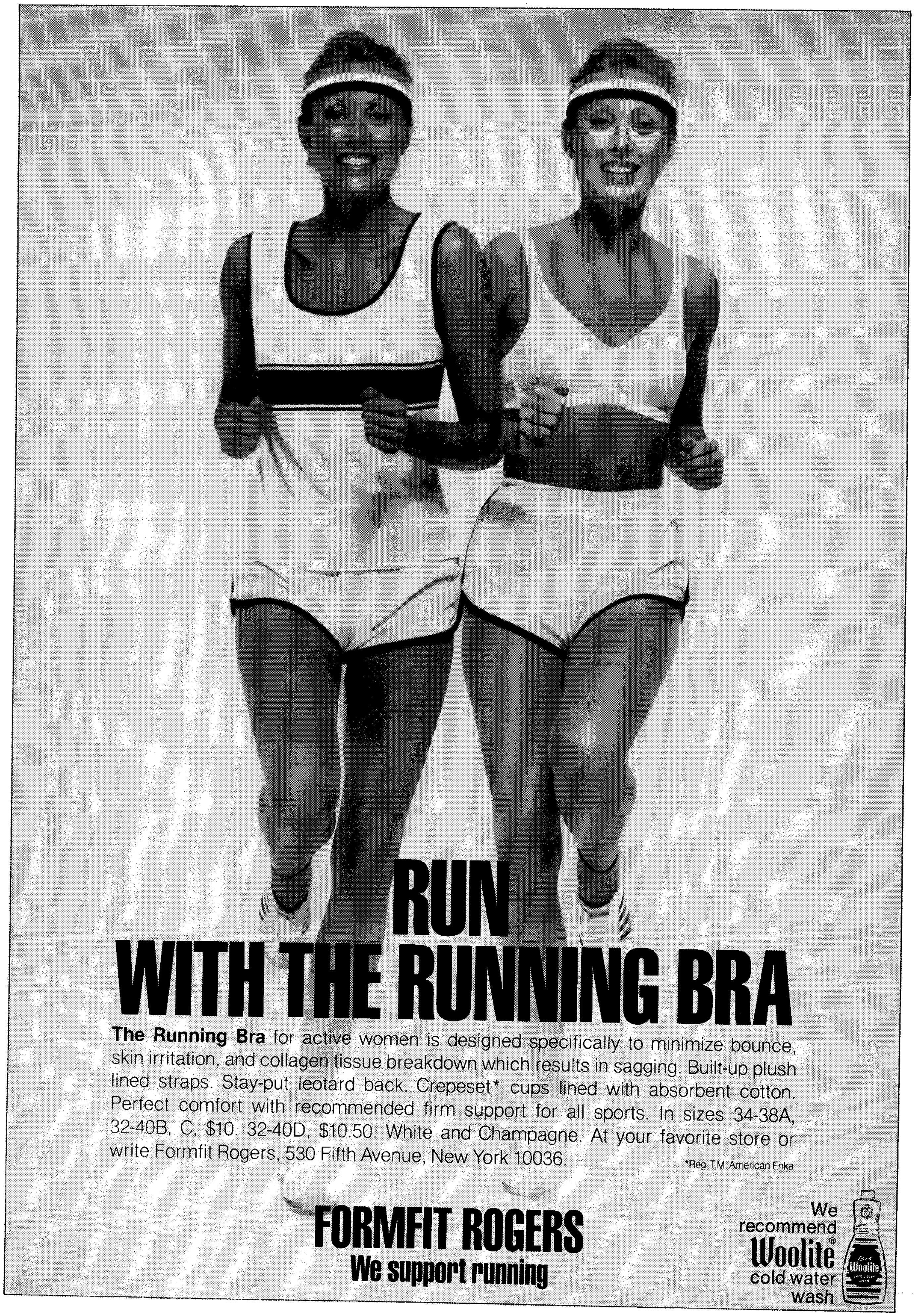


Alex comes into the kitchen now, home from school under a tumble of hair—amazingly tall for an eighth-grader and as mature in manner as appearance. He moves lightly through the room on big feet, amusement indelible in the corners of his mouth. "Jesus saves," he remarks. His father's look suggests approaching aircraft. His father is preparing leeks. Alex circles the kitchen, and, as he goes out, says, "Moses invests." Anne was divorced. The three older children are hers. Alex is theirs. For his most recent birthday he was given raw fish and a Roman coin—mackerel sushi, octopus sushi, fluke sushi, shrimp sushi, and salmon sushi, followed by a boiled lobster. "Lobster is delicious raw but not for a little boy," says Otto. Two boys and two (college) girls—they work for their parents from time to time as waiters. When Alex was learning to take orders, a customer—an old family friend—asked him for a chocolate-covered frog. Intently, the grandson of the late distinguished manager of the Reina Cristina of Andalusia wrote down, "1 chocolate frog." He thought it was a drink.

Otto puts away his marinating leeks, makes some wine-butter-cream-and-parsley sauce, tastes the sauce, and tosses a lump of crabmeat to the cat. Alex returns to the kitchen and pours himself some milk. His father, putting the sauce away, tells him, "If Moses had brains, he would have landed in Saudi Arabia."

Fish man calls—one of the emissaries to the Fulton Market—giving news that electrifies Otto. Anne is in another room. After putting down the phone, he shouts exultantly to her, "I've got sea urchins from Maine! Greg says they're perfect. We'll eat them raw." It would appear that the urchins are too good for the customers. "If they're truly fresh, they should be eaten raw," he goes on. "On the other hand, I could make a fish ragout with urchin-roe sauce. I've never tried that. The roe is pungent stuff, but a little of it would make the ragout sauce subtle—with cream, butter, fish fumet, and reduced white wine." His mind keeps turning, pausing over this or that possibility, and in his generosity he is obviously expanding his thoughts to include the clientele. "Perhaps I'll take some urchin egg and spread it on fish and broil it. It gives a lobster taste. Yes. Also, I'll make an urchin mayonnaise." He has not seen the creatures yet. He may be forging ahead of himself. While he stands here and plans and dreams, what if their spines are falling like pick-up-sticks? He answers the question with a rattling-fast trip in the Dodge, and when he comes back he is carrying a basket of *Strongylocentrotus drobachiensis* in the flush of life, spotless, glistening, their spines erect—tiny little porcupines frightened green. Anne and Otto begin to crack them open and remove with spoons the golden-orange ovaries and testes collectively known as roe. The open urchins are passed like cups of wine. The roe looks and tastes something like scrambled egg, but no comparison with another food can really suggest the flavor. It is the flavor of sea-urchin roe, light and pleasantly aromatic, with the freshness of a whitecap on the sea. Anne, removing it, says, "This is a religious experience." And, since one does not gorge on urchin roe, they turn soon from feeding themselves to filling a jar for use with dinner.

From a high shelf at one end of the kitchen, where cookbooks and culled magazines run fifteen feet from wall to wall, Otto pulls his copy of the "Joy of Cooking." He looks in it to see what it has to say about sea-urchin roe, and is surprised to find no recipe. So he turns to Elizabeth David, there being no culinary writer for whom he has more respect, and also to A. J. McClane's "Encyclopedia of Fish Cookery." The "Joy of Cooking" is rumpled, swollen, split, bent, frayed, and bandaged, its evident employment matched on the bookshelf only by Auguste Escoffier's "Le Guide Culinaire," which belonged to Otto's father and in appearance is even more exhausted. "You cannot live without the 'Joy of Cooking,' " Anne remarks. "It is not great and complex, but it is diverse and basic. It is a book that will translate



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"It tells you how to make a Sacher torte."

"It tells you how to do live snails, how to build a smoker, how to cook octopus, how to prepare a possum, how to make rouille sauce. Put rouille sauce in bouillabaisse and it explodes. Rouille sauce is not in Larousse. But you'll find it in the 'Joy of Cooking.' "

Otto reaches for his Pellaprat—Henri-Paul Pellaprat, "Modern French Culinary Art"—and it comes off the shelf in half volumes. During a marital-professional fracas, Anne once took hold of the Pellaprat and Otto did, too, and each tugged in a warlike direction. The Pellaprat, in its photographic and textual elegance, deals with the roe of the sturgeon and the roe of the shad but not with the roe of the urchin. Otto flips randomly at the book and lays it open to page 291, where there is a color photograph of Russian coulibiac of salmon, incorporating sturgeon marrow with egg and salmon, en brioche—a sort of czarist eggroll, this one pictured with generous slices off the loaf, latticed trimmings crusty brown. "Mine does not look as good as that, but it tastes better," he says. One of the books that have been with him since his days as a cook-apprentice is Gringoire and Saulnier's "Le Répertoire de la Cuisine," which is a work analogous to the "World Bibliography of Bibliographies." It is, in effect, a menu of menus—listing, for example, three hundred ways to do sole. Humbling even to someone with a continually changing repertory of six hundred dishes, it is a catalogue of everything that God's personal chef might be expected to know.

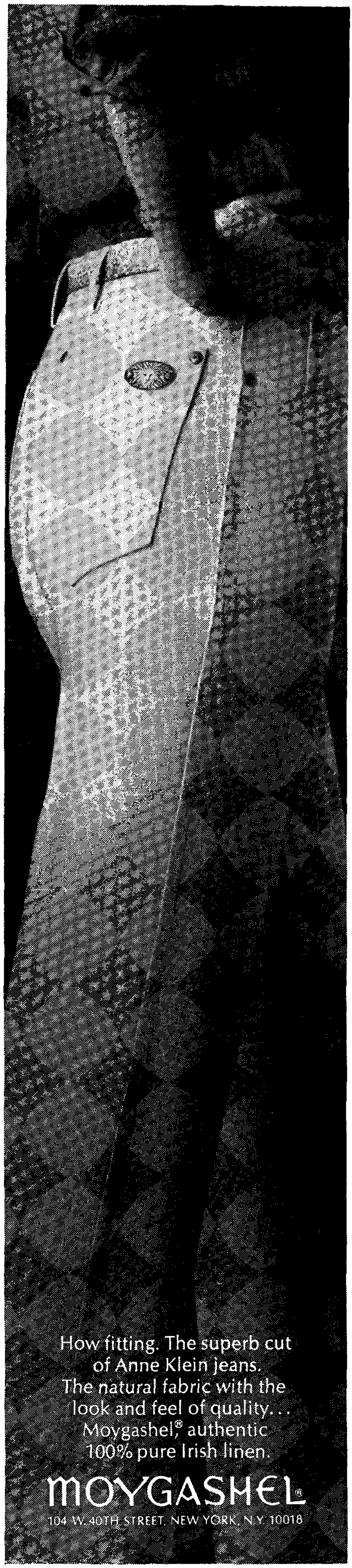
After St. Edward's, Otto went to hotel schools in Germany and Switzerland and worked for a time in Madrid. He says his father had brainwashed him into wanting to become a hotel manager, but after a brief education in accounting and reception, and even briefer experiences with electricians and plumbers, he could see that his interests were wholly in the kitchen. In the kitchen of the Euler, in Basel, he was systematically taught every aspect of cooking in a basic procedure that lasted a year. Given two kilos of butter, twenty-four egg yolks, and "a wire whisk the size of a ball bat," he attempted to create a pond of hollandaise. It curdled. Conversely, he was told to make eighty omelettes one at a time. In that way, he would learn. Augean jobs were deliberately assigned to him, tasks of almost unbearable tedium—immense bales of spinach to trim alone—in the expectation that he would muster a chef's endurance or quit. He went to school in Lausanne as well, and worked at Vittel, in the Vosges, and at the Ritz in Madrid, where he was used most often as a bartender because he was multilingual. In the restaurants there, he developed a sense that staff should dine well. "The help should always eat what the guests eat. If they don't, they'll steal off the plates. When I worked in Madrid, we were always stealing off the plates. What was meant to be four slices was two when it got to the table." Subsequently, he cooked at the Reina Cristina and also worked as a waiter at the Rock Hotel, in Gibraltar. He was fired from that job after the headwaiter, responding to a bell for ice, found him enjoying a drink with Margaret Leighton and Laurence Harvey. Otto may wash his aluminum foil, but he has a prodigal's sense of the highest, best uses of money. At a ship chandler's in Gibraltar, he would buy a couple of pounds of caviar—at thirty dollars a pound—and go off with friends and "just eat it."

His father was dying, and Otto was helping him with his last project, the development of a small restaurant overlooking the Bay of Gibraltar. After the funeral, in 1959, he went to England. He had received a call-up notice, and he cooked for a time at a Wimpy Bar in Oxford before reporting to Perth, in Scotland, for training with the Black Watch. He became a commissioned officer in counterintelligence, functioning mainly from Berlin. "I wouldn't have minded staying in the Army, to tell you the truth. I had a wonderful time in the Army. I liked the power of leadership. I found it intoxicating."

"Then why did you come out?"

"I didn't have an independent income."

Finca el Bornizo, his family's place in the mountains, had been remodelled as a small resort that could handle



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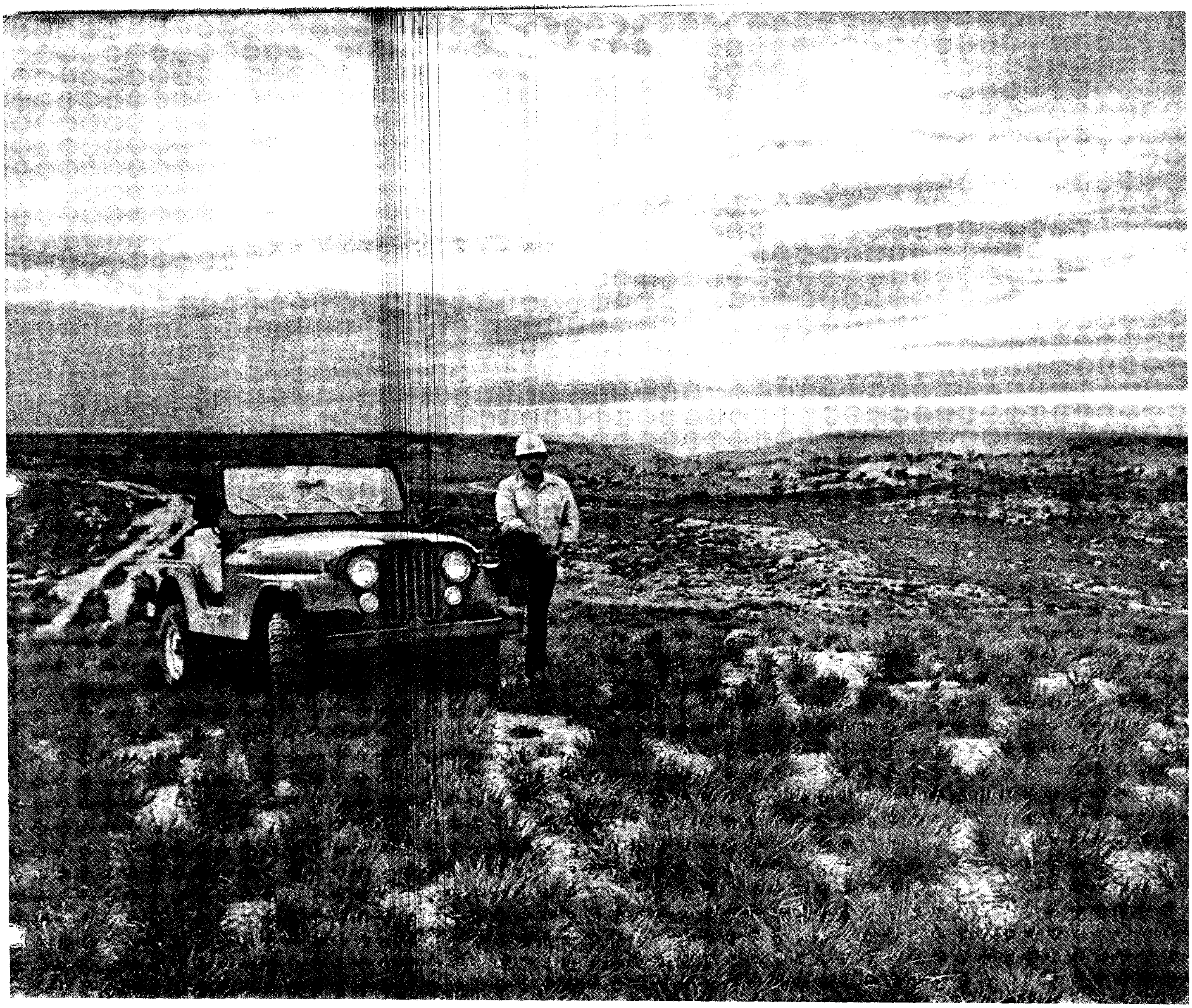

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Riches below

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Riches above

"It's my job to put things back pretty much the way they were before mining started.

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"When we're finished, it's as good grazing land as it ever was—sometimes better.

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"This is where I work: the McKinley Mine, near Gallup, New Mexico."

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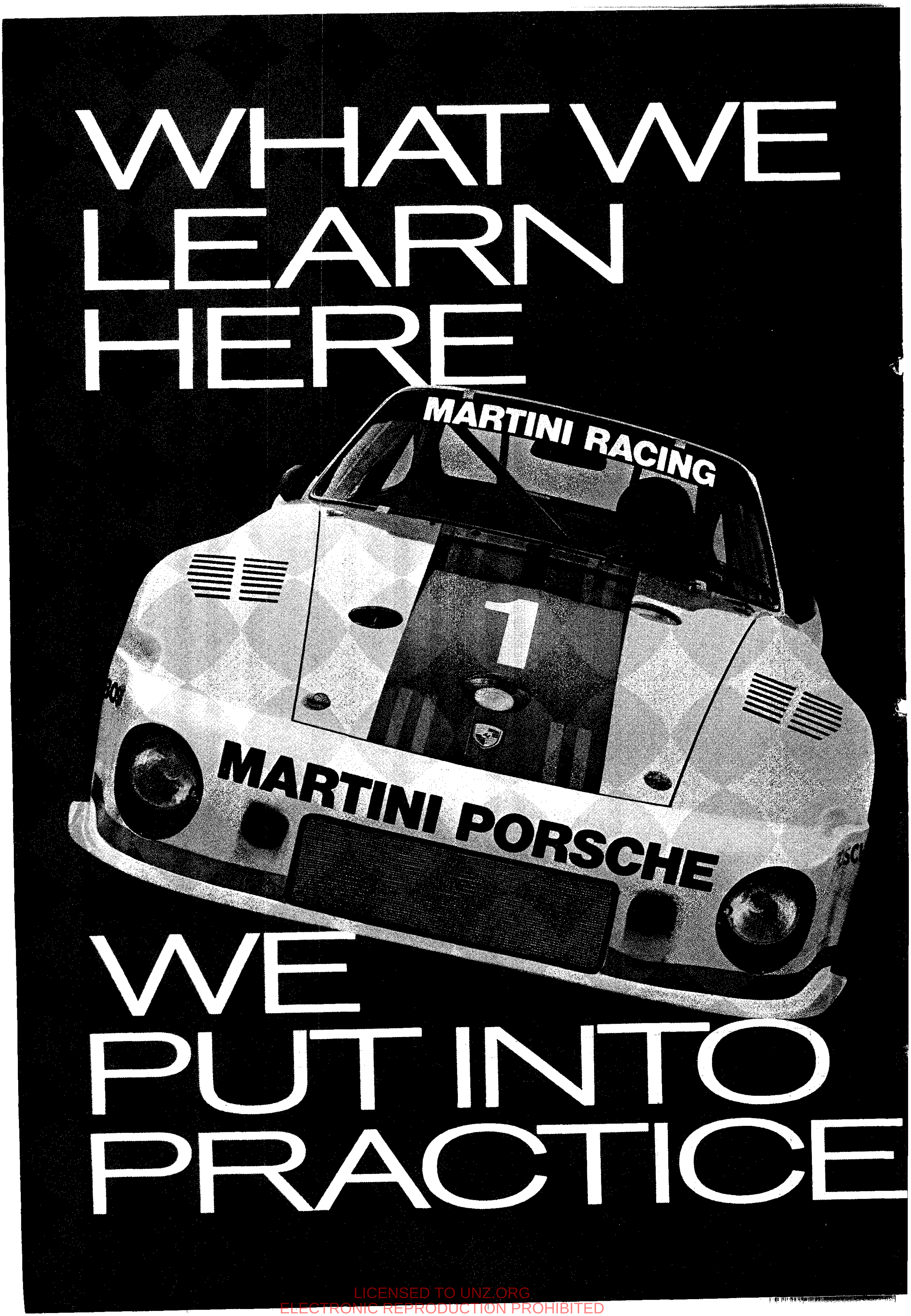
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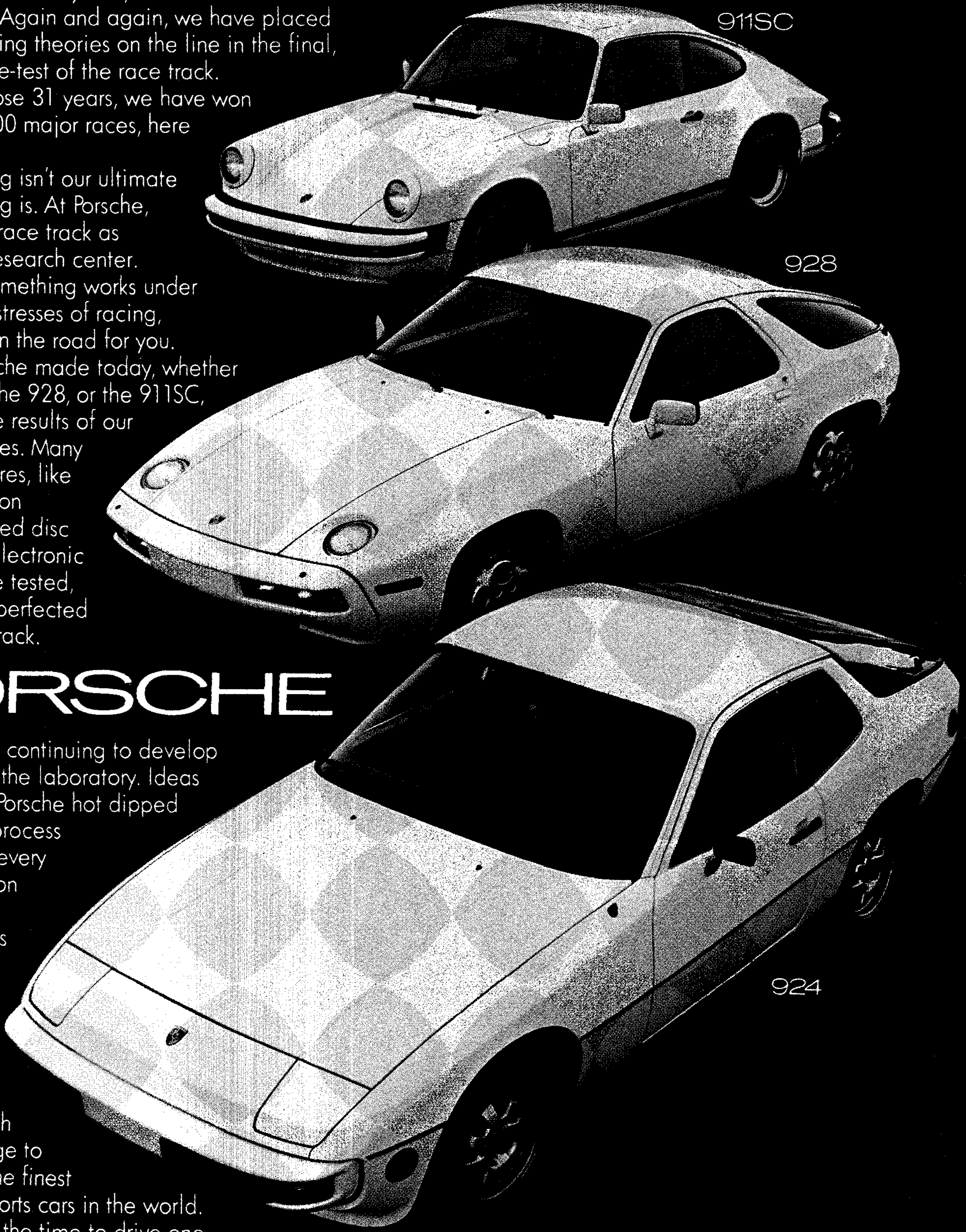

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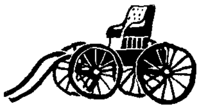
twenty guests. Otto cooked for them. In winter, the only vegetables available to him were chard, carrots, and celery. He had to serve chard, carrots, and celery twice a day and be extremely inventive. For a short time, he sold real estate on the east coast near Valencia, and there developed his knowledge of paella and his regard for parellada, for huge roasted scallions, for toasted-hazelnut sauce. His love of mussels dates from that experience, too—an affection that has been enriched in the United States by the high cost of clams. Returning to Andalusia, he met a Latvian named Gunars J. Grauds, who had spent enough time in America to imagine the vast fortune that might come to the developer of a chain of Spanish motels. His loss leader was the Rio Grande, at Kilometre 116 on the road from Algeciras to Málaga, and Otto cooked for him there. Otto thought that Gunars' wife bore an extremely close resemblance to Rita Hayworth—and that, specifically, is why he took the job. When Gunars' sister appeared in the country, Otto forgot Rita Hayworth.



Set into the wall above the fireplace in their American farmhouse-inn is an enamelled Spanish tile on which appears St. Paul's cryptic advice "*Mejor es casarse que abrasarse*" ("It is better to marry than to burn"). The fireplace is in the room where the customers sit and have their apéritifs while they wait for a message from the kitchen that it is time to go to table for dinner. I remember from the first moment I walked into it the compact and offhand rural European character and feeling of that room. With its nonchalant miscellany of detail, it was beyond the margins of formal design, but it was too pleasurable merely to have been flung together and too thematic not to imply a tale. There was a pair of bullfight prints—one called "La Lidia" and the other a depiction of a *desencajonamiento*—and protruding sharp-horned from the wall between these pictures was the head of a fighting bull. The animal had been raised on the *dehesa* of Pepe Alvarez and killed in the ring with a sword. Crossed Spanish swords had been hung above the fire. All around the room were wrought-iron Spanish sconces with small amber bulbs. There was a three-hundred-year-old map of the Danube, a two-hundred-year-old map of "Magna Britannia." There were hand-carved cabinets. There were tall wicker chairs, Queen Anne chairs, and Spanish brass-studded leather chairs in groups on a red tile floor. I eventually learned that many of these things had come down through the chef's family—to America from England via Spain. There were heavy red curtains on brass rods. The ceiling slanted upward in the mansard manner, with boards of tongue and groove. The silent paddle fan hung down between exposed checked beams. Staring back at the bull were the small glass eyes of a taxidermal fox—just its head and neck, on a plaque—and near it were photographs made in Alaska of dog foxes and vixens. A poster in one corner said "Extinct Is Forever" and presented line drawings of vanished creatures, each with the approximate year of its demise—quagga (1883), Cape lion (1860), northern kit fox (1938).

Summoned to dinner, one moved through a dark drafty hall decorated with a cigarette machine, coat hooks, two watercolors of foxes by Ralph Thompson, and plaster-cast reproductions of six Manhattan gargoyles. The dining room, curtained red, suggested a small loft held up by hand-hewn posts and beams, and was lined with starburst sconces around heavy tables of Spanish walnut, with woven placemats and fresh flowers. The floor sloped remarkably enough to tip one's sober balance, and the direction in which it sloped was toward the kitchen. A glass of wine needed to be chocked or it would slide off a table and crash. At one end of the room was a Flemish oak chest seven feet tall with insets of ebony. On its top were an empty magnum of Château Margaux, a copper cask that had once held the chef's father's preferred sherries, and (a taxidermal masterpiece) a whole red fox. The great chest, like so much else in these rooms which had come down from forebears, helped produce a sense of generations, a deep familial atmosphere. Yet there was nothing, of course, nothing whatsoever, that had come from Latvia.

Anne's father, owner of ships, was also the captain of a ship, and when he was ordered to leave his country he stayed on his ship. Russians boarded the ship and took him away. The family heard later that he had died in a Soviet hospital. Anne says, though, that "people from Latvia who died in Russia did not die in hospitals." As a child, hidden in the countryside, she was told never to say her name to anyone. "Don't say your name or they'll come and get you." She was not to play with other children. If anyone were to ask

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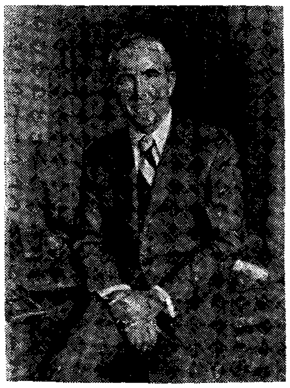

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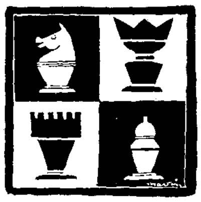
if her family owned property, she must remember to say no. To this day, she recoils inwardly when someone asks her name. When she goes to town to shop, there are implications of poverty in her clothes. "It's because they'll come and get me," she says, and then adds, "I don't really believe that. Things are not quite that bad. I'm odd, but I'm not crazy. Nothing bad ever happened to me. I was just a normal refugee. But as a result of it all you know forever that everything that is peaceful and beautiful and runs on time isn't there. What is there—just lurking there—is disorder."

By November, 1944, the Germans had been driven into the west of the country and the Russians were assuming control. It was a time for attempting to escape. Against a red night sky, an ambulance moved Anne, her mother, her grandmother, and others from one farm to another and to the coast. A dory took some twenty people to a fishing boat. Anne wore a green taffeta dress. Gold coins had been stitched into her underwear. The family had more to their name than a few gold coins—if they could get to it. They had funds in a bank in England, a ship or two in America. A German submarine surfaced in the night and approached the fishing boat. In their panic, the party heaved chests of silver into the Baltic. The Germans let them go. Off Gotland, a man went ashore in a barrel and arranged for the group to stay in the refugee center there. They spent Christmas in Gotland, and what Anne remembers primarily is the smell of ginger cookies. "All my life, I've been obsessed with food." After Christmas, they crossed to the Swedish mainland. They spent a year there, in "this fairyland of food, of open sandwiches and the smell of baking in the air." Age seven, she moved to England. Postwar England. "Watered-down oatmeal. Baked beans and spaghetti on toast. I threw up. There was one egg a week. I lived on Ovaltine." For all the drama of her escape from Latvia, the war did not make its deepest impression on her until it was over and she was in England, where she saw, for example, pictures of a bombed-out school, walls half gone, hallways in rubble, coatracks "with all the little coats hanging there." She lived in the Dominions Hotel looking out on Hyde Park, and watched from her window "English ladies walking their Pekinese" when she was not "chained to a little desk," learning English from a tutor. She could read and write Latvian. She was forced to learn English in one year. "I was taught English mercilessly. A child is not a person in England. 'You will learn English,' they said. 'You *will* learn English.' " She learned. She learned to stammer.

Like so many people with similar obstructions, she has a beautifully textured sense of language. She is not just at home in English. She is in vigorous charge of the language that stops her tongue. She will have difficulty trusting a recipe that says that something should be "thinly sliced" or "coarsely chopped" or that egg whites should be "stiffly beaten."

There was a family ship that had sought asylum in the West and had been in the service of the United States government when it was torpedoed and sunk by the Germans. Insurance money came out of it like bubbles. That money made it possible for Anne and her mother to move to America. She had two older brothers. In the war, Gunars had been in the Wehrmacht and Vilnis in the United States Army. Anne was educated in New York, Pennsylvania, and Switzerland, and grew to be a tall and arrestingly attractive woman. In 1956, she married a career officer in the American paratroops. Separating from him in the nineteen-sixties, she moved with her children to Spain. Gunars was there, building a sort of Andalusian Howard Johnson's at Kilometre 116 on the road from Algeciras to Málaga. She was a more than able cook, and as a gesture of affection soon after she arrived she began making Latvian borscht for her brother. The *gros bonnet* of the motel came walking into the kitchen. He grasped at once what was happening and began to offer what she recalls as "cryptic criticisms." He was English, and polished, and not unpleasantly arrogant, a Harrovian sort of Lady Margaret Boat Club chap with a lyrical sense of flavor, a man with a dulcet name and a generally analogous manner who wished he had been christened Otto. He said, "You're using beef and you should be using duck bones. That's not proper at all."



"We began arguing," Anne says, finishing the story. "We began arguing, and have been arguing ever since."

He, at the moment, is assembling the *mise en place* for his paella and she is making trifle—slices of génoise with fresh peaches, fresh sliced strawberries, sherry, blackberry brandy, apple wine, and custard cream. They came to live

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The Traveler replied, "Of course there has to be a certain chemistry and geometry to a great hotel that makes me immediately want to stay. But a lot of quite ordinary hotels have achieved this feat through exceptional architecture and artful mimicry. But this certainly does not make them great hotels."

"Then it must be the facilities?" his friend questioned.

The traveler answered, "I do expect an *over abundance* of facilities. After all, I do want to be able to indulge my whims regardless of whatever mood I'm in. But facilities have never made a great hotel."

"The service, it must be the service," his friend exclaimed.

The traveler smiled and said, "Ah, the service. Yes, the service has to be just so And indeed, of everything we've talked about, service is the most important. But a number of hotels have great service and they're still not great hotels."

Then, in anticipation of his friend's next question, the traveler continued, "Well, what is it, then?... Very simply, it is an attitude the great hotels have that the others don't.

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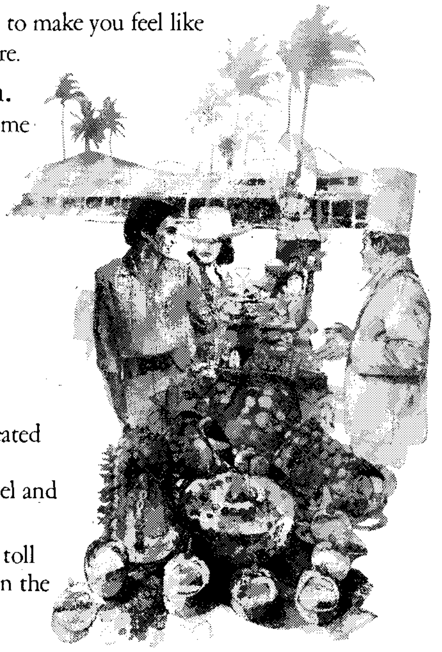

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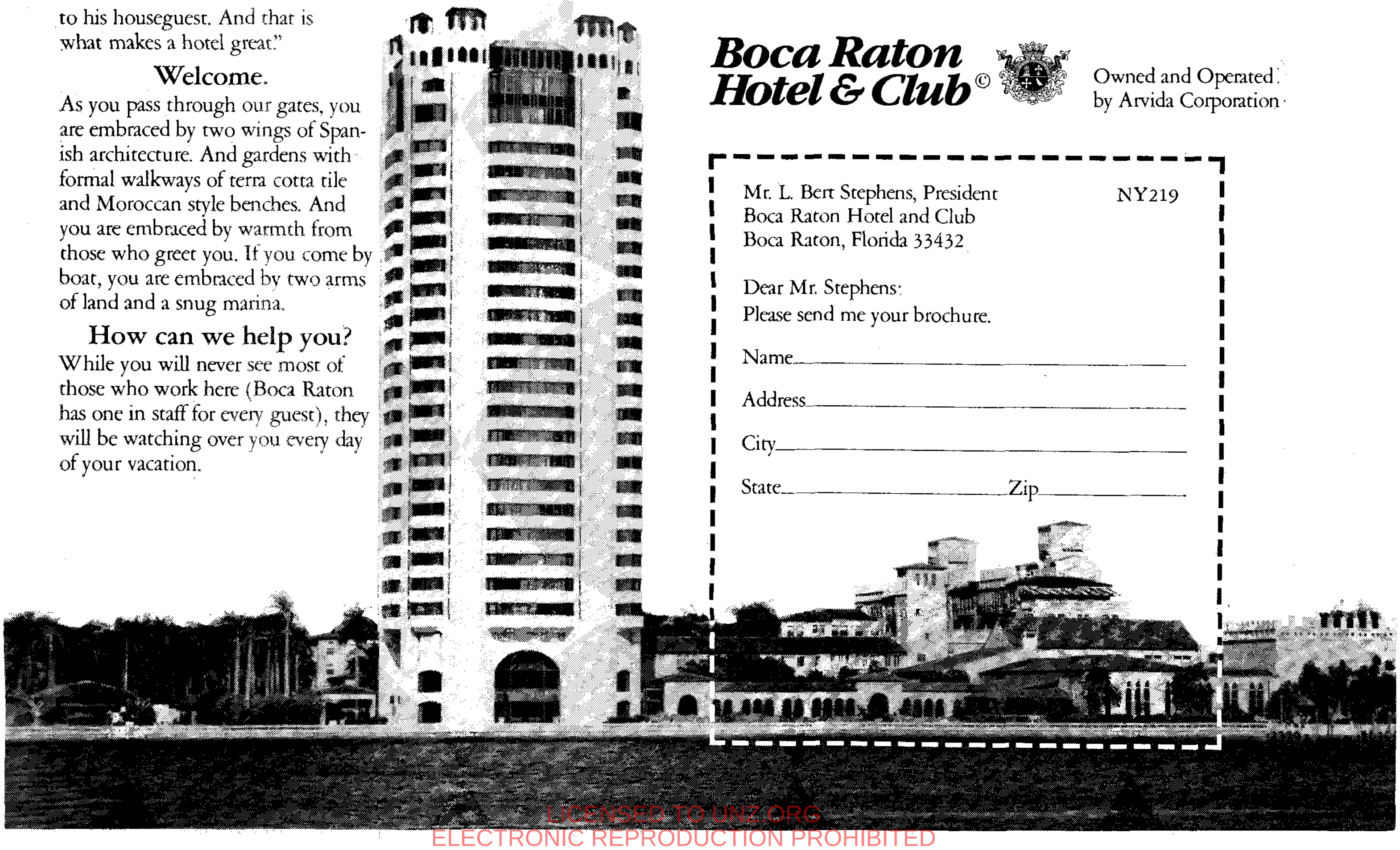

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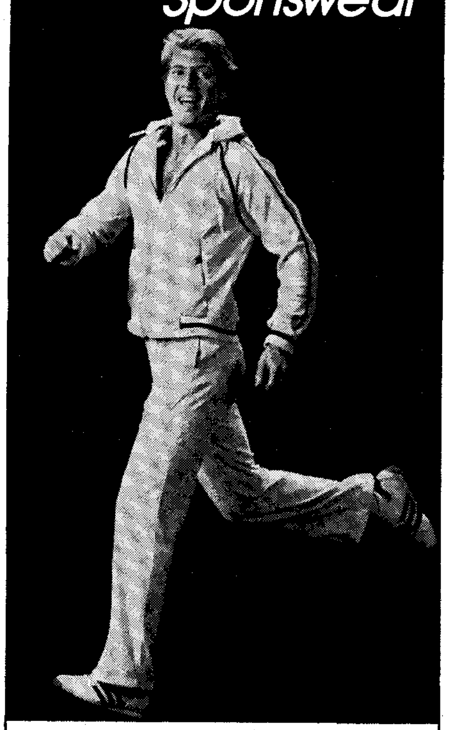

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in the United States, she says, because she chose it as the country where her children should be educated.

Otto says, "I think that was a mistake."

He had motives of his own. He was prepared to leave Spain, in no small part because he felt that anything he might accomplish would be done with his father's reputation behind him. His affection for his father notwithstanding, he had no desire to become that sort of alloy. New Mexico seemed the obvious place to go, and they went there, and took an extensive look, and found it "ugly" and "not remotely Spanish—it would take five years to get to love it." So they settled in *Daily News* country and became professional partners, with the understanding that he is *el mandamás*—he who gives orders.

"I can cook every bit as well as he can, but I couldn't make so many meals under pressure," she says. "I can make elaborate seafood mousses and sauces, but I complete one item in four hours. His ability to juggle things in his head in the course of an evening is amazing, and that is the difference between a chef and a cook. He makes appetizers, entrées, more appetizers—overlapping in time—and he keeps it all in order for as many as fifty-five people, and brings it all off by himself. You have to have that before everything else. Being a good chef is functionally less aesthetic than mechanical. You either have the aesthetic or you don't. Then, you have to have the timing—the actual feeling of what needs more cooking and what needs less cooking, varying times for each type of fish, and so forth. If he is cooking eight different things, and each takes a different amount of time, he has all that, always, ordered in his head."

"Women do not make good chefs because you have to juggle too much in your head," Otto adds. Anne abruptly looks up from her work and regards him as if he had just sprinkled powdered cloves over a pike mousse. "A person who is easily rattled can't do it," he goes on. "You've got to be unflappable."

I nibble some smoked whiting and return my gaze from Otto to Anne.

"Careful," she tells him. "You're on dangerous ground."

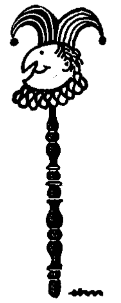
To accommodate the paella, he lifts from a shelf a huge iron skillet, diameter of a manhole cover, and says, "Women are not cooks for the same reason they're not backhoe operators. Imagine a woman trying to lift this. On a Saturday night I lose five pounds."

"Careful!" Anne repeats. "You don't know *what* you're saying."

"Certainly I know what I'm saying. A third reason women aren't chefs is that kitchen workers, by and large, are Nazis. Super rednecks. They were taken out of school at fourteen. They have no ethical sense or standards. They're the sort of people who would not tolerate working for a woman."

"We are both extremely opinionated," Anne says.

Otto may be *el mandamás*, but their relationship is complicated by marriage, and, as he describes it, "in her role as wife she does not give unquestioning obedience." When their opinions collide, she has been known to pick up a wine glass, hold its stem between two fingers high above the tile floor, and open the fingers. She has picked up water glasses and sent them smashing into the kitchen wall. He once threw a shot glass that hit her toe. It has been my inadvertent role, in my visits over the past year, to suppress to some extent these customary events. Thus I have altered, in however minor a measure, the routines I have come to observe. As his usual day accelerates toward dinnertime, the chef's working rhythms become increasingly intense, increasingly kinetic, and finally all but automatic. His experience becomes his action. He just cruises, functioning by conditioned response. "You cook unconsciously," he says. "You know what you're going to do and you do it. When problems come along, your brain spits out the answer." With a working, eating journalist sitting on a stool not far from the stove—pecking facts, pecking bits of salmon cured in salt and saltpetre with dill and sour cream—the chef is more or less obliged to think and to answer questions, with the result that he stops to consider what he is doing, and this makes the doing all the more difficult, as if he were a surgeon on television tying knots with one hand. His volatility is inhibited, too. On days when I am here, I am some sort of weather front that holds back the buildup of his afternoon storm. At least that is what Anne tells me. And he nods, and grins. It's true. In the presence of the media he throws fewer bottles and glasses. The sin, stink, and brimstone go out of his language. I have not once seen him crack an egg over Anne's head, as he confesses to doing from time to time. Nor have I seen *her* heaving duck scraps on the floor. "Duck scraps" is their term for the garbage they save for the geese. In crescendo situations, she



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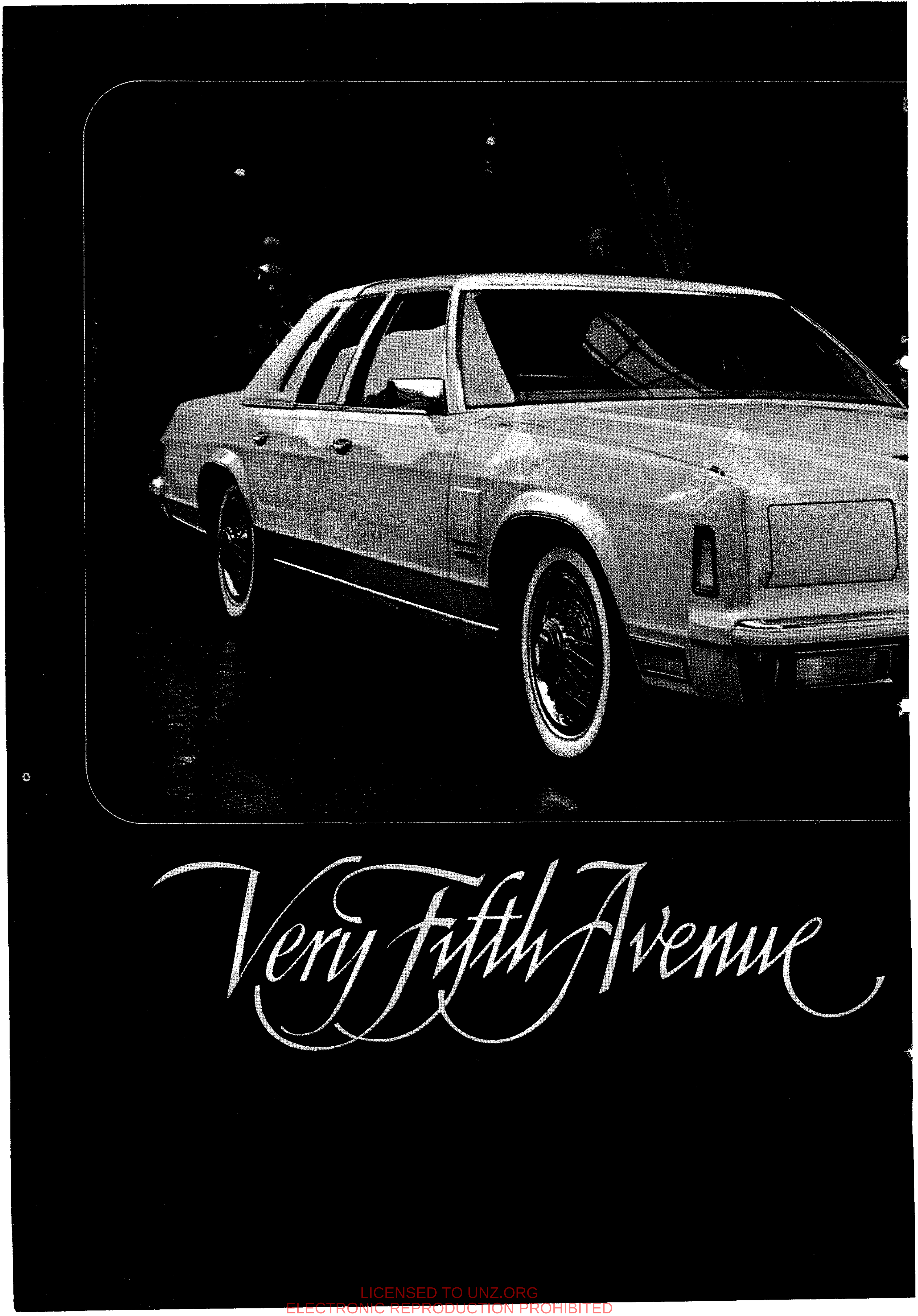
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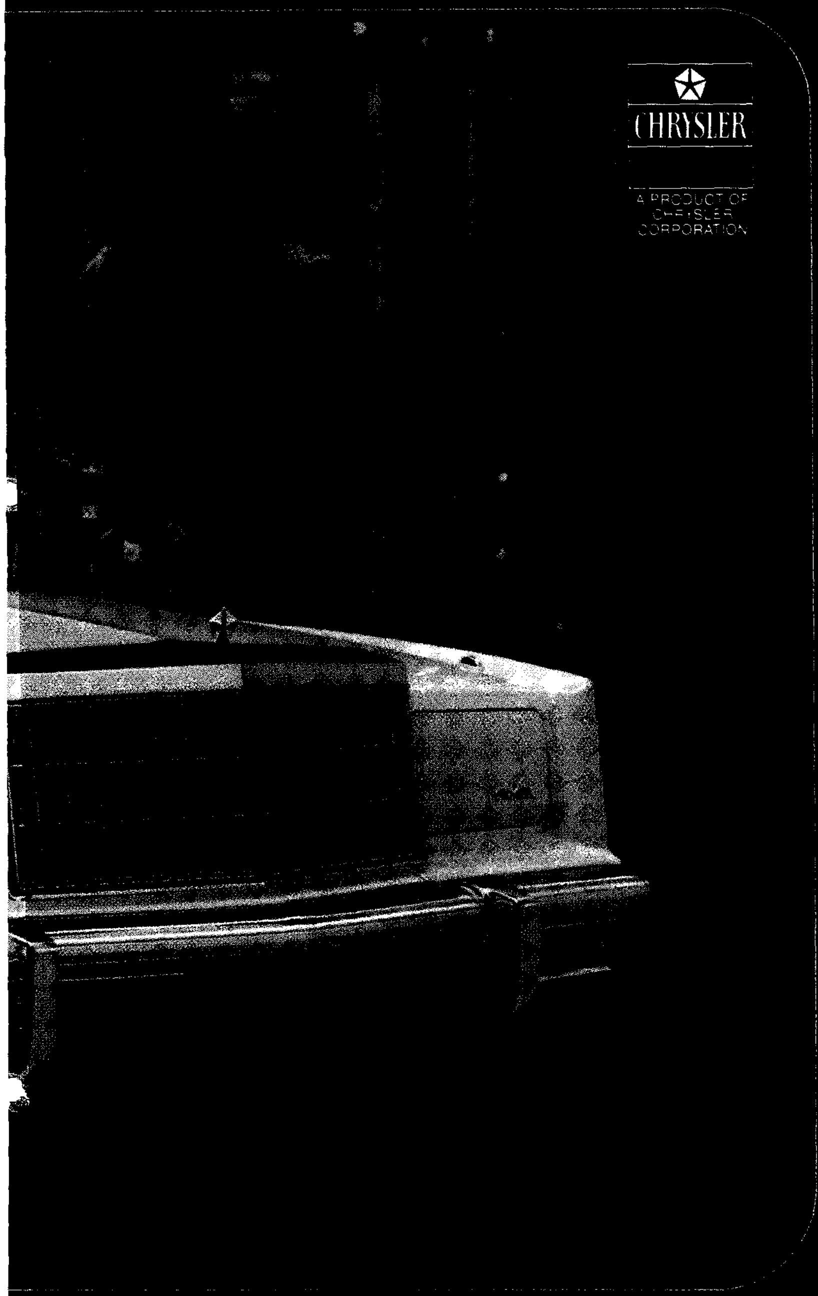

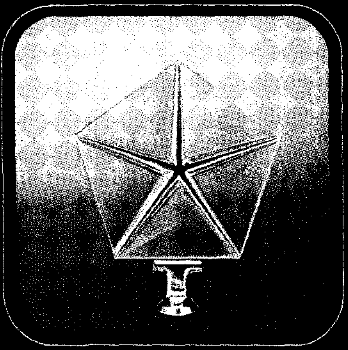

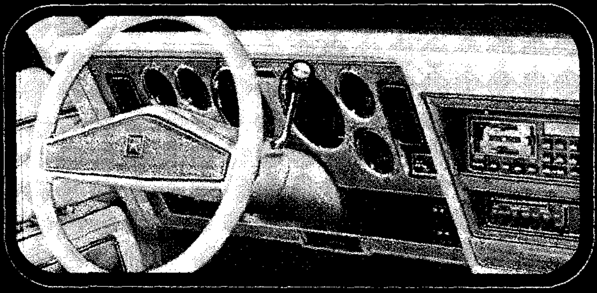

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will dump duck scraps on the kitchen floor, then clean them up, feeling better. "Communication, relationships, interaction, baloney," Anne says. "You only live with yourself. You are only in your own head. You *govern* your reactions to others. Throwing things, breaking things, you are keeping your own house in order."

Occasionally the storms of the kitchen roll on into the evening. Once, in a real line squall, Anne shouted into Otto's face: "Will . . . you . . . calm . . . down! The . . . customers . . . will . . . hear . . . you!"

Otto thundered back: "I don't give a bloody damn *what* the customers hear!"

The door to the kitchen swung open. "I heard that," said a customer, poking his head a short way into the room.

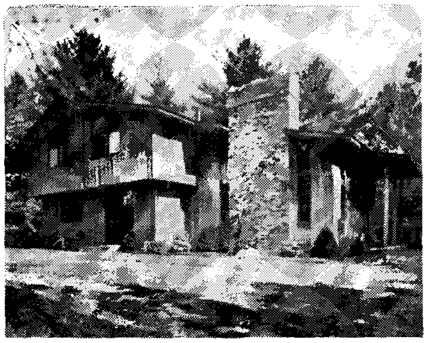
Anne's mother lived with them for a time. One day she was present when they were fighting in the kitchen. Anne told her to leave. She refused, saying, "I want to watch the divorce." Anne filled a pitcher with water and advised her mother that she would pour it all over her if she did not go to her room. Mother stayed put. Anne upended the pitcher.

There is nothing Anne and Otto will agree about more readily than that the tensions of the kitchen are mere blips in their routine—unavoidable, and possibly important. More than once they have ended up together on the kitchen floor, hugging their Tibetan mastiff. Take hold of his paw and he moans.

NAP time and, before retiring, Otto runs down to the nearest Grand Union for his last-minute shopping, saying, as the electric eyes recognize him, "This is a terrifically expensive store. You only buy the minimum." With a list in his hand, he buys lemons, strawberries, apples, walnuts, romaine, parmesan, chocolate, and chicory. As he hurries past the meat, his eye is stopped by twelve pounds of irresistible rib-eye beef, and he puts that in his cart, too. "It's on the menu for those wretched people who live in developments up the road," he says. "I'll make a bordelaise."

Otto the Neighbor contributes his share of covered dishes to the suppers of churches he does not attend, but he sees very little of the people who live around him, in part because he prefers it that way and in part because he works so much that he has no time to repair his rail fences let alone put his foot up and talk. Neighbors for the most part ignore him and he ignores them, except when young Almquist from up the road comes through on his snowmobile and Otto outshouts the thing for making shrapnel of his nap. After working nine hours or so, he needs serenity and rest to get himself ready for the payoff zone of his day. Often he doesn't sleep but just reads for two hours in bed—books somewhat more than periodicals, fiction more than fact. (He reads after work each night until he falls asleep.) His other diversions are few, and are analogously solo. When he skin-dives, he likes to go alone. He describes squash as "a good game—you can play it alone." But he seldom plays games. His two primary diversions are reading and restaurants. "He eats as well as he cooks," Anne says. "I love to eat out with him." Anyone would. Anyone who could recognize him on a city sidewalk—with his Savile Row look and his carelessly flying hair—would do well to drop all other plans and shadow him whither he goes. Say he happens to be walking along Madison Avenue in the general purlieu of Altman's. Stay back. Be polite. Respect his treasured privacy. Stay across the street if possible, but by all means keep him in sight. Stand by as he browses windows and goes into wet-suit stores. When he comes out, and crosses Thirty-fourth Street, make the light. If he goes into, say, Salta in Bocca, linger two minutes outside. Now go in, too. With luck, you will be seated at a table near him. Listen. Watch. At any rate, contrive to learn what he orders. He orders spiedino. You order spiedino—slivers of prosciutto cotto and mozzarella with capers in anchovy sauce in a casing of sautéed fragrant bread. He orders a bottle of Verdicchio. You order a bottle of Verdicchio. He orders paglia e fieno, a green-and-white straw-and-hay pasta in a silky butter-cream-and-parmesan sauce. Precisely what you wanted for lunch.

Otto, on such occasions, picks up ideas. He duplicates at home what he eats in town. Coming upon a dish he has never seen, he pulls it apart and looks it over. "Sometimes you say, 'Ah, I can duplicate that.' Other times you know you'd never be able to do it. There are flavors that are hard to decipher. It's easier, of course, to tell what's in something raw than in something cooked. I cribbed pork hocks from the Veau d'Or—you know, pieds de porc. Pieds de porc are usually in vinaigrette sauce, but these were slightly crisp on top and saturated with a gravy that made your lips stick together. It was a strong gravy. It had a good sharp mustardy taste—a very rich demi-glace sauce with a lot of good



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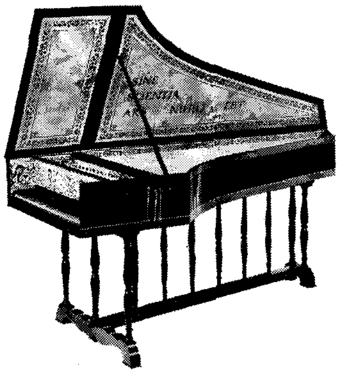

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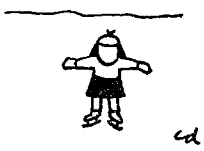
French mustard in it. We serve that every so often."

"What do you call it on your menu?"

"Braised pig's knuckles."

At Kitcho, on Forty-sixth Street, he first ate soba—cold green Japanese buckwheat noodles dipped in sauce. He went home, got out his buckwheat, and made soba. Many years ago, after a visit to Charley O's, on Forty-eighth Street, he Xeroxed their soused shrimp—cooking shrimp in pickling spice and then making a marinade of the sauce they were cooked in, adding onion, garlic, and sherry. He likes to go to The Siamese Garden, on Fifty-third Street, where he regards the clientele as "seedy State Department types—you half expect a hand grenade to come rolling your way." He once tried a shrimp roll there that created effects he found agreeable and novel, so he pulled the thing apart, went home, and made something almost identical, using Chinese cabbage, ginger, onion, Alaska midget shrimp, lemon grass, and fermented-fishhead sauce. Impressed by a chef at Peng's, on Forty-fourth Street, who turned chopped shrimp into spheres of flavor and air, Otto bought a basket of quahogs at the Fulton Market, took them home, ground them up, combined them with flour and beaten egg white, a touch of hot sauce, vinegar, onion powder, salt, and pepper, and dropped the mixture by the spoonful into hot olive oil. The spoonfuls bloomed. He serves them as "clam puffs." Otto's appreciation of Japanese food is enhanced in the American milieu, because in a general way he thinks that our Japanese restaurants are "straightforward—their materials are obviously fresh," and he cannot say as much for the commercial conveyance of some other national cuisines. To illustrate, he flips open *Chef* magazine and quickly finds an ad for Trufflettes. "The unique artificial truffle with real truffle flavor keeps indefinitely under refrigeration," says the text. "Perfect for decoration. Won't melt even if boiled. Perfect black inside and out." Tossing aside the magazine, Otto says, "That's what almost the whole food industry is—what can be got away with rather than what can be done. That's why we go to Japanese restaurants."



Otto is the wave of the past. This is the age of the microwave and the mass-produced entrée, and while he is working at his daily preparations the chefs of other inns are watching the clock in their morning classes in college. Under the stately shade of credit cards, freezer-bodied "reefer" trucks pull up at country inns with chicken Kiev, veal cordon bleu, crêpes à la reine, and rock-frozen "Cornish" hens stuffed with a mixture of wild rice and mushrooms soaked in cognac. Such deliveries, of course, are made in cities, too—clams Casino by the case, crab imperial, coquilles Saint-Jacques, crêpes de la mer, crêpes cannelloni, quiche Lorraine, filets of beef Wellington. Otto has often heard that the best maker of instant entrées is Idle Wild Farm, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, a division of Idle Wild Foods, of Worcester, Massachusetts. Driving through northeastern Connecticut one time, I stopped in at Idle Wild Farm to watch its cooks at work. There was no identifying sign, no proclamation of the marvel of the presence of such an operation in the oak-and-maple countryside thirty miles west of Providence. Set back from a narrow tertiary road was a ranch house that had been converted to an office, and attached to it was a spread-out mustard-colored building—not Gulden's yellow, it should be said, but Dijon gold. The kitchen inside was vast and immaculate, windowless, brightly illuminated in close approximation to daylight. Cooks, assemblers—two hundred in all—were working there. Down the center of the room ran a broad conveyor belt on which completed products—chicken breasts cordon bleu, shrimp-lobster-and-crabmeat Newburg—moved slowly toward, and ultimately disappeared within, a horizontal stainless-steel cylinder that was aswirl in cold fog and resembled an Atlas missile. This was Cryotransfer 36 II. In the course of a day, it takes in some five to ten thousand appetizers and entrées, sprays them with liquid nitrogen at three hundred and twenty degrees below zero, and, seven minutes later, emits from its far end food so frozen it could scratch granite. A succession of living goldfish once went into Cryotransfer 36 II. They came out resembling jewelry. Only the big ones died. When a fishbowl filled with water restored them to room temperature, the little ones swam as before. Coming in from either side to the central conveyor were twenty-five tributary conveyors, each attended by a team in blue, preparing a different item. There was a manicotti conveyor, a chicken-breast-cordon-bleu conveyor, a beef-Wellington conveyor. The cooking

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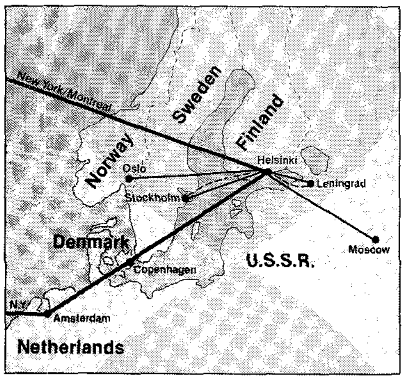

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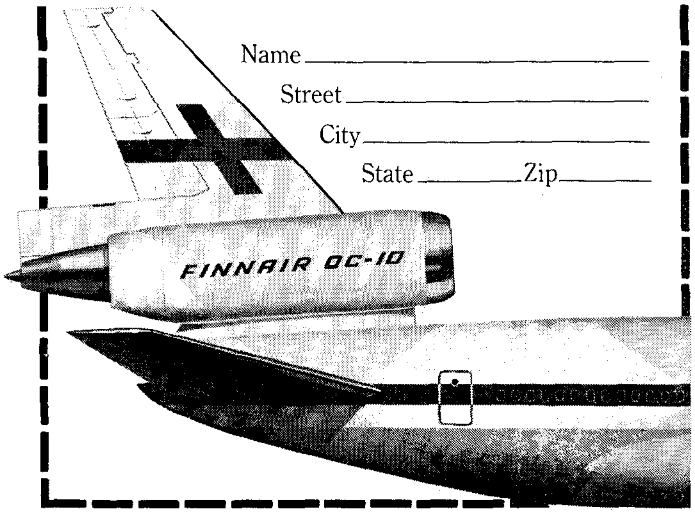

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teams were under instructions to stop and wash their hands every hour. The room had been disinfected with chlorine. There was food for hospitals and airlines as well as for couples in candlelight, and beside one of the tributary conveyors sat a young woman making omelettes. With an ice-cream scoop she reached into a large steel tub that contained thawed whole eggs that had been mixed with carrageenan to become a bright-yellow custard. The carrageenan would help the omelettes stand up. After lifting a scoopful of the egg mixture some twelve to fourteen inches above the moving conveyor belt, the young woman rolled her wrist. Splat, the yellow custard landed on the belt and spread out much like a flapjack, its dimensions programmed exactly by the height of the free fall, the density of the egg custard, and the volume of the scoop. Metronomically the cook repeated the process, and in rows of three the yellow discs moved away from her and into an infrared oven. She smiled. There is no cafeteria at Idle Wild Farm. The cooks eat lunch from vending machines, or they bring brown bags. Emerging from the oven, the omelettes were not permitted to go on to the central conveyor. Cryotransfer 36 II would shatter them like glass. With other delicate products—crêpes cannelloni, crêpes de la mer—they went to a room where air was gently circulating at twenty below zero.

Beside another tributary conveyor, a woman held a pair of scissors in one hand while she weighed breasts of chicken with the other. The breasts were boned, skinned, and glistening—material clean enough and fresh enough to be eaten raw—and they weighed more or less five ounces apiece. More or less was not the way of this kitchen. The chicken in an Idle Wild Farm chicken breast cordon bleu must weigh precisely five ounces. The scissors took care of that. Add a little, snip a little, from chicken to chicken. Add preportioned ham and cheese. There was a separate cook for each addition, and an automatic shower of egg batter, and a machine to coat the product with breading. Another scale weighed the assembled breast—seven ounces.

This was the farm where a retired promoter named Jacques Makowsky crossed Cornish gamecocks with Plymouth Rock chickens to develop what he decided to call the Rock Cornish Game Hen. Makowsky is gone and so are the chickens. The farm buys them from Maine to Delmarva and in upstate New York. The old "kill line" is now the Formula Room, where spices and sauces are mixed in tubs, but the senior entrée on Idle Wild's list is still the Rock Cornish hen stuffed with wild rice. The general manager now is Dieter H. Buehler, Chevalier du Tastevin, who, in the thirteen years before he came to Connecticut, fed a hundred and fifty million meals to the passengers of Trans World Airlines, as its dining director. His degree is from Cornell. His memberships include the Beefeater Club and the Chaîne des Rôtisseurs. Tall and polished, amiable, verbal, in a pin-striped shirt and a striped tie, he walked through the kitchen like an executive seraph walking on a cloud, for he was knee-deep in drifting mists of nitrogen as he said that by 1982 the typical American family would be eating fifty per cent of its meals in restaurants of one type or another, and cooks were simply not going to exist to handle this demand. It was the mission of Idle Wild Farm to usher the world appropriately into the era of "the kitchenless kitchen."

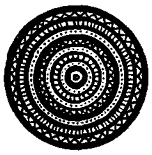
I had told him something about Otto. "For how many years will that sort of person be around?" he said. "With changing life styles, who wants to spend his life in a kitchen? Who wants to work in a kitchen fifteen hours a day and seven days a week? We are filling a need. We are here to improve the quality of the existence of people like your friend, to help them not to have to work fifteen hours a day but still maintain a high standard in their operations, with food they are proud to serve."

After such advances in the art, the French could not be far behind. And, indeed, there is a new shop in Paris called the Comptoir Gourmand, where the celebrated chef Michel Guérard—who has earned three Michelin stars at his restaurant in Gascony—sells frozen entrées for six or eight dollars a brick: trout-with-mushrooms poached and frozen, fish terrine with watercress sauce, cryogenic calf's-tongue pot-au-feu.

"At Idle Wild Farm, we do things in small batches, with a lot of love and care and special handling," Buehler went on. "In the more modern restaurants, there are minimal kitchen facilities. Menus are limited. They run a broiler and they roast prime ribs, but the staff is basically unskilled. The staff is college kids. Don't ask a college kid to do a cordon bleu. We help the operator to better utilize his time, and with our appetizers and entrées there is never a disaster on a chef's bad night."

The big reefers that go out from Idle Wild Farm are headed for regional distributors, such as Berkshire Frosted Foods, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts; Pocono Produce, in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania; Smith, Richardson & Conroy, in Miami; and A. Peltz & Sons, in New York City. From the distributors, restaurants order Kievs for their customers and lasagna to feed the help. One can buy Idle Wild products retail at Hammacher Schlemmer, on Fifty-seventh Street, thickly packed in dry ice. The instructions are abecedarian. Anyone who knows how to tell time can turn out veal cordon bleu or crêpes à la reine. There is no "slack." The product goes directly from the freezer to the oven—so many minutes at four hundred degrees. There are adjusted instructions for conventional ovens, convection ovens, microwave ovens, infrared ovens, deep fryers. "One thing that holds us apart from other people is that we can make anything at all on a custom-processed basis," Buehler said. "There's a fifty-case minimum—two thousand pieces. That's a production run."

We were joined by Jacques Noé, Idle Wild's executive chef, who spends most of his time working out new dishes. Noé was born in Asnières, one bend down the river from Paris, and he worked in Parisian restaurants and was trained in kitchens in France and Switzerland. He has been in America more than twenty years, mainly in Boston, working in restaurants and as a teacher in a cooking school. Handsome and blue-eyed, with a light-brown mustache, he spoke with the sort of suave French voice that, in English, seems to be emerging from a purring cat. That morning, as it happened, he had been working on a coulibiac of ocean bass, which was not a true coulibiac, he explained, because the recipe called for phyllo dough instead of a brioche. In fact, he was testing the recipe with scrod. He had a sample ready for submission to a customer. With few exceptions, he hastened to say, the dishes prepared at Idle Wild Farm do not deviate from the descriptions one can read of those dishes in "Larousse Gastronomique." We stopped to observe a team assembling individual filets of beef Wellington. The puff pastry was in squares like handkerchiefs. In tall racks beside the conveyor were thick slices of filet mignon charred and appetizing as a result of a trip through the "automatic searer." Actually, they were raw within and frozen solid. Freezing the meat beforehand prevents blood from leaking out during the assembly process. In Larousse you would hardly expect to find something called Wellington, and indeed you do not, but, Noé explained, it is orthodox to accompany the meat either with some liver pâté or with duxelles ("a kind of mushroom hash"). "Liver pâté in this country is not very well accepted," he said, and therefore an ounce of duxelles was being placed on each filet. To absorb moisture during thaw, bread crumbs were sprinkled on the meat, too, and then it was turned over while the puff pastry was folded around it in a manner known as butcher wrap. So that steam would escape during cooking, it was one woman's job to poke a hole in the pastry with her pinky. Next came a wash of egg and milk in vital proportions, for the egg and milk would help the puff pastry become a rich and ceramic brown. If the proportions were awry, the crust could go black before the beef inside had thawed. "We save labor, save time in the kitchen," said the chef. "What we make for restaurants we send out of here raw and ready for people to put in the oven. We don't save a lot of time if we cook it for them." The act of removing a frozen entrée from a freezer and putting it into an oven is known as "restoration."



"Do you miss working in restaurants?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes. Yes."

"Why?"

"I miss the excitement. I don't miss the six days a week and the long hours and the holidays. They were not my holidays. But I miss . . . In a restaurant, you never know what to expect. I miss the pressure, the challenge. I love a big crisis."

When I described to Otto that visit in Connecticut, he said, "Those people are pandering to chefless kitchens. Eventually, American restaurants will buy almost all of their materials that way, and they will be limited to a set number of dishes. On the other hand, a frozen entrée, well made, gives people a hint of what could be possible. It's something like what Maurice Girodias, of the Olympia Press, said about pornography: 'It gets people to read who otherwise wouldn't read.' "

He paused. His thought shifted. "The chefs at the big frog ponds have more than enough pride not to use something they haven't had a hand in," he continued. "They want their signa-

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ture on the dish. But they're not above compromise. They're not above using frozen turbot and frozen Dover sole. Dover sole comes into this country frozen, and anyone who says it isn't frozen is a liar. The frog-pond restaurants always have it." His expressions of contempt for this ethnic group should not be misinterpreted as distaste for French cuisine. It is, rather, distaste for the manner in which French cuisine is sometimes derived in America. He once found ice crystals in his meat at La Caravelle. He is not shy to spend his minimum wages in the ne-plus-expense-account restaurants of the city, and when he is in one his nostrils filter out the scent of money. The prices don't ruin his dinner. Nor do prices create in him, as they seem to in some people, a favorable prejudice. Milieus, for the most part, don't interest him, either. His concentration is on the table. Waiters are contemptible until they prove that they are not. "The less the waiter can afford the meal, the more hostile he's going to be." Otto once tried to correct a captain's pronunciation of "Montrachet." He said, "Both 't's are silent."

The captain said, "No. One pronounces the first 't.' "

"Are you French-Canadian?" said Otto.

He regards restaurant owners generally as "a shabby lot." They overcook their country inns in order to collect fire insurance—that sort of shabbiness—and, in the city, "if Jackie Onassis is coming they bump you." He calls that "shameful," and says, "A reservation is a contract." He admires The Four Seasons—the splendiferous show aside—because he thinks The Four Seasons does things well "and in an enlightened, honest fashion." With his shoes off under the table there, he is clearly relaxed and happy, addressing his pike-and-salmon pâté, his sweetbreads-and-spinach, his asparagus maltaise. In Lutèce, he keeps his shoes on, out of respect, perhaps, for the proprietor-chef but scarcely for the elegance of the clientele and least of all for the funereal snobs with pencils and pads who carry the food from the kitchen. There is a man seated at the next table in bulging dungarees. Otto likes very much the mousseline de brochet et écrevisses. "It's hard work," he says. "Hard to keep hot. Hard to serve. The pike has to be boned. Then it's thrown in with eggs and cream and condiments and bread panada in a Robot Coupe—a commercial Cuisinart." He tastes from other plates on his table—a bit of pâté en croûte et terrines ("it's O.K.—just O.K."), and pèlerines à la méridionale ("Very good, not overcooked—*al dente*"). He is not awed by André Soltner, in the kitchen—at least not to the extent that he has been awed by Japanese. "The turbot is delicious, very fresh, perfectly cooked," he says of another of Soltner's entrées—turbot de Dieppe poché, hollandaise. "My guess is it was frozen, which is the only kind you can buy, unless it is flown over. It's probably Holland turbot—three dollars a pound with the head on, and the head is a third of the fish. No doubt it swam past Dieppe. Turbot is easy to cook. You can't make much of a mistake." Lutèce's sole farcie Elzévir, on the other hand, does not seem to him very fresh. "It isn't pristine," he says. "It has a fishy taste. Oh, yes, it's Dover sole. It has the firm texture. You can do things with it you can't do with American flounder. Stuff it. Roll it. Make paupiettes. Dover sole is crunchy. It has a bite to it. This sole was frozen, like the turbot, I think." He examines Lutèce's coquelet à la crème aux morilles. "It's juicy and good," he says. "It isn't squab. It's Cornish hen, you know—Frank Perdue. There has been a certain sacrifice here of quality for volume. Prices are higher. Rents are higher. I mean, the guy's a businessman." And what man of business would not have on his menu ris de veau financière? Sampling, Otto finds its pastry light and crisp but the sauce too reduced and not distinguished. "If you et it, your beard and your mustache would congeal together," he says to me. "The sweetbreads themselves are white. No fibre. Delicious. There should be truffles in the financière garnish. Financière means money, riches. We could do without the olives. A financière garnish has ground mushrooms, kidneys, cockscombs, and small chicken-forcemeat quenelles. Do you see any cockscombs? If you can make something better than the correct way—I mean, objectively better—then go ahead and do it. But be careful if you're a French restaurant in New York and are charging a fortune. If you're supposed to have truffles or morels or cockscombs and you cheat—that's reprehensible. We'll let him off

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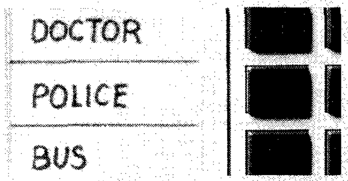

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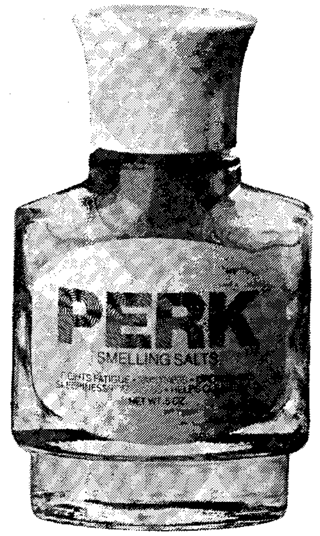

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on the cockscombs, but he could have gone to a kosher butcher. His prices are not chicken feed. When he is asking two or three hundred dollars to give four people their dinner, he should go by the book. Right?"

THE customers are unaware of Otto's bell. It rings in the kitchen when they step on a mat in the vestibule, and it produces in him a sense of dimming houselights, a conditioned adrenal twitch. Just by the way they trip the bell, they sometimes tell him who they are. The tennis star is on the list tonight (a long-footed, insistent ring) and the bridge-toll collector (brief and unassuming) and the couple who come here twice a week (a mixed staccato). "We'll have forty people—some nice people, quite a few decent people," Otto says. He reserves his compliments for less than half his clientele. "Many people who eat here seem to appreciate it," he continues. "They're thankful. And they are what has kept me going. Thirty per cent are excellent eaters. Ten per cent are fun to talk to. Five per cent know about food and really enjoy it. To them we can sell pretty much anything, because there is some trust. I've served cod-roe salad with roundels of roe. The people who tried it loved it, but in general it didn't go. It was just too unfamiliar. Remember, however, what P. Lorillard said: 'The quickest way to failure is to try to please everybody.' "

He is cooking a steak for Anne. She battles anemia—and prepares for her evenings—with thick shells of sirloin. He has trimmed off a slice or two for himself, raw, and another for Mercedes, the cat. "All I've had to eat today is some tea and a bit of cucumber," he claims. "It's wonderful not to eat if you're in a hurry. It speeds you up." His way of not eating comes to roughly eight thousand calories a day. The steak is searing in a ribbed iron skillet. How can he tell, without cutting in, just when the colors are what he wants inside?

"Just by touching it," he says. "You can tell exactly." He quarters some scallops and splits the long legs of Alaskan crabs—last-minute preparations. "The customers are sometimes afraid to order steak because they think they should have something fancier," he goes on. "So I tart it up with bordelaise. Or bearnaise. That way, it's got a bit of sophistication. If they want it 'well done,' I'm pretty uncompromising. I just don't do it 'well done.' To cook it that way is such a shame."

The ovens are set at four hundred degrees, where they will stay unless he becomes unusually busy, in which case he needs four-fifty. Anne, dressed for business, wears a white-and-black polka-dot jacket over a floor-length black dress. Her hair is swept back and knotted in a bun. She says of her husband, "He is safe in here doing the work he loves, here in the purity of his little inner sanctum. To me it is a different operation. I'm up front with the people. I have to listen to urologists and bulldozer operators telling me things about food. After eleven years, your opinion of the public is low. I used to think anyone eating reasonably well-prepared food will know he's eating it, but I move through the dining room sometimes and it's depressing. For some people, we could just as well open a can. They are so used to artificial flavors that when you give them actual food they don't know what it is. They look at fresh whipped cream with suspicion."

Otto says, "The only kind they've seen has come out of an aerosol can. To show them what it actually is, I go into the dining room and whip the cream there."

People ask for ketchup, and they put it on fillet of sole Florentine, on scallops in garlic butter.

"They ask, 'What's fresh this evening?' or 'Are these good?' "

"If it wasn't good, we wouldn't serve it. They complain that veal chops are tough, because they've never had good, firm veal. They want to know if the wines are good. We chose them."

"A great many people think anyone who owns a restaurant is crooked. So their attitude is that we are dishonest and are trying to put something over on them and they have to be very swift in order to catch us. They've read somewhere that manta rays are cut up and sold as scallops. So they ask us if our scallops are ray."

A woman once asked for Chivas on the rocks. Anne went into the pantry and poured Chivas on the rocks, and when time came to ask about another, the woman said, "Not here."

"Why?"

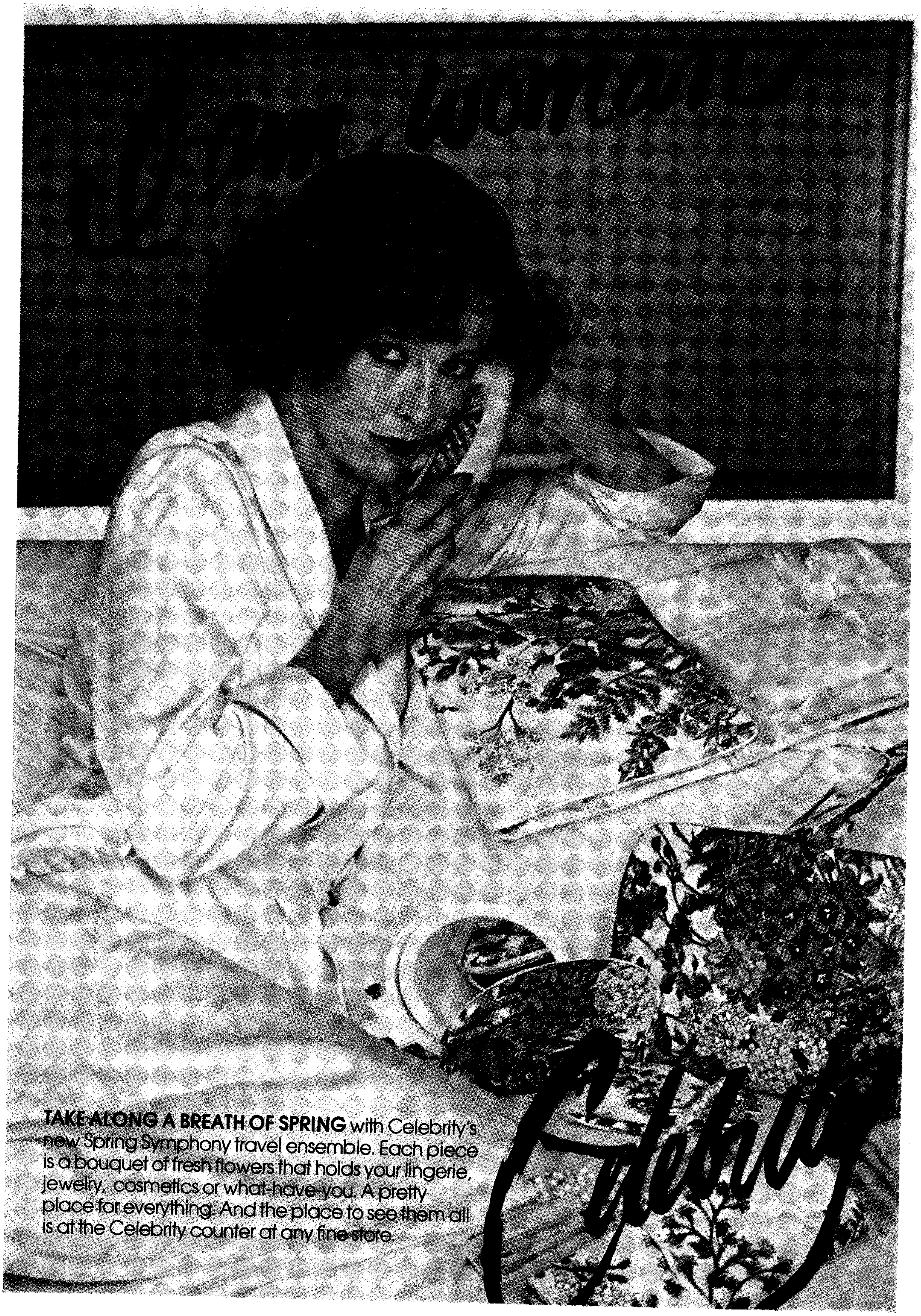
"That was not Chivas."

"Oh, but it was. We don't do that sort of thing."

"A restaurant can't stay in business if it doesn't cheat."

"You get out of here!" Anne screamed. "You get out of here and you *never* come back!"

The woman ran for her car. "I was shaking," Anne recalls. "I shook for a



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couple of days. I have a rule of thumb. Never trust anyone who drives a Cadillac."

There is a printed menu—a short list of items that do not require long preparation, are always on hand, and "don't scare people," such as grilled rib-eye steak, grilled lamb kidneys and sausage, shrimp in ajillo sauce, and émincé of veal zurichois—sautéed veal strips with wine, cream, and scallions. There are three soups, home-smoked trout, snails, marinated mushrooms. "People want a menu in their hands," Otto says. "They want to eat boring things. They actually want to eat stodgy stuff. Marinated mushrooms, you know, are for nowhere people. I serve baked potatoes so often because I'm tired of people saying I'm too cheap to serve them. They bitch if you give them something else." He makes Swedish-fried potatoes, which are cut in ganglion strings and cooked in very hot fat, where they enmesh in a filament mass that comes up golden and crisp. Yet the nurdier clients want foil. They don't want golden-brown Brillo pads. "They want potatoes cooked in an oven in foil," Otto says. "If the potatoes are in foil, that's gourmet."

"When did you last serve a potato in aluminum foil?"

"Never."

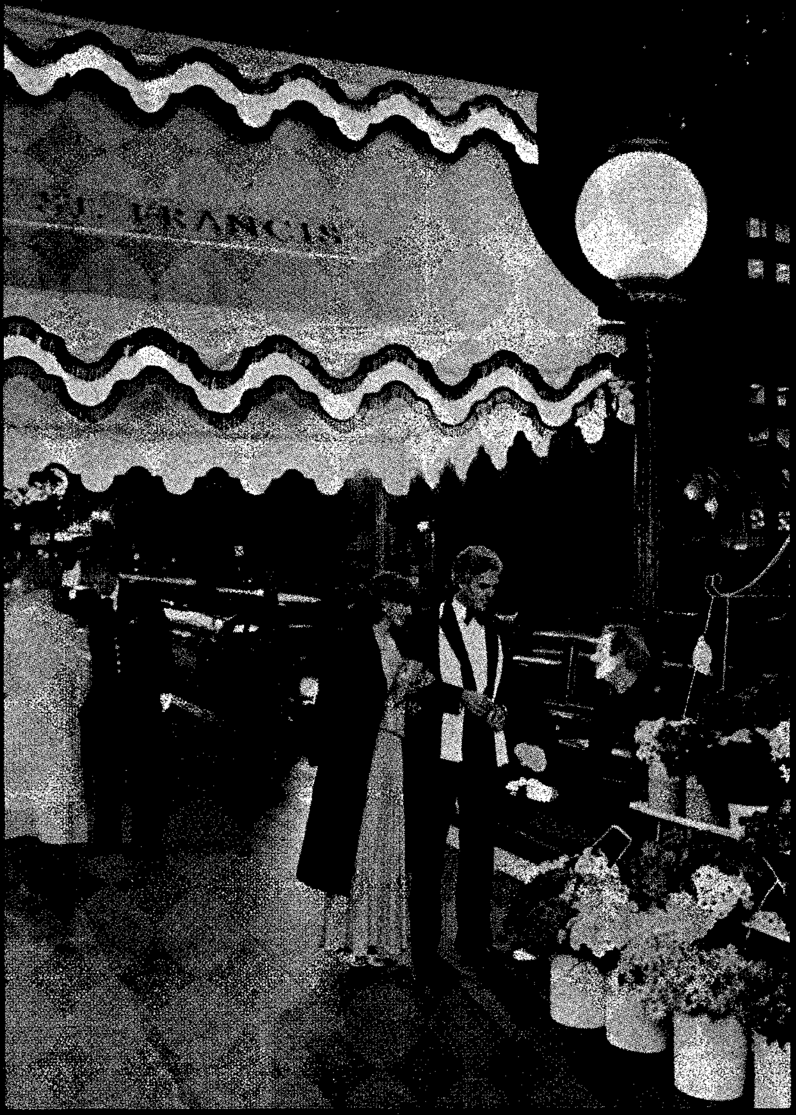
"Why not?"

"They're not baked potatoes. They're steamed. Mind you, if the customers were uniformly objectionable there would be no joy at all. Many of our customers are open-minded people. We have served octopus and snails successfully since the day we started. There is, in fact, less Mickey Mouse about Americans than anyone else I've ever dealt with—French, German, Spanish, English. Basically, the Americans are more secure."

Tina, his waitress, arrives—trim, dark-haired, petite. She studies Otto's written list of extras and asks him to explain what she doesn't understand—as does Cam, his waiter, young and Filmland handsome, with a cadet's vertical spine, and bright-blond hair. Cam is in high school and is Anne's son.

The bell sounds, long in the foot, and sounds soon again, sporadic and sharp. Otto's working surfaces are as clean and prepared as athletic fields, surrounded by the *mise en place*. He takes his towel from his shoulder and nervously wipes them cleaner. He has regained his blue terry-cloth hat. It sits on the back of his head. His sleeves are rolled. Tina goes out with the list.

Half a dozen customers are waiting in the wicker chairs under the head of the fighting bull and the chart of the



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endangered species. Some are looking at the printed menu. Some have not picked it up. She greets the first group and reads the list. "These are tonight's extras," she says. "For appetizers:

Russian Coulibiac of Salmon
Smoked Shad-Roe Pâté Mousse
Quenelles of Veal and Shrimps
Stuffed Clams
Leeks Vinaigrette
Mussels à la Poulette
Octopus Salad.

And the entrees:

Breaded Pork Loin Coriander
Paella à la Marinera
Osso Bucco
Sautéed Scallops al Pesto
Sautéed Chicken Breasts with Apple-Cider Sauce
Broiled Fillet of Grouper Oursinade."

Someone in the party says, "Imagine all that out here in the sticks!"

The host, an old customer from the Upper West Side, says, "This is not the sticks. This is the apex of the civilized world."

Tina, in response to questions, explains "oursinade," "coulibiac," and "à la poulette," and reads out the list again. Otto has learned never to write "marjoram" on his extras list. People hear it as "margarine." Oleomarjoram. When he made sweetbreads with veal-forcemeat quenelles, various customers said the horsemeat was very good, and Otto has never used the word "forcemeat" on his extras list again.

Tina returns to the kitchen. "One clam, one coulibiac, one octopus, one mousse, two pork loins, one osso, one grouper," she says, presenting the order also in writing.

More footsteps on the bell. From my stool near the stove, I say to the chef, "Good luck."

He says, "I'll go into the chapel and pray."

He has dripped melted butter through a hole in the roof of the golden-brown coulibiac. Now he cuts an inch-thick slice. The interior is white and yellow and reddish-orange. "I'll make a lot of money out of this one," he says. "The materials, per serving, are not expensive. The more work you do, the more money you make. There's no profit in a shrimp cocktail."

Moving rapidly from worktable to stove to refrigerator, he shelves the coulibiac, shoves clams into an oven, and fetches a bowl of octopus. He eats some octopus. "Crunchy," he says. "That's how it should be. If you cook octopus until it's tender, all the buds come off. I've never made it this way before. This is based on a picadillo salad, which is as *andaluz* as gazpacho. You see? Here is a completely new dish, and they go along with it." He serves it on a bed of romaine with a light tartar sauce, which he made when he got up from his nap.

The stuffed clams are not ground up, as stuffed clams almost always are. Nor are they served in shells. They are whole, and collected in a ramekin, and submerged in a matrix consisting of onions, bread crumbs, garlic, marjoram, olive oil, butter, a drop of hot sauce, and some chopped curly lettuce, "which is very stringy, gives it consistency, puts some weave into it." He started cooking clams in this fashion as a way of using up old bread. His bread contains a thirteen-to-one ratio of unbleached flour to rye, and when it is old it is durable. It makes what he calls "good tough bread crumbs that hold up." When it is fresh, its aroma alone would melt butter. He does not make it every day because he and Anne eat so much of it they endanger their health. Other days, they give their customers commercial French bread they themselves scarcely touch.

He removes from the oven a ramekin of clams, gouges one out with a finger, and offers it to me. It is light and springy and aburst with flavor. "I think they're the best stuffed clams around," he says, sculpting over the cavity he has made in the dish and putting it back in the oven so the heat will erase his theft. With reference to the people who are waiting for the clams, he says to Tina, "They can go in now," and she goes out to shepherd them to their seats. He builds on a plate a buttery mound of shad-roe pâté mousse, garnishes it with a bit of cress, and puts it on a tray with the octopus, the salmon, and the clams, saying, "I think that people should eat at my convenience, not that I should cook at their convenience. *Pour savoir manger, il faut savoir attendre.* If people have any common sense, they will subordinate themselves to the cook's wishes. In any event, here, they go into the dining room when I am ready." The four appetizers on the tray are as attractive to the eye as they are to the nose and will be to the palate. They are informal, a little offhand, arranged with enough artistry to imply care but not so much as to suggest that the care was squandered on cosmetics. A year or so ago, on the first evening I spent with Otto in his kitchen, he turned to me at this moment and said, "I want to make a point. There is something that happens to food when it goes from the

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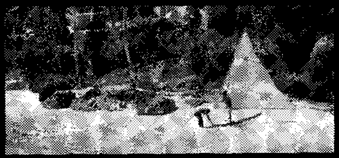

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kitchen to the dining room. It looks better in there, because it is in a dining room. A metamorphosis takes place."

The second order has come in, and the assembly of its appetizers will coincide with the timing of the first entrées. The bell rings. The pattern of the night compounds. Grouper fillet, in a skin of flour, is searing in a skillet. He flips it, flips it back. He turns things in skillets not once but many times. He is using a knife as a spatula. He is not contemptuous of spatulas. A knife is more often in his hand. He lacks time to switch instruments. He is a chef, not a dentist. He removes the skillet from the flame. He brushes the grouper with a purée of urchin roe, oil, and fish fumet, and he sets the pan in the oven.

"How long are you going to leave that in there?"

"I don't know. I have no idea. Until it's cooked. Five minutes probably. More or less."

Tina enters, saying, "Octopus, mussels, onion soup." Anne is behind her, saying, "The Siegels are ready when you are." She has a small silver frog in her hand, a gift from a customer. There are other presents as well—a bottle of Château Haut-Brion, fifty-six ounces of caviar, an authentic Habana cigar. Otto rolls the cigar in Saran Wrap and stores it in the cooler. He will smoke anything. There are customers who have brought him joints. The presents tonight have such loft because his people have discovered what many of them feared—that Otto is selling the inn. In a short time, he and Anne will be gone. After eleven years, they have sought and found release from the heating-oil company they have in effect been working for, the insurance company that has collected their rewards. Their buyer and successor is an experienced New York waiter.

Seven-fifteen, and before the chef now are five sets of orders. Seventeen appetizers. Seventeen entrées. The Vulcan seems to be functioning on its own. Below the high blue flames of six surface burners, there is a shutting and opening, opening and shutting, slamming percussion of doors, with sudden veils of escaping steam and puffs of brown cloud. "It's the pork loin. It's got to be a little burnt to taste right." Of some grouper in the other oven the reverse is true—in its fragile urchin purée. He pulls it out and looks it over, touches it, smells it. "Delicate," he says. "It almost smells like egg." The surface of the fish is mustard brown. He has opened the door a dozen times to watch that color develop. We sample the grouper before letting it go to the customer. The sea-urchin flavor seems to me to be the sort that is so modest you have to chase after it. Otto has his own vocabulary. With apparent pleasure, he compares the flavor to iodine.

He continuously touches and tastes the food. He pinches it. He taps it. He licks and nibbles it. He tastes every part of every dish as he puts it together and the whole when it is done. He wipes and wipes again the front edge of the stove, wipes his block surfaces, washes his hands. He moves about his kitchen with athletic stamina. When the pressure is highest, he runs. "It's like having a hobby that pays you," he says. "I actually enjoy this, thank God."

"Two quenelles, one seviche, conch chowder, two paellas, two ossos."

A quarter to eight, and the china is rattling. Pot lids are spinning on the floor. The oven is up to four-fifty. Otto is moving so fast his work has become a collage of itself, as—all in a minute—he pours out lime juice, eats a handful of seviche, tosses veal into a skillet, and hunts through wild mushrooms for deposits of grit. Chaos cannot get at him in the depths of composition. Those are finished compositions going out through the door—the mottled brown envelopes of pork loin, the drape-fold saucing of the poached quenelles. He is not only cooking. He works on all the levels of the kitchen. He sections the bread. He cuts and apportions desserts. He slices open the baked potatoes. "See. They are nice and flowery," he says. "Conservatives order baked potatoes. Liberals ask for rice." He smacks his forehead. "Oh, Christ Almighty, I forgot the rice." Moving to correct one error, he makes another. He nicks a mocha meringue. Anne, passing through, stops to help. She shaves chocolate above the meringue, and the dark concealing snow drifts over the field of beige. "The most important thing to learn is how to rescue," she says.

"The most important thing to learn is to go slowly," says Otto. "There is a wonderful Spanish expression: 'Dress slowly. We're in a hurry.' If you remember that, you slow up, and you make less mistakes."

"Do you serve mistakes?"

"I'm not going to eat my errors, not if they taste good. An error that tastes good is a 'classic mistake.' A 'classic mistake' is a discovery. That's how I learned to put sapsago cheese into alpesto sauce. I put it in by mistake." Sapsago is a green Swiss that smells like a farm. It is good for grating, "for flavoring anything," he says. "Quiche. Vegetable soup."

"Where do you get it?"

"Macy's."

Unless someone specifically asks for vegetables, he serves none with entrées. "I generally have, if nothing else, carrots, celery, Brussels sprouts, and artichoke hearts around, and I often have ratatouille as an appetizer, but I'm damned if I'm going to give away vegetables when people just leave them on the table. If they want vegetables, all they have to do is order them."

Someone asks for sour cream, and, as it happens, there is none in the house. Otto somehow feels he should have it, and so, for a single customer, he takes time to pour fresh thick cream into a bowl and whip it with a whisk, adding salt and vinegar. As the mixture stiffens, it takes on with remarkable exactness the texture of sour cream. He cuts up a scallion, mixes it in, and serves this patrician substitute to the unsuspecting stranger.

He licks his thumbs. "Wild mushrooms give veal sauce a meaty flavor," he says, finishing an osso bucco. He walks to the sink with an iron skillet, eating the remainder of the sauce. The predominant color of the osso bucco is cordovan, and it is pearled with shining marrow.

He cuts raw pork and eats some, too. He tosses a piece to Mercedes. "This cat eats more in a day than the average Indian eats in a year," he says. The cat nonetheless is skinny and sour. Otto himself eats so much meat that he occasionally turns vegetarian to give himself a cure. He doesn't work in June, and just by taking it easy he loses thirty pounds.

Otto's broiler has at times failed him, and on these occasions, to help finish certain dishes, he has used a propane torch. Crossing the ocean long ago on the S.S. Constitution, he saw baked Alaska beautifully browned, and he wondered how that was done. He went to the galley, where a chef was "baking" the meringue by playing over its surface the flame of a portable torch. "That was my first acquaintance with American know-how, which seems to be declining," he remarks, tossing pork-cutlet gravy in a big iron skillet with such vigor that it spills into a surface burner and flames leap two feet high. "Ever see a gas-stove repairman? They have no eyebrows."

Eight-twenty-five, and six are waiting, in the thirteenth hour of his working day. He apologizes for the canned mushrooms that are now going into the

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pork loin, and adds that he had canned mushrooms in a salad once at Lutèce. He puts herb butter into godets with mussels, and, arranging two plates of scallops al pesto, eats a generous fraction of the scallops. "O.K. O.K. Small and springy."

Anne enters. "Mr. Almquist says we have been good neighbors and wants us to know he will miss us," she tells him.

"I wish I could return the compliment," says Otto.

He bites one end of a huge boiled leek. Its center shoots out the other end. He drops a little saffron in the blender, adds water, and lets the mixture churn for many minutes as the color changes, grows, from flax to jonquil to canary to high lemon chrome. He mixes it with chicken stock and undercooked rice. A purist would do a whole paella at once, but Otto thinks rice comes up too crunchy that way and the *puristas* can go back to La Costa Brava. In a big iron skillet in sizzling oil, he half cooks scallops, mussels, shrimps, and floured grouper. In a pot with stock, he has tomatoes, bell peppers, peas, and bites of crab. Bringing the pot to a boil, he empties it into the skillet, and puts the skillet in the oven. Five minutes go by. "I forgot garlic!" he cries out, and rapidly dices a dozen fresh buds that throw a long cast through the room. "This you can do something about," he says, opening the oven and tossing in the garlic. "What's awful is when you forget to put sugar in the caramel custard." The chef is not inherently impressed with paellas, retaining in his prejudice an Andalusian coolness to this triumph of Valencian peasants. So he overcompensates. Arranging the mussels like symmetrical black petals against a field that is pink, red, yellow, and orange, he achieves a paella that is beautiful to see. "Kitchens in New York are so small they could not possibly cook to order many things on a busy night," he remarks, eating what is left of the rice in the pan.

Anne comes in again. "The Hubers are ready when you are," she says, also informing him that to keep herself going she will need some mashed potatoes. He mashes her potatoes. She takes away with her as well a ball of butter that is equal in volume to an Acushnet Titleist. Otto glances significantly at the butter. Retreating toward the pantry, she says over her shoulder, "I weigh less than two hundred pounds."

Searing grouper, he brushes it with urchin roe while ambidextrously reaching into an adjacent skillet to turn over a steak without the help of a utensil. He presses the steak with his fingers. He kicks the mastiff out of the kitchen. A third iron skillet stands empty over high blue flame. To see where the heat is, he places the palm of his hand flat on the bottom of the pan. He is in no great hurry to pull the hand away. "You never know where the hot areas are," he says. "They're never in the same place. They move around the pan." After melting butter, he sets a floured breast of chicken in the hot part of the pan.

Tina requests rice, which is being finished in the broiler. Otto reaches in and rests a hand on the rice. He says it is almost ready. Some years ago, he had a waitress who regularly wore miniskirts. He would ask her to stand on high stools to reach for out-of-the-way spice. "It's O.K. now," he tells Tina. "Take the Hubers in."

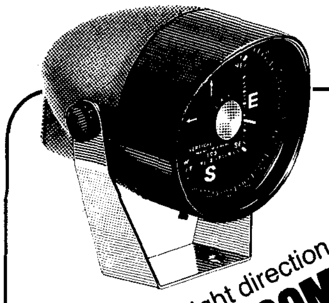
Tripping over a pan that he left on the floor, he spills a large quantity of al-pesto sauce (butter, olive oil, parmesan, sapsago, and hazelnuts), and as he cleans it up he synopsizes aloud the plot of a novel in which a pet dog becomes a woman's lover and later causes an accident fatal to her husband.

Tina comes back to the kitchen, saying, "The Hubers would like to take a minute longer."

Otto gives this some thought, and he consents.

OTTO is asleep now. He drank some beer and made his bows and smoked his gift cigar, and then he took his leave, soon after work. With many of his customers, his appearance at their table at the end of their meal has become routine to the point of obligation. He seems not to mind. In all other ways he may avoid the light, but in these moments he seeks—and he says it in so many words—evidence that he has made people happy. Those customers he looks upon with favor he thinks of also as friends, and he will even invite them to "come around on Sunday" for lunch when the restaurant is dark. He is confident that he can go almost anywhere in the region and the sort of business he wants will follow. "And why wouldn't it?" he says. "All my friends will know where I am." He seems equally secure in his chosen anonymity, feeling certain that—far from being likely to betray him—his friends will see themselves as his cabal.

He accepted the compliments of the tennis star tonight (smoked shad-roe pâté mousse, paella à la marinera). The tennis star brought him poinsettias. In 1973, the tennis star bet Otto a bot-



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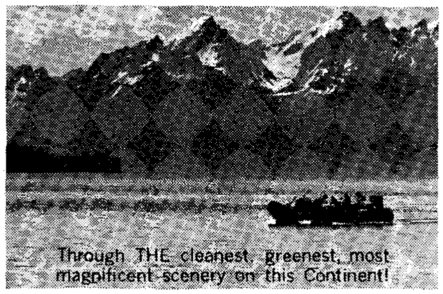

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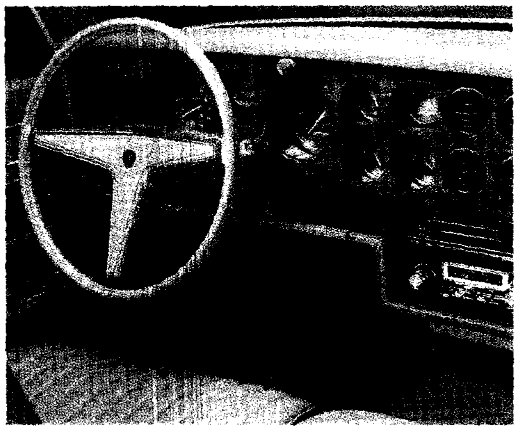

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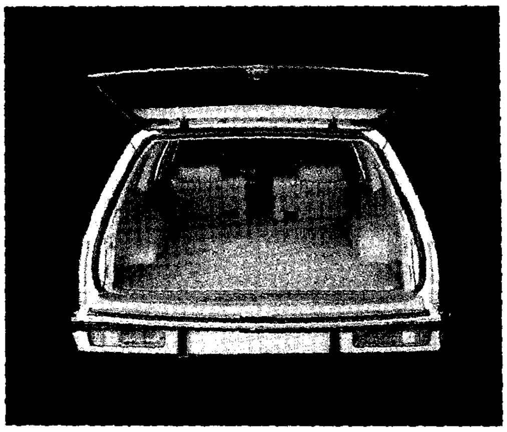

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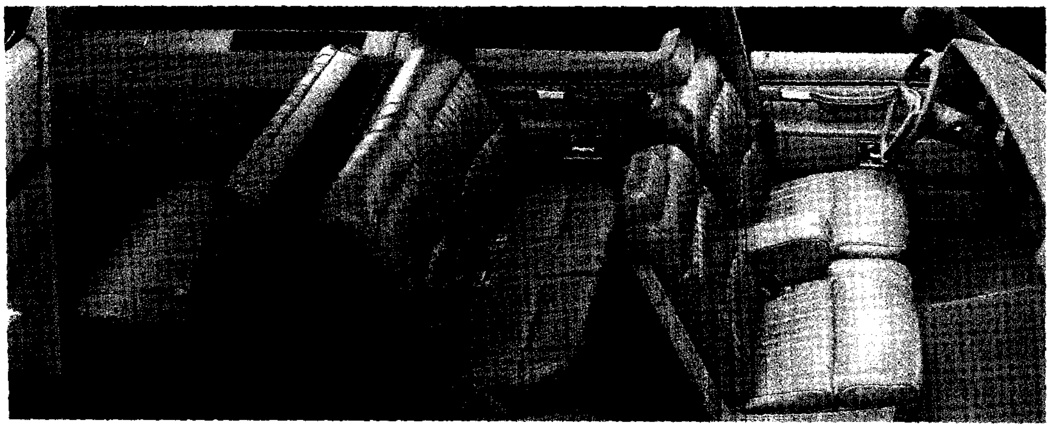

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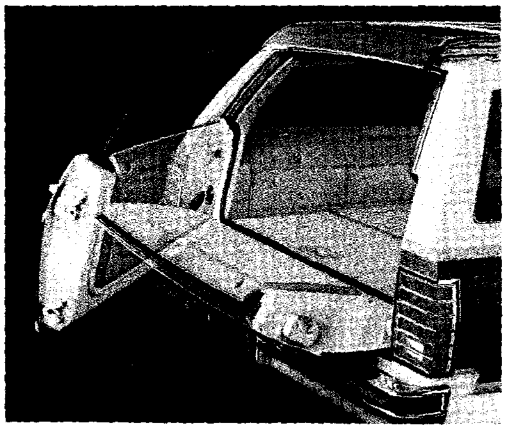

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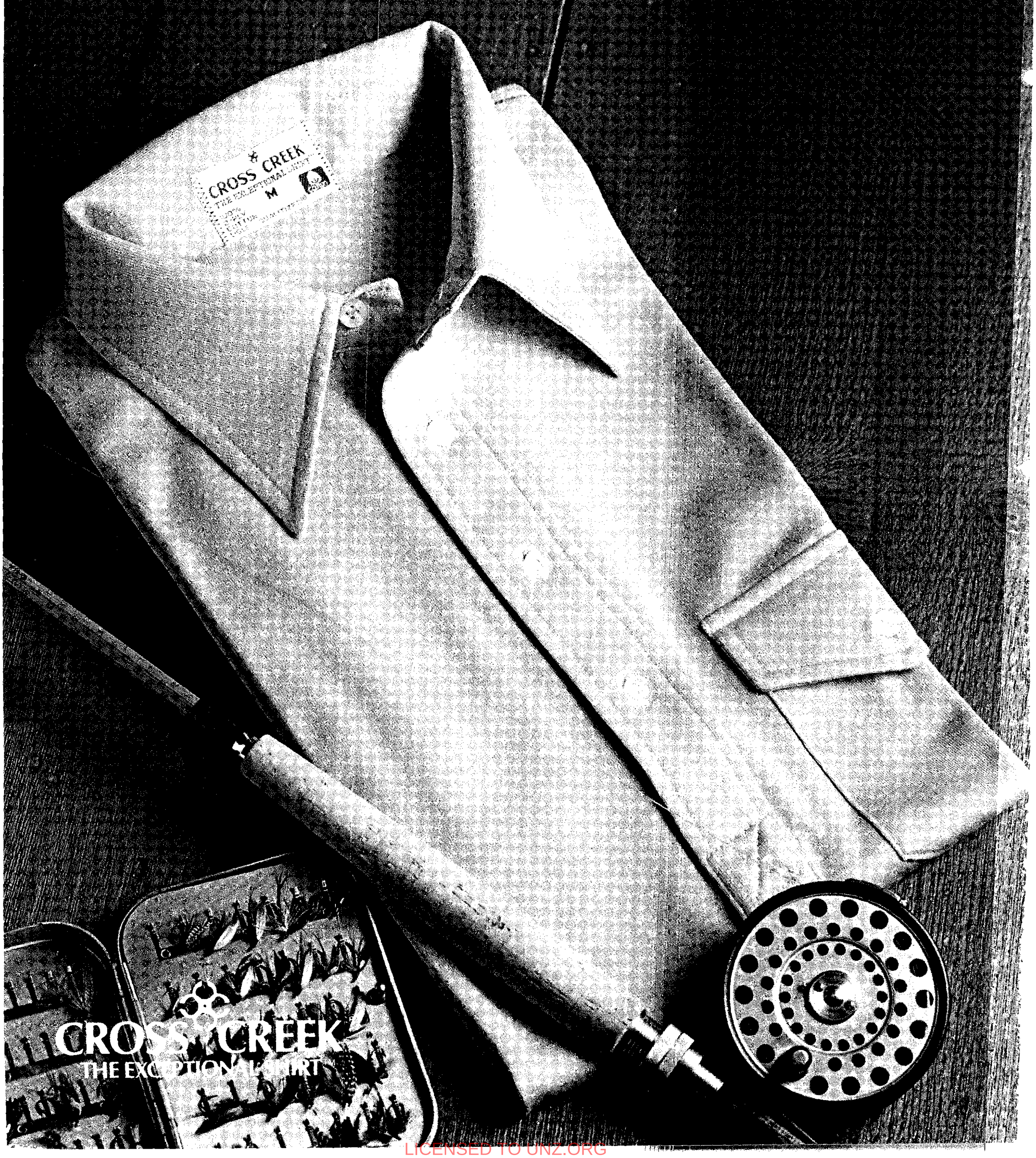

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tle of Dom Pérignon that Bobby Riggs would "beat the ass off that broad." When Billie Jean King was gelding Riggs, she was winning champagne for Otto. He talked Roman coins tonight with a man who comes regularly from a town seventy miles to the west (quenelles of veal and shrimps, breaded pork loin coriander). Otto advised him to read Robert Graves' translation of Suetonius. The customer had the book in his car. There was an Austrian—a stranger to the inn—who fought with the British at Tobruk (Russian coulibiac of salmon, osso bucco). Grateful for his praise, Otto joked with him in German.

Now the inn is quiet, Anne up and working while her family sleeps. She says she believes in guardian angels. She says her good luck is so pervasive that she pulls into gas stations and has flat tires there. She had luck today. When the sea urchins came, she had made enough trifle and baked enough cake to cover her desserts. She works on urchins now—cracking, scooping, separating out the roe. The column of gold is rising in the jar. She says of their move to another place that they are not going far, not far from New York, no telling where. "He has to feel comfortable. I trust in his paranoia to tell us where to go. What is certain is that we'll be between nowhere and noplace, and things will be the same. For all those people who want flames and white gloves, there will be no flames or white gloves. What we have is simple food. Simple food if it is good is great. If you understand that, you understand him."

Her hair has come out of its knot, and a long strand crosses one eye. She puts down her work, dries her hands, and runs them backward from her temples. She speaks on, slowly. "You may have grasped this, but I don't know him very well. If you're close to a screen you can't see through it. He doesn't know me, either. We're just together. People are unknowable. They show you what they want you to see. He is a very honest person. Basically. In his bones. And that is what the food is all about. He is so good with flavor because he looks for arrows to point to the essence of the material. His tastes are very fresh and bouncy. He has honor, idealism, a lack of guile. I don't know how he puts them together. I don't know his likes and dislikes. I can't even buy him a birthday present. He has intelligence. He has education. He has character. He has integrity. He applies all these to this manual task. His hands follow what he is."

—John McPhee

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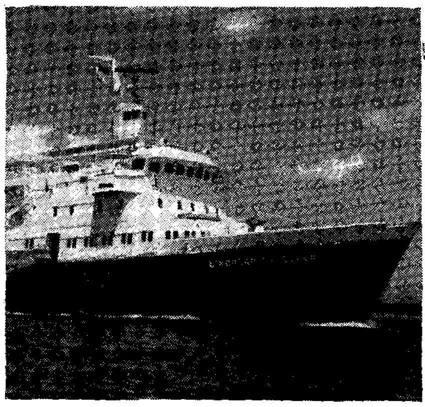

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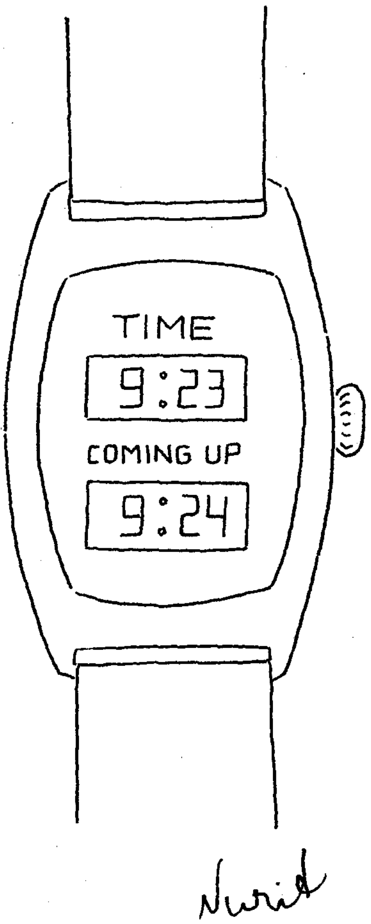
“OLD PHANTOMS,” by Gus Edwards—a Negro Ensemble Company production at the St. Marks through February 18th—is a lucid, unpretentious, and subtle play about a Southern widower named Jack Hamilton, who is determined to raise his two sons and his daughter to be strong and successful, and in the doing destroys them. Hamilton has raised himself, by hook and by crook, to the position of landowner (in one fierce speech, he dismisses a nice but impoverished young fellow who has arrived to take his daughter, Ruth, to the movies, saying that there are already enough poor blacks; he himself comes from generations of them, and that sort of thing is going to stop right now), but while Hamilton’s ambition and its ruinous effect are the principal strains here, they are not the only ones; Mr. Edwards—who, by the way, makes no easy moral judgments—deals with many family feelings, not the least of them affection and jealousy.

The action of the play shuttles back and forth in time. When we meet the children—Ruth, who has devoted her life to looking after her father; her younger brother, Nick, a sharp, crooked, ex-jailbird; and her older brother, James, an inarticulate dreamer whose own life went down the drain when his mother died during his childhood and who has been numbed almost to silence by his father’s savage contempt for him—Hamilton is dead, and Ruth and Nick are fighting about the contents of the will; James, with his back to them, is looking out a window. In the next scene, they are children at the dinner table as Hamilton teaches them table manners, drills them in multiplication, and queries them about marks in school. Results are what interest him. When Nick steals forty thousand dollars, Hamilton is furious that Nick allowed himself to get caught; when Ruth asks to be trained for something, he tells her that her place is to marry well and provide him with grandchildren. One of the old phantoms of the title is that of Mavis, a sympathetic and delightful woman, dead of cancer, whom Hamilton brought home one day for purely sexual purposes but who stayed on to take over the household. Another is the ghost of the gentle mother, whose silent appearances, gliding across the stage dressed in white, are a reproach to Hamilton—the only reproach he responds to. In a powerful scene near the end, James, after many years’ absence, comes home on a visit, and as he tells of his life as a short-order cook and of his failed marriage, his father draws away from him, finally, for the flimsiest of reasons, bursting into savage rage. “Papa,” says James, “you the worst man I ever see in my life.” The ghost enters, and Hamilton shouts out that he doesn’t want to live any longer—the last line that he speaks.

In a play like this one, where so much of importance is unspoken, mood and the complexity of emotion are everything, and Horacena J. Taylor has directed with a deftness that matches the dramatist’s. The acting is beautiful, and beautifully blended. Douglas Turner Ward draws the finest of distinctions between what Hamilton does and what he is. What he is is a tremendously attractive man who, loving his children, is mostly unaware of what he is doing to them; it is easy to see why Ruth adores him. Samm-Art Williams, who gets better and better, makes the character of James indelible. Barbara Montgomery couldn’t be improved on as Mavis, and L. Scott Caldwell and Chuck Patterson are excellent as Ruth and Nick. Charles Brown and Leon Morenzie do well in smaller roles, and Olivia Williams, as the mother’s ghost, makes every appearance as telling as it is meant to be. Good scenery, costumes, and lighting, by Wynn Thomas, Alvin Perry, and Larry Johnson, respectively.

ABOUT seven-eighths of the way through “My Old Friends,” a musical at the Orpheum, Maxine Sullivan—crisp white hair, peacock-blue silk tunic over pale-blue slacks—sings her first and only solo. The song is “A Little Starch Left (in the Old Girl Yet),” and she herself is just as wonderful on East Eighth Street as she was all those years ago on West Fifty-second. That splendid number aside, the show, which is set in an old people’s home—the Golden Days Retirement Hotel—has its good moments and its awful ones. The title song (good) is a serenade to his pills by a new and somewhat discouraged resident, and it is well sung by Peter Walker, as a retired carpenter who is the romantic lead, so to speak; the most awful number, “I Work with Wood,” is also inflicted on Mr. Walker. The show as a whole is cannier and less sentimental than you might expect, however. There is a book, and there are unmemorable, tuneful, show-business songs with pert lyrics (all of them by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs), and there are engaging performances by Leslie Barrett, Norberto Kerner, Robert Weil, Grace Carney, and Fred Morsell, among others. Norman Sachs and Larry Hochman, on two pianos, and Thom Janusz, on bass, serve most effectively as the orchestra.

—EDITH OLIVER



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DEAR ABBY: A few years ago you ran an article about a woman who never cooked her own Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner. Instead, she went to her mother’s or her mother-in-law’s. She wrote to say that she wishes now that she had done her own holiday dinners.

That letter was terrific. If you could publish it again, it would be a great help to a lot of people.

I am a grandmother who wishes my married children would cook their own holiday dinners and invite me as a guest.

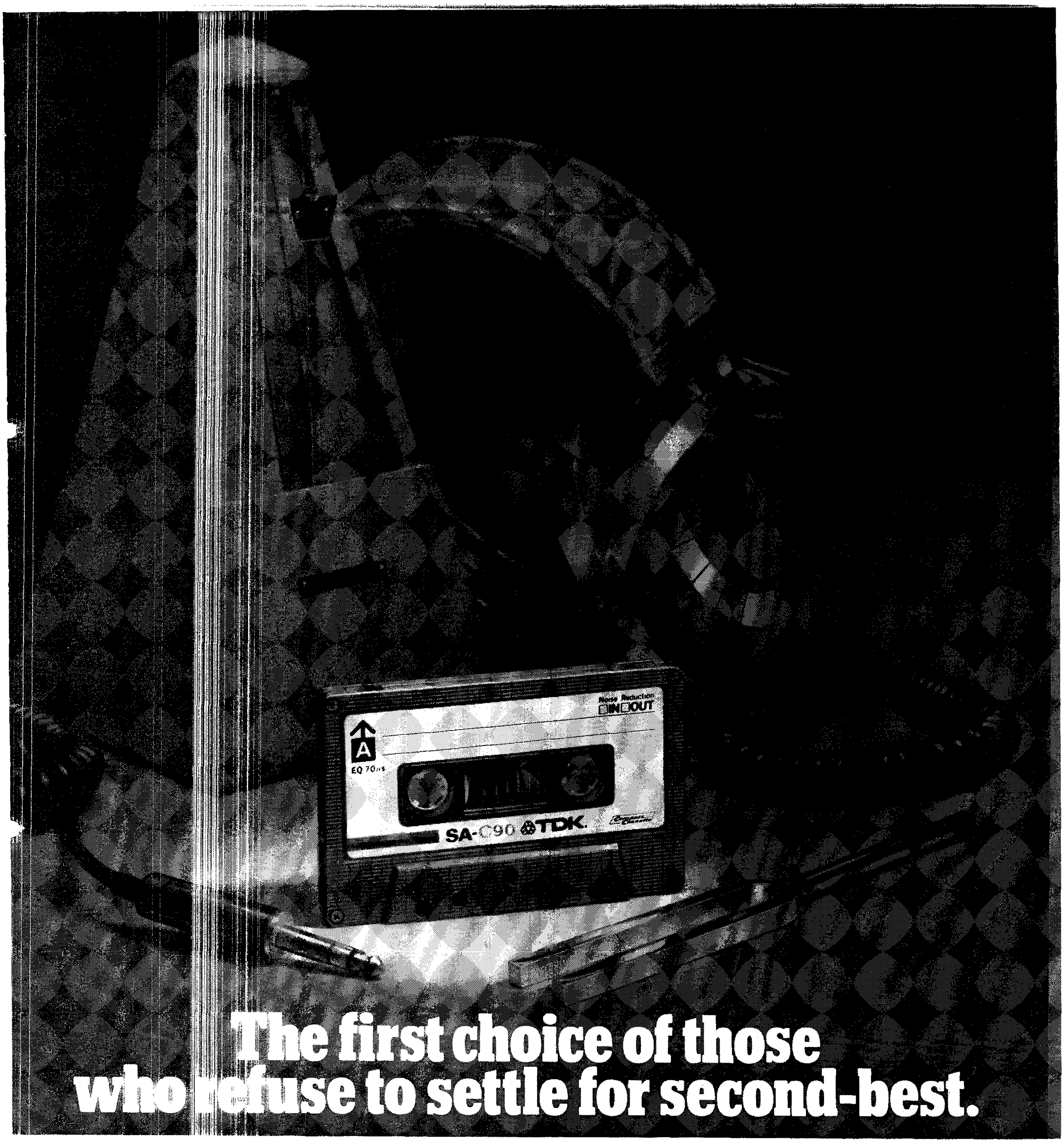
PAID MY DUES

DEAR PAID: It wasn’t hard to find, and here it is:

DEAR ABBY: No names please. If anyone knew I wrote this I’d die of embarrassment.

What is the difference between a mule, a donkey and a jackass?—*“Dear Abby” in the Boston Herald-American.*

We give up.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U.S. JOURNAL: MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

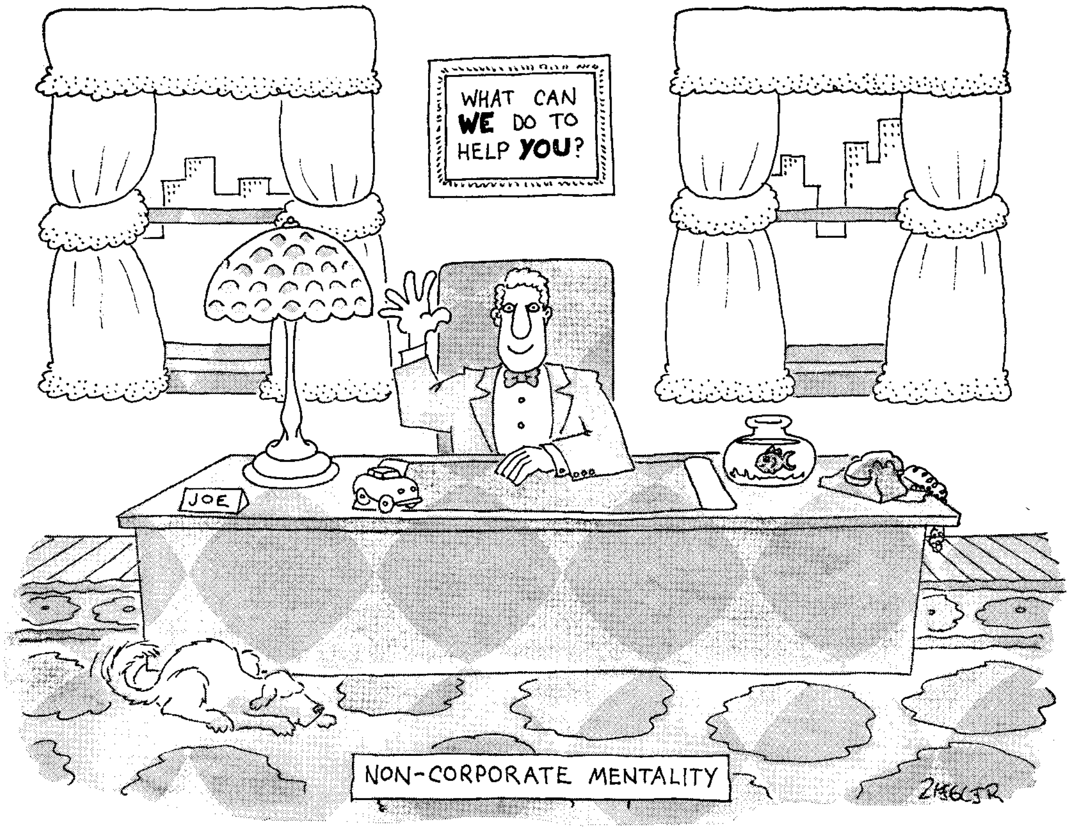
THOUGHTS OF A CONFIRMED INDOORSMAN IN THE GREAT INDOORS

I HAPPEN to own a parka that is guaranteed to make me invulnerable to the elements. My wife gave it to me for Christmas a year ago. As I understand the guarantee, I can stand outside for a limitless period—absolutely motionless, like a fireplug—and have the assurance that perishing from exposure would result in full refund of purchase price. Because the parka was a gift, I am not certain what the purchase price was. My first guess upon unwrapping it was two hundred thousand dollars. It is huge. It has so many moving parts that it came with a full instruction book, like a washer-dryer combination or a Honda. It is filled with the down of many gaggles of geese. In the instruction book, as I remember, the manufacturer assured me that no geese had to be killed to provide my parka's goose down, but he needn't have bothered: having once spent some time in a country house whose owner harbored geese, I learned to hate them almost as much as I hate being cold. The goose down is of a quality that "breathes" so naturally, I gathered from the instruction book, that my parka might be an appropriate wrap for mild August evenings in New Orleans or Corpus Christi. My parka has wolf fur around the hood. It has inner pockets unknown to those who are not privy to the instruction book. It has ties and pulls and straps. When the ties are tied and the hood is fastened, it does indeed make me invulnerable to the elements—although vulnerable, perhaps, to being blindsided by a shrewd mugger, aware that the average fireplug has no peripheral vision to speak of. When the temperature in New York is only around the freezing mark, I wear my parka loosely buttoned, without fastening the zipper or tying the ties—like a champion high jumper who doesn't bother to take off his sweat clothes until the bar reaches six-six. I love my parka, but it is not my last line of defense against the elements. My last line of defense against the elements is staying indoors.

I was drawn to Minneapolis by the news that an indoorsman could stroll around its downtown for hours without so much as a whiff of fresh air. Indoorism is a trend these days in cities all across the North American frost belt. Montreal has burrowed out so many miles of underground arcades—connecting shops and theatres and exhibition halls and hotels and subway stations—that a visitor can scurry around inside for days, occasionally popping out, when in need of reassurance about which city he is under, to be upbraided by a bus driver or a policeman for not speaking proper French. Both Minneapolis and St. Paul have a dozen or so downtown blocks connected by so-called Skyways—glassed-in second-story bridges between two buildings—and there is talk that the Twin Cities version of indoorism may become a prototype for other American downtowns. Most American cities do not have a climate nearly as harsh as Minnesota's, of course, but climate is not the only factor that keeps people inside these days. The first completely enclosed suburban shopping mall was built in a suburb of Minneapolis in 1956—built as an enclosed mall mainly because of the harshness of Minnesota winters—but it has served as a model for suburban shopping malls in cities that boast in national advertising campaigns about the mildness of their climate. The fashion for domed stadia began not in one of the frigid cities of the upper Midwest but in Houston. In some American cities with moderate climates, flashy new downtown hotels are connected by tunnels or second-floor bridges to convention centers or shopping arcades—connections that permit a conventioneer to be downtown without having to rub shoulders with the people he left downtown to get away from. In fact, it has occurred to me that some of the new downtown developments—developments that route the conventioneers and travelling salesmen across bridges over the working folks who are making do with the sidewalks, while reserving the top floor as a businessmen's club, patronized by people who might have a piece of the project—may have finally succeeded in placing the various levels of American society on various levels.

Minneapolis obviously shares some of the non-climate motivations that American cities have for covering themselves over. Even on balmy spring days, an enclosed shopping mall gives Minneapolis suburbanites, like suburbanites elsewhere, the impression of compactness and convenience. Going over the events that led to the recent decision by the Metropolitan Sports Facilities Commission to build a domed stadium for the Twin Cities teams in downtown Minneapolis, I saw no reason to alter my guess about what provides the strongest motivation for building domed stadia in America: a domed stadium is the most persuasive badge of Big League standing, and the prominent businessmen who control other people's bond money in American cities tend to consider life incomplete without the reassurance that they live in a Big League Town. If there had been some sort of federal law prohibiting stadia built with public funds from having private clubs and corporate boxes, I suspect, all the major-league football and baseball and soccer teams would still be playing outdoors.

In Minneapolis, though, indoorism still has a lot to do with the weather. After Minneapolis boosters offered the usual cover stories for why a domed stadium had to be built—revitalizing downtown, generating jobs, holding the allegiance of the major-league teams that Big League boosters find more nearly essential to a city than its water-treatment plant—they also said that without a domed stadium the quarterback's hands would continue to get cold every winter. Unlike the new hotel-convention-center developments in some American downtowns, the Minneapolis Skyway System is not designed as a middle-class compound, protected from the natives by imposing doors and even more imposing doormen. It is meant to be passed through by people travelling between their cars and their offices, and passed through again at lunch hour—at a pace, if the merchants involved have their way, somewhere between a stroll and a loiter. The downtown indoorism of some cities may reflect a fear of black people that is more acute than fear of the windchill factor, but Minneapolis does not happen to have a black population large enough to be considered frightening. In fact, Calvin Griffith, whose Minnesota Twins will be among the tenant benefactors of the domed stadium, said last fall, at a luncheon he apparently did not realize was being attended by a Minneapolis *Tribune* reporter, that the absence of a large black population in the Twin Cities was one reason he had moved his baseball team there from Washington. The Skyway System in Minneapolis is sometimes spoken of as a means of revitalizing downtown or as a means of separating pedestrians from automobile traffic, but the main argument given for building skyways has been to keep people out of the cold. I found that a persuasive argument indeed, although I brought along my two-hundred-thousand-dollar parka, just in case.

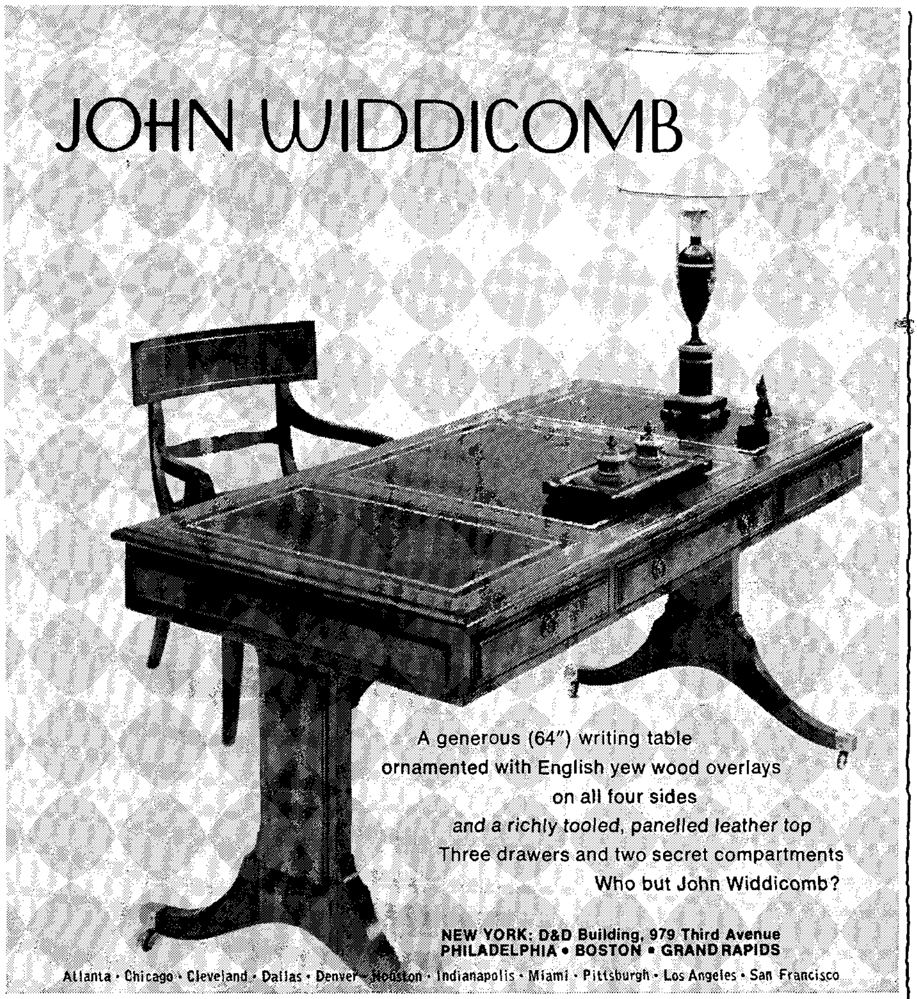


ON my first day in Minneapolis, it occurred to me that I might be the only person in town wearing a parka. It was difficult to be certain—the snow was blowing in my eyes—but just about everyone I saw on the street seemed to be wearing a simple topcoat. The temperature was fifteen above zero—a temperature that in New York would bring out clothing so heavy that a horde of midtown advertising men walking to the office from Grand Central could be mistaken for an oil-pipeline maintenance crew about to start the next shift on the North Slope. A temperature of fifteen above zero amounted to a break in the customary winter cold streak, I was informed by the Minneapolis friend who had lured me into the elements by insisting that we have lunch at the Little Wagon, a saloon four blocks from the nearest entrance to the Skyway System. My friend—a newspaperman who can be called Bob Smith—entered the Little Wagon wearing a corduroy windbreaker. It became obvious during my stay that the method some residents of Minneapolis have settled on for fighting winter is pure defiance. A businessman who had lived most of his life in the East before moving to Minnesota told me, "You have a meeting when it's zero, and half these guys show up in their goddam London Fogs." It occurred to me that one reason the Skyway System has been developed only recently—the first bridge was built in 1962, but the linkup tying together a significant number of buildings was not completed until 1974—may be that Minneapolis people required a hundred years to admit that it was cold outside.

Even citizens who wear raincoats in subfreezing temperatures may find that the long winter brings on long depressions, punctuated by the sort of humor heard in prisoner-of-war camps. The after-work crowd at the Little Wagon—a crowd that tends to linger quite a while after work, perhaps out of reluctance to pull on galoshes, tramp out in the snow, scrape off the windshield, and face the question of whether the car is going to start—can carry on a learned seminar on how Minneapolis slush varies in texture and quality from the slush of other cities. When people in Minneapolis discuss salt, they are usually not talking about the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. They are talking about salt—how much of it is spread on the streets, how it eats away at shoes, how it gradually combines with the snow to form slush of a viscosity unknown even in St. Paul. "I was about to leave for work the other day," a man I met at the Little Wagon told me, "and my wife said, 'Dear, you have salt rings on your trousers.' " The agony of winter provides a recurring theme for Dick Guindon, the Minneapolis *Tribune's* cartoonist, one of whose cheerful winter offerings shows a tow-truck driver and two policemen staring down at what is apparently a body in the snow. "He seemed depressed because his car wouldn't start," the driver is telling the cops. "And before I could stop him he had attached my jumper cables to his wet socks."

When I visit California, I am often struck by the amount of time and energy the residents expend grappling with one sort of natural phenomenon or another—drought, earthquake, mud slide, forest fire. In Minnesota, all that time and energy go into dealing with winter. Some people, of course, deal with it by revelling in it—trekking from roadhouse to roadhouse with a pack of snowmobilers, travelling cross-country on skis, fishing through the ice. Some people become morose, or rail against the elements from the comfort of a cozy saloon. To a booster, a winter that lasts from late autumn until April is a handicap to overcome—a handicap that could make a fall from Big League status more precipitous. A series that the St. Paul *Dispatch* ran recently on domed-stadium experiences in other cities—a series whose emphasis on appalling construction-cost overruns and incessant deficits was taken in Minneapolis to be a reflection of St. Paul jealousy of Minneapolis—ended with a quotation from Hubert Humphrey, once the mayor of Minneapolis, on what his home town would be like if the major-league football and baseball teams moved away. Humphrey said, "What do you want—a cold Omaha?"

"MINNEAPOLIS used to be the brown-bag capital of the world," I was told during my stay. A lot of Minneapolis's major corporations remained in office buildings downtown, but a lot of their employees, faced with the prospect of fortifying themselves against a blizzard that might penetrate their best fortifications, tended to eat at their desks. The Skyway System started people moving, particularly after it acquired a centerpiece called the Crystal Court—a huge, multilevel enclosed courtyard designed by Philip Johnson and associates as part of a new



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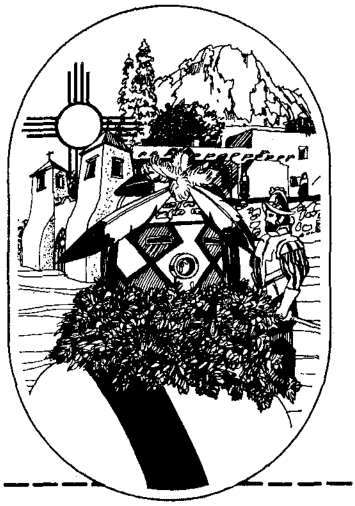

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skyscraper. There is now a weekly shopping paper called the *Skyway News*. A Lutheran minister maintains an office in one of the buildings within the Skyway System and is known as the Skyway Chaplain. One young man and young woman who met in the Skyway System had their wedding there. According to a banker I ran into at the Little Wagon, though, the most poignant scenes in the Skyway System are not scenes of young couples strolling hand in hand through the Crystal Court while a blizzard rages outside. The most poignant scene, he said, consists of a secretary on a lunch-hour stroll without a coat or boots looking through the glass of a skyway at the store of a ground-floor merchant who has a huge "SALE" sign in the window and a couple of dresses that look very promising, but no back entrance into a lobby connected to the Skyway System. The temperature is four below zero. Passing buses are throwing the qualitatively different Minneapolis slush almost to the Skyway. The merchant stares up at the secretary. The secretary stares down at the merchant. "It's like the Indian brave gazing at the Indian maiden across an impassable river," the banker told me, shaking his head slowly. "Very, very sad."

IN the Skyway System, I was usually lost. Some of the skyways lead into arcades or office-building lobbies that are lined with storefronts, but many of them lead directly from the second floor of one huge department store to the second floor of the huge department store across the street. Apparently, even regular users of the system sometimes lose track of just whose display of designer bluejeans they are passing, and have to dash over to the nearest skyway for a glance at some familiar landmark outside. The first time I found myself on the second floor of J. C. Penney, it occurred to me that the store management had failed to read the paragraph in a Skyway System planning report which begins "Signing is extremely important for pedestrian orientation." I had carefully plotted my course through the Skyway System to go as far as I could indoors before plunging into the blizzard toward the Little Wagon. First, I went by elevator to the skyway level of my hotel. Then I walked along one of the balconies overlooking the Crystal Court, and crossed the Seventh Street Skyway into Donaldson's department store. I was carrying my parka, of course, but just about everyone else in the store was coatless. The Skyway System having erased the usual wintertime distinction between customers and floorwalkers, I realized, a carefully turned-out member of the Grain Exchange cutting through Donaldson's on his way to an important business lunch had to keep up a brisk pace or risk being approached by a shopper and asked for help in choosing the right size in men's pajamas. Although the Skyway System path in Donaldson's was not distinguished by color or signs from any other path, it went straight across the store, and I managed a successful crossing to the Sixth Street Skyway, leading to J. C. Penney. J. C. Penney was a maze. According to the chart next to the skyway, a straight black line traversed the second floor of Penney to Fifth Street, where I would have my choice of continuing on to Powers department store or taking a sharp right to the National City Bank Building. I started straight across J. C. Penney, and found myself facing a carpeted island of Selected Junior and Misses Sportswear. Was I meant to skirt the island to the right, through an unmarked arch that led to Nightgowns? Was I meant to skirt it to the left, in the direction of what seemed to be Notions? Or could it be, I finally asked myself, that I was not meant to skirt it at all? Was I meant to become disoriented in Selected Junior and Misses Sportswear on the chance that I might have my eye caught by a tweed blazer or that I might ask a floorwalker for directions and find the conversation drifting toward the bargains being offered in the new belted look for spring? Was it possible that J. C. Penney, a respectable, long-established American merchandising firm, had entered into a conspiracy to get me lost on its second floor? Would I rather be cold or lost in J. C. Penney's Notions? I managed to reach a street exit and put on my parka. Ties tied, straps strapped, pulls pulled, I headed for the Little Wagon. I was invulnerable to the elements, and, had the snow not been blowing in my face, I would have known where I was.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

CORRECTION:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17—The beans referred to in the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Oct. 12 release No. 2828-78 should have been designated "frozen green and wax beans" instead of "frozen and waxed green beans." Please make the correction in the head of the article and in line two.—*News release from the U.S. Department of Agriculture.*

On second thought, pass the cauliflower, please.

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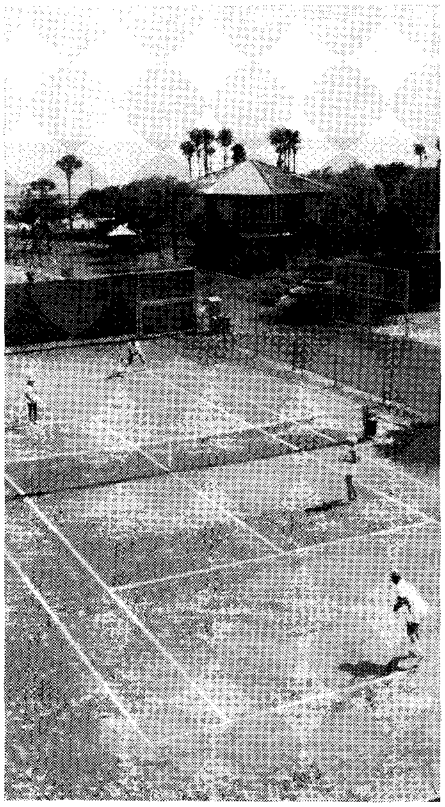

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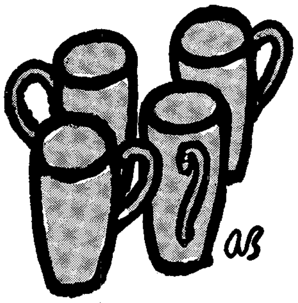
REFLECTIONS

THE REACTIONARIES

JUST when Iran manifests a determination to shed development and turn away from the Western world, China abruptly decides to send ten thousand students abroad to learn Western science. A year ago, China still avoided barbarian influence, while Iran was in headlong industrialization, the booming “future superpower” of Asia. Next year, the situation will no doubt be different again. Although there is nothing new in the developing countries’ discordant reactions to Westernization, we constantly express surprise at their crises. Government and press at first thought that Iran’s troubles had come because the Shah was insufficiently progressive in his political policies. All were confused to discover that his most effective opponents were the mullahs, and that what they wanted for Iran was piety, decorum, theocratic government, and a halt to liberalization. Joseph Kraft commented, after his investigation of what was happening in Iran, that “except for a tiny handful . . . almost no Americans perceived the formidable political impact of religion in Iran.” This is true, and it is an extraordinary indictment of the policy-making community in the United States.

We Americans deal in simple models of social change and politics, nearly all of them related to our own national experience and values. Thus, even sophisticated people analyze southern Africa as if it were Alabama at the time of the civil-rights struggle, or Afghanistan as if Marxism were a real issue there, or Zaire in terms of liberation struggles and the national popularity of rival political leaders—as if the majority of Zaire’s population knew the names of its leaders, or even knew that it was being led.



In Iran we saw a simple model of change: a backward society strenuously modernizing under a dictatorial leader who was admired by many for his ambition and strength, criticized by others for his ruthlessness, but thought by nearly all to be destined to give way eventually, like Atatürk, to parliaments and constitutions—still more progress. Iran, however, has proved to be a model of something else, something unfamiliar but more instructive: a model of how a developing country goes into shock as a result of economic development, social change, and the resulting attack upon its traditional culture.

WHAT has happened in Iran falls into a pattern of reaction to Western influence and intrusion which has existed since the fifteenth century. From the beginning of the era of Western exploration and colonial expansion, societies in Asia, Africa, and Latin America not only have seen their political and military power overturned by invaders but have experienced a challenge to the norms of those societies themselves. This has been a challenge at the most profound level, because it involved primordial issues of human destiny and the values of life. From the beginning, it has been explicitly a religious challenge.

The governing motive of Spanish and Portuguese exploration and colonialization in Asia and America was religious—the propagation of Christianity and the salvation of pagans. Without Christian baptism, even the most virtuous pagan was deemed to be barred from Heaven and at best fated to an eternity in Limbo, where he would enjoy natural happiness but be deprived of the sight of God. The second wave of colonial expansion, mainly of the British and French, was more openly motivated by political and commercial ambitions but was a religious undertaking as well. Such men as Jean de Brébeuf, Isaac Jogues, and David Livingstone, enduring torture and disease, making terrible journeys into the North American forest or deep into Africa, were obviously driven by something more complicated than simple religious faith. But such were the formal beliefs for which they risked death, and found it. They preached Christianity to Iroquois and Africans, baptized them, translated the Bible into their languages, looked after their sick, taught them the hymns of France, England, Scotland, Germany. Dr. Schweitzer, playing Bach in the tropical forest, bullying and patronizing his African sick but also healing them, was there to serve God and contemplate the evidence of the historical Jesus. The missionaries still at work today do not, perhaps, possess the old confidence in the justness of what they do, but the nature of their enterprise has inevitably been to insist to non-Christians that their religions are false, their values deceptive or perhaps damning, their gods idols.

And it was not only the missionary who thus addressed the peoples of Africa and Asia. The religious claim made by the West was merely one expression of a self-confident civilization that also possessed high science, formal philosophy, a mastery of technology, and belief in its own destiny. Until our time, the people of Western Europe had scarcely any doubt that theirs was mankind’s highest civilization and that they had a mission of converting others which was part of the grand process of man’s enlightenment and progress.

The native peoples of Asia, Africa, and the Americas were expected to acknowledge Western truth as against native error. The issue thus posed for them was one of cultural as well as religious apostasy and conversion. One gave up polygamy to become Christian, but also to become modern and progressive. One often had to renounce the Confucian ethic, the veneration of ancestors. (A sophisticated seventeenth-century Jesuit effort to strip Western cultural tradition from essential doctrine and thus produce a “Chinese Christianity” was, of course, condemned by Rome.) One ate unclean foods, or fasted while others ate. One took up kinds of work that in the past had been proscribed, or roles in life that before had not been possible. One profited or progressed by means of the foreign presence and foreign institutions while alienating oneself from one’s origins. Conversion could be a step ahead. It could mean rescue from low status, a career opened to talent, escape from a mean life. It could be an act of generosity and service. It also represented a decision that the old society, the old culture, was insufficient. The British-born anthropologist Colin Turnbull quotes the man he calls “the lonely African”:

> I died the day I left this village and went to Matadi. . . . I am an old man and I have only one worry. I believed in your world at one time, even if I did not understand it, and I tried to follow your ways. But in doing this I lost my spirit. It left me somewhere; perhaps in Matadi. . . . But somewhere it left me, and I am empty.
>
> In your world you people made me change to your ways, and tried to make me think like you. But no matter how hard I tried you never took me as one of yourselves. To you I was still a savage,

> and you used me for your own ends. I was content, because I knew that I could never be completely like you, but I thought that my children could learn, and their children would surely be just like you. I tried to bring help to my people by telling them of your ways, and by being their *capita*. But look at them, they do not even pay me the respect due to an old man: to my own people, as to you, I am just a savage. I am alone in this world. You made it impossible for me to be true to the ways of my ancestors, yet I cannot understand the ways of your Bwana Yesu, I cannot believe his beliefs. When I die, very soon, shall I still be alone? Will you talk to me then? Will my people talk to me? Will anyone speed my spirit on its way to some resting place, or shall I be as I am now, alone?

"He's cute, but everything he knows comes from books."

Jawaharlal Nehru said in his autobiography, written in prison long before he became independent India's first Prime Minister, "I am a stranger and alien in the West. I cannot be of it. But in my own country also, sometimes, I have an exile's feeling."

The Western conquest of Asia and Africa proved in crucial respects an intellectual and moral conquest. The missionaries' horror at cannibalism in Africa or the Pacific islands, at slavery, infanticide, suttee (the Hindu widow's ritual suicide), their defense of women as better than chattels, their concern for outcastes and the poor, their devotion to education—all this had an impact that forced Asians and Africans, especially the most sensitive of them, into anguished criticism of their own societies. The great Indian historian of the West in Asia, K. M. Panikkar, says that nineteenth-century Hindu intellectuals accepted Westernization "to purge Hinduism of the customs and superstitions with which it was overlaid, to raise the status of women, to bridge the yawning gulf between popular and higher Hinduism, to fight relentlessly against caste, social taboo, polygamy."

The technological and organizational advantage of the Western colonizers and conquerors of Asia and of the Indian civilizations of Central and South America in the thirteenth to sixteenth centuries was originally very slight, when it existed at all. Clive, Warren Hastings, and Mornington conquered India by political maneuver and with only a handful of soldiers. The numerical odds overcome by the Spaniards in the conquest of Incas and Aztecs are hardly credible. Africa was taken by little bands of men of whom the mass of Africans was scarcely aware. There was never a time in the great age of imperial conquest and colonial rule when the European power occupying a major Asian or African society could not have been ejected through determined resistance on the part of even an important minority of the subject people. India at the time of the so-called Sepoy Mutiny, in 1857, was held by a force itself four-fifths Indian. The English and Scottish regiments were drastically outnumbered. That uprising—"the last determined but ineffective attempt of the old ruling classes, the Marathas and Moghuls, to drive out the British," says Panikkar—was put down by a predominantly Indian force in the service of the British East India Company. Muslims were used against Hindus, southern Indians against northern Indians, linguistic groups against one another. Africa was controlled until the nineteen-sixties by African troops under European officers. Belgium, with a population a fifth the size of the Congo's and a territory one-seventy-fifth that of its colony, met no serious opposition. The Belgian record in the Congo before the reforms of 1908 was nonetheless one of the worst and cruellest of all. So was the Dutch record in Indonesia, a sophisticated Asian civilization, where the Dutch easily held a territory sixty times the size of the Netherlands and a population ten times their own.

It was not that the colonial power had muskets and artillery. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the conquered everywhere had—or, rather, could have had—roughly the same firepower as the invader, to go with their overwhelming superiority in numbers. When the serious, sustained, and successful uprisings against colonial authority came, after 1945, the development of ordnance had given the colonial powers a vastly larger advantage than they had ever enjoyed when they conquered their empires. The French sent their first military expedition into the Kingdom of Annam in 1858 and were in Saigon by February, 1859. When the French were driven out of Indo-China a hundred years later, they possessed bombers, radar, napalm, paratroops, sophisticated radio communications, automatic weapons, long-range naval gunfire, command of both sea and air, and a deep knowledge of the society and its languages. All these did them no good. Thought was even given in Washington to using the atomic bomb against the rebels. The French lost, as did we when we came in with our own advanced technology of war—smart bombs, electronic sensors and barriers, computerized intelligence systems, lie detectors, torture, and the heaviest aerial bombardments in the history of warfare. The North Vietnamese by this time had plenty of small arms and artillery, but the shovel, the sharpened stick, the pit, the tunnel were their decisive tools of war. Their victory was essentially organizational and political, giving them a moral ascendancy over their enemies, including the United States government. The crucial difference is that in the eighteen-fifties the Vietnamese had darkly sensed that they had to lose, and the invader was convinced that his destiny was to conquer, convert, civilize.

Political competence was, of course, an important factor. China, the civilization that, on the historical record, might have seemed the one with the greatest potential for resisting the West, was in grave dynastic decline and under decadent rule during the years of Western colonial expansion. On the other hand, Japan had notable success in mastering the Western challenge. Once the Japanese grasped how formidable the foreign challenge was, and that the previous policy of rigid isolation had failed—this involved several years of struggle between leading clan groups and of open civil war ending in the restoration of direct imperial control of the government—they were capable of rapid and effective decisions. The Chinese were not.

Like India, China in the past had been able to absorb and assimilate foreign conquerors without a real cultural submission. Instead, they had conquered the conqueror. This was true for the Manchus in China and for the Moguls in India. Even in the nineteenth century, China never formally succumbed to Western power, although the empire's authority survived until the revolution of 1911 mostly because of foreign acquiescence and the disinclination of individual foreign governments to see a rival the paramount power in China (thus America's Open Door policy on China trade). But China was abused and exploited, invaded to suppress the Boxers; Peking was sacked. The rival foreign governments had imposed extraterritoriality in the coastal cities and did pretty much as they pleased within the country. Britain earlier had casually resorted to war to maintain the opium trade, so profitable to Indian hemp growers, against the stubborn resistance of the Chinese authorities. China, as a civilization, tried to defend itself against the West, but in the end China succumbed, too, becoming a republic under the leadership of Sun Yat-sen—who had been brought up in Hawaii as a Christian. The Chinese went on to send their people abroad to study (as they do again today). Eventually, they concluded that the liberal West had failed them. Sun himself at his death was still

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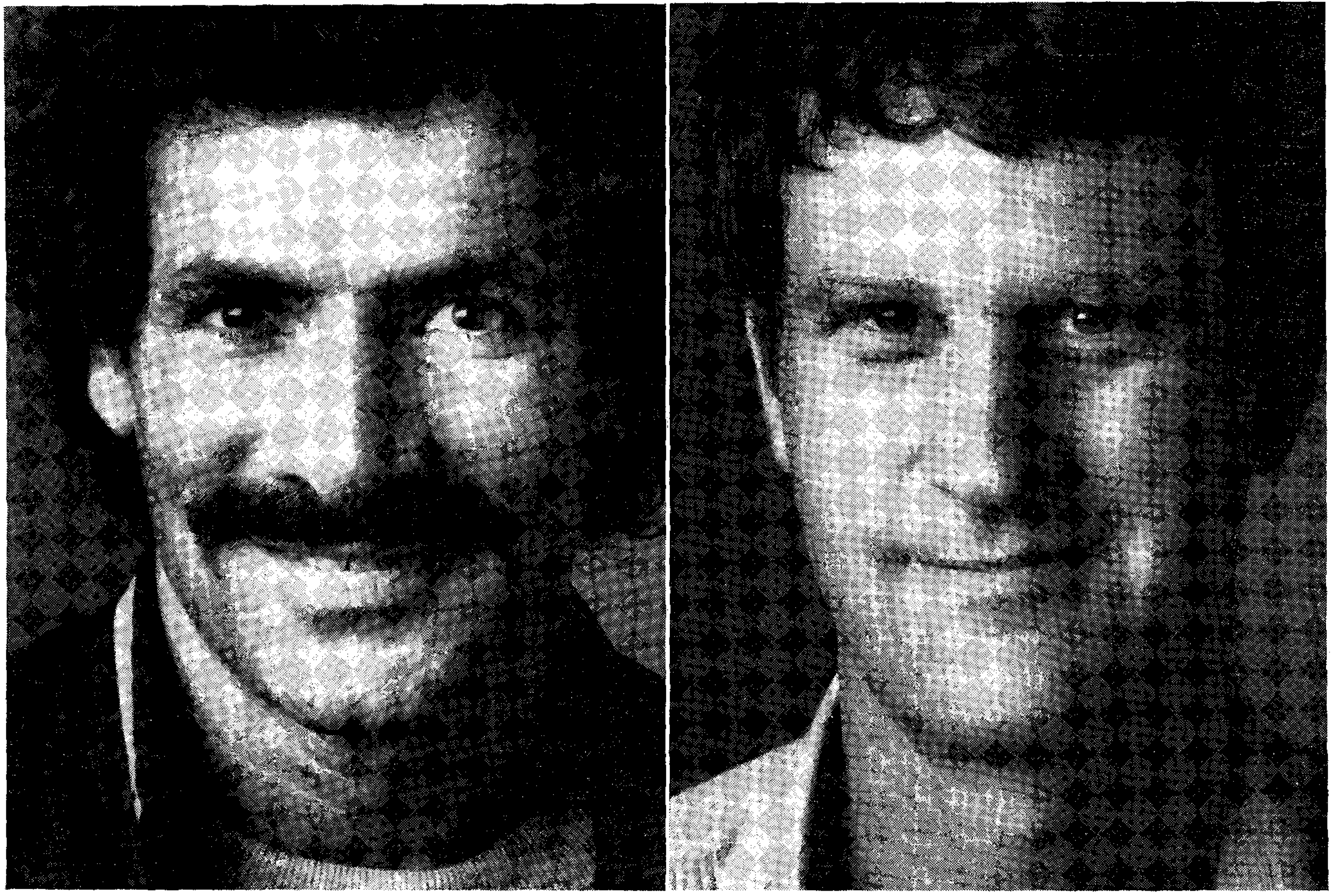

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*Source: The Bureau of Labor Statistics, U.S. Department of Labor

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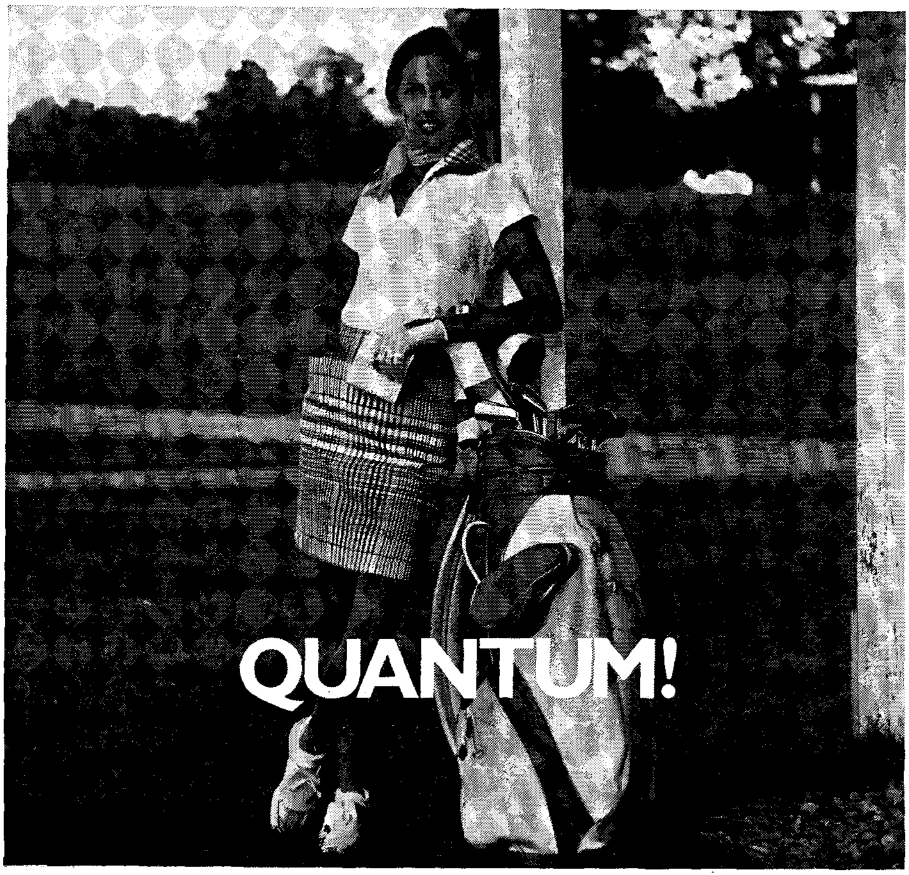
urging that the Chinese people study the Soviet system as the way to modernize and free themselves. The doctrines of a German Jewish journalist working in London, as interpreted and applied by Russian political activists, were a desperate choice for a society that had always before believed itself at the center of the world, surrounded by barbarians.

IT was a moral conquest that the West accomplished in the age of imperialism, and that conquest was followed, in the mid-twentieth century, by the moral recovery of the subject peoples and by the colonial powers' loss of confidence in their own mission of civilization and conversion. These changes were caused by objective as well as subjective forces—notably, for the Western countries, two world wars and the experience of totalitarianism and genocide. Edmund Stillman and I wrote at length about the Western impact upon non-Western societies in a book called "The Politics of Hysteria," published in 1964. We argued that the modern political condition of nations in the Third World tends to express certain established forms of reaction and resistance to the cultural as well as the political intrusion of the West. Such patterns recur. The Shiite clergy, who have been leaders of resistance to the Shah in Iran, have always been held to be interpreters of secular affairs as well as of religion. Shiism—the unorthodox wing of Islam—has been a political force from the time it became the state religion of Persia in the sixteenth century and a means of Persian national defense against the largely Sunni Muslim Ottoman Empire. The clergy were involved in the national agitation and protest of the nineteen-twenties, following decades of British and Russian interference in Persia, which ended in the coup d'état carried out by the Shah's father, then an Army officer. It should have been obvious that if the society was placed under sufficient strain the clergy would again become an active political force of consequence, and also that their aim would be to end the impieties and secularization brought on by the tumultuous changes of modernization and economic development.

There are three possible ways to deal with the threat that foreign ideas and values pose to an old society. One is reactionary—to resist change and try to expel the dangerous novelties from the society and reaffirm established values. The second is total conversion, cultural apostasy, producing the condition of "the lonely African"—or the



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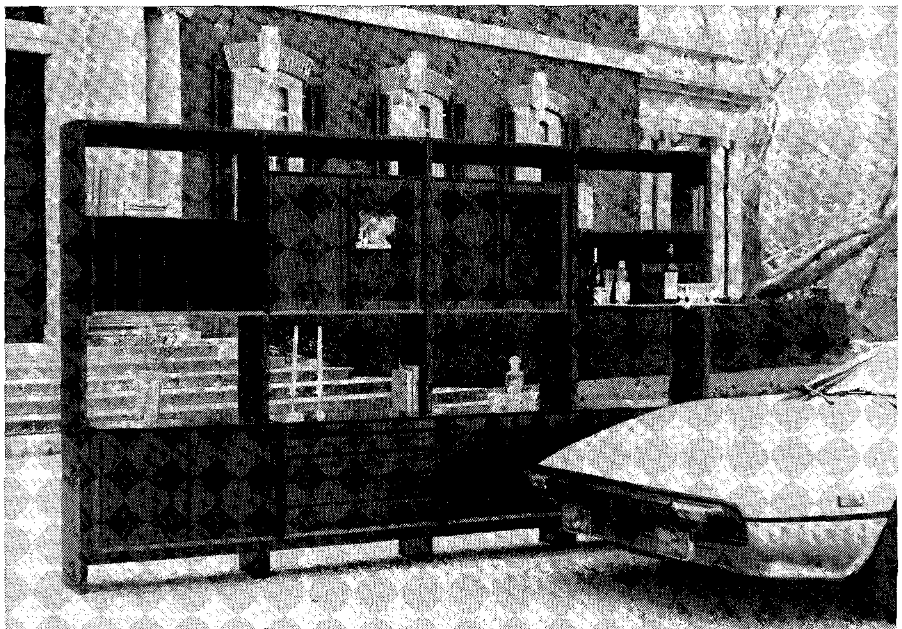
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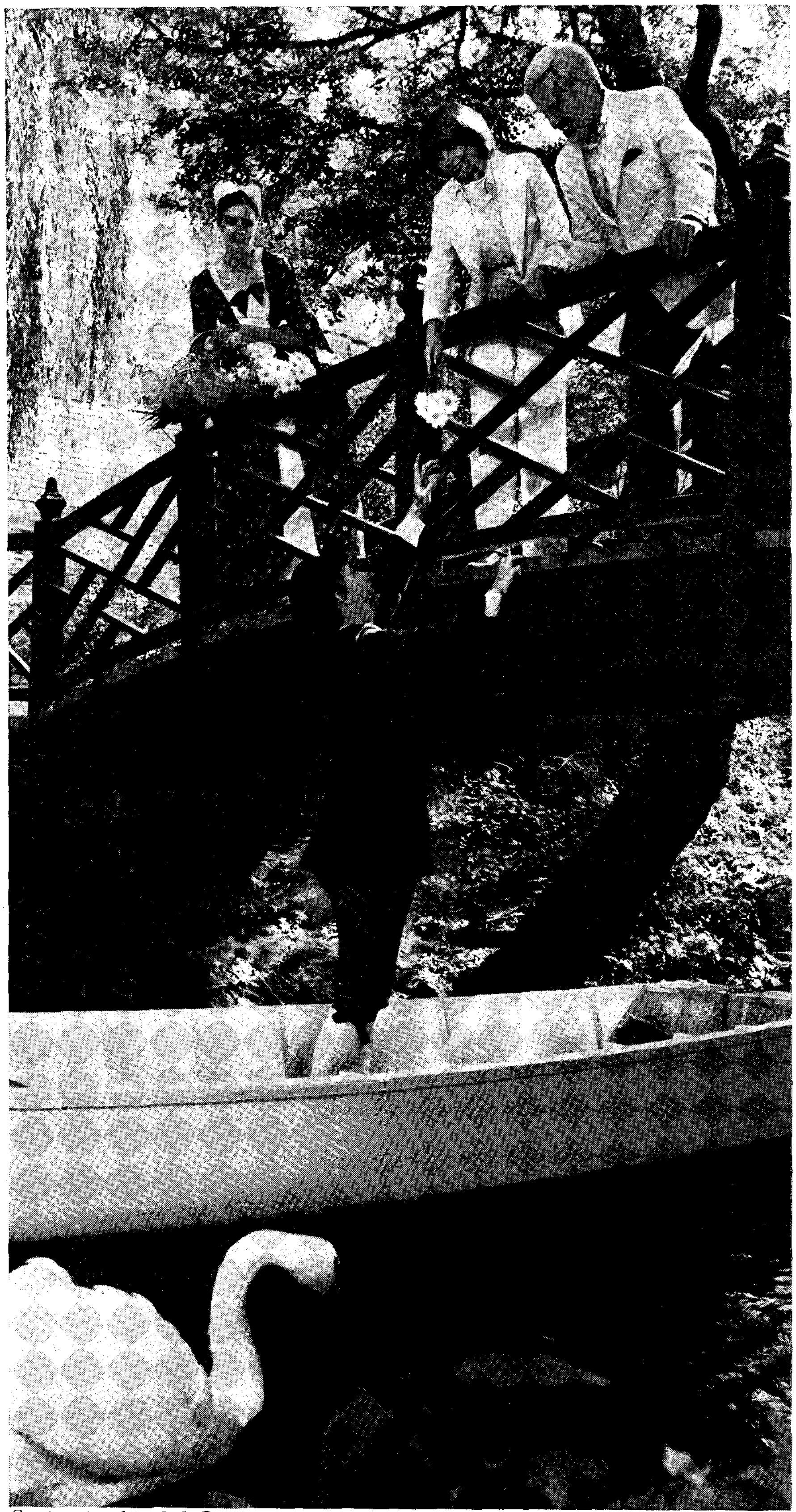

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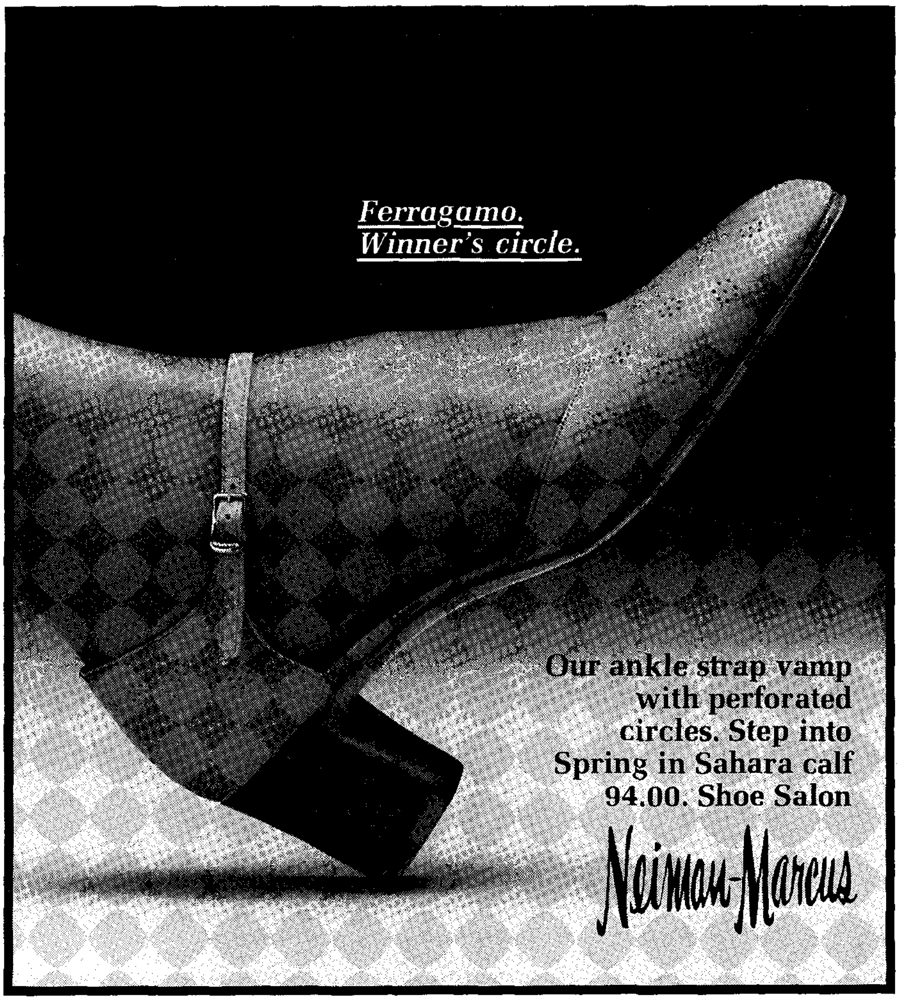

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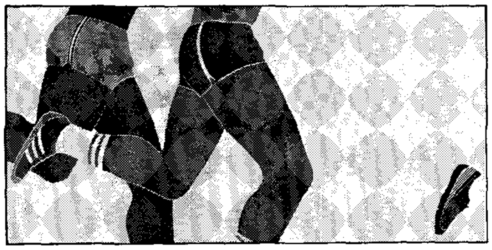

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embittered exile on a foreign café terrace or university campus. The third is to achieve some kind of synthesis. The fact that the last is not only the most reasonable response but also, in the long term, probably the only feasible one does not mean that it can, in any given case, really be achieved, or that the two other forms of response will not repeatedly occur.

The reactionary response is particularly common, because it is direct and uncomplicated, looking for relief from stress in an idealization of a past that has been lost because of the corruptions introduced by foreigners. Moreover, it seems a recoverable past: you can drive out the foreigner, destroy his works, proscribe his ideas, humiliate those who have made themselves his agents and converts. That, at least, is the argument. Such reactionary movements sometimes have been accompanied by symptoms of social disorientation and hysteria, with magical and prophetic elements in the popular manifestation. During India's Sepoy Mutiny, a restoration of the Mogul Empire was proclaimed in Delhi. While the causes of that uprising included such provocations as violation of the dietary conventions of both Hindu and Muslim troops, a British historian of the event, writing at the turn of the century in the great eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, concludes that a major cause was popular anxiety over what had been the most progressive and humane British innovations: "the prohibition of suttee and female infanticide, the execution of Brahmans for capital offences, the re-marriage of widows, the spread of missionary effort and the extension of Western education."

The Boxer Rebellion in China at the end of the century resembled what had already happened in India. In this case, a secret society that called itself the Band of Righteous Harmony (mistranslated as the Fists of Righteous Harmony) arose among the peasant communities following sixty years of accumulating humiliations of China by the Western powers. The movement seems to have begun spontaneously, but was connived at by the Manchu court after the Boxers adopted as their slogan "Cherish the Empire—Exterminate the Foreigners." Serious violence began with the murder of a British Christian missionary in 1899, and by 1900 the Boxers controlled all of northern China and occupied Peking. The driving force was fury at the missionaries, who were held to embody the essential Western threat. Militants were said to possess invulnerability to Western bullets. They did not, and a combined expedition of European, Japanese, Russian, and American troops marched on Peking, took it and looted it, putting down the rebellion at the cost of fairly indiscriminate destruction. The American commander, Major General Adna Chaffee, said at the time, "It is safe to say that where one real Boxer has been killed since the capture of Peking, fifteen harmless coolies or laborers on the farms, including not a few women and children, have been slain."

The Muslim Brotherhood in the Middle East, a proscribed political party in most places but still of considerable influence, is another such reactionary movement, aiming to restore the lost past. Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi, in Libya, is still another, despite his progressive language and his willingness to finance secular revolutionaries elsewhere in the Middle East. He stands for Muslim theocracy in revived and purified form. When he paid a state visit to Paris a few years ago, he was interested less in talking to political figures than in meeting François Cardinal Marty, leading rabbis, and Protestant theologians for a serious confrontation on religion. He also alluded to the 1973 oil embargo as revenge for Poitiers—the battle in 732 when Charles Martel halted the Saracen invasion of Europe.

The reactionary response to Westernization can scarcely succeed, except in delaying change and eventually making it still more explosive. Too much already has been done to change a country like Iran for the process to be stopped now. The West, in any case, will not leave these countries alone. It is not just the oil. We have changed since the days of imperial mastery, but only partly. We have lost our old belief that we possess the right to collect colonies and rule people for their own good. But we still have little doubt that our civilization—our industrial way of life—represents the future for the old civilizations and societies of the world. We believe that we are the future; we believe that we are in control of the future. The élites of those societies believe it, too, whether or not it is true.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

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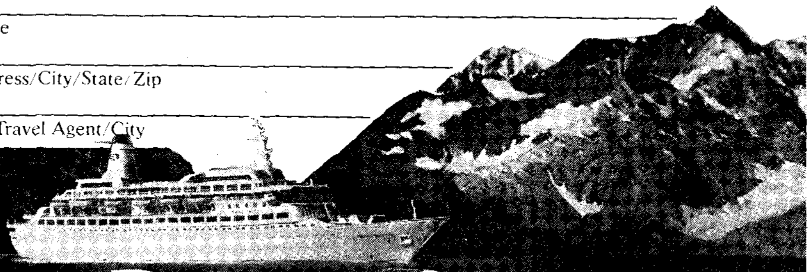

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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WHEN performers learn to master, and their audiences to understand, an idiom previously unfamiliar or imperfectly understood, fashions change, critical assessments become out of date, and history books have to be rewritten. The range of music available for the public to enjoy is increased, since there is more that it can "read in the original," not in the rough-and-ready construe obtained by applying the syntax of another age's music. It is a long while since Bach was considered too barbaric and Palestrina too simple-simon to be worth listening to. The music of the seventeenth, sixteenth, fifteenth, and fourteenth centuries is now open to modern audiences. So, nearer home, is Italian opera written in the first half of the nineteenth century, which to our fathers was a deliberately closed book.

BURNEY owned scores of Peri's "Euridice," Caccini's "Euridice" (both 1600), and Monteverdi's "Orfeo" (1607), which can be regarded as the first three operas ever written, and in Book IV of his "General History of Music" (1789) he wrote that he was "unable to discover Monteverdi's superiority," since "more forms of phrases of musical recitation still in use may be found in Peri and Caccini than in Monteverdi." In 1907, Romain Rolland took Strauss to hear "Pelléas et Mélisande," and in his diary Rolland wrote:

> He wholly misses the point of the last scene. For my part, I find it a scene of emotional brilliance. I do not think that, since Monteverdi, anything in music has achieved such intensity with such modest means.... For Strauss there is no music.

After the opera, Rolland, Strauss, Ravel, and a few others gathered in a café:

> The conversation turns to ancient music, a subject in which Strauss is profoundly uninterested. He says somewhat disdainfully that he knows nothing of Frescobaldi or of Monteverdi, indeed nothing before Bach, and that the subject does not interest him—certain little things by Rameau perhaps. We try to make him understand that there are works of quite modern genius like Monteverdi's "Orfeo." He listens politely, but he is bored.

Rolland knew "Orfeo" in d'Indy's edition, which omits the first and last of the five acts and contains about half the music, provided with a rich, full continuo realization. The opera had to wait more than three centuries for a revival in anything like its original form. Then, in 1925, the newly formed Oxford University Opera Club did it uncut, in a careful new edition prepared by Jack Westrup. The club celebrated its jubilee by reviving "Orfeo," in a new edition by Jane Glover. In 1925, Westrup had used modern instruments, oboes and clarinets among them. In 1975, Miss Glover could use instruments of Monteverdi's day. She wrote:

> Knowledge of seventeenth-century performing practice and style has grown considerably. Cornetts and chitarrones have become ever more popular and are played with increasing excellence; and singers specialize in and perfect the art of Caccini's *nuove musiche*. Audience tastes have similarly swung back to the pure Renaissance and Baroque styles.

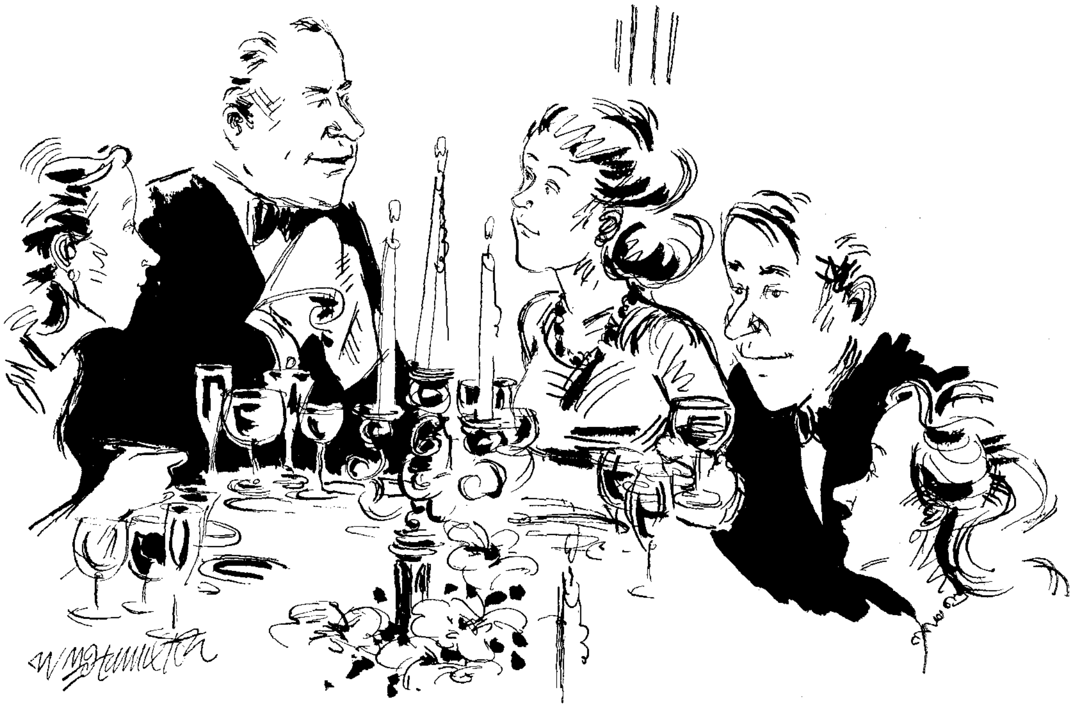
In Britain, "Orfeo" has been played almost as a repertory piece, up and down the country, ever since Sadler's Wells (now the English National Opera) took it up, in 1965, in an edition by Raymond Leppard; in 1976 Kent Opera made it the first panel of its Monteverdi "trilogy," in an edition by Roger Norrington. New York first heard "Orfeo" at the Met in concert in 1912, in a much abridged and modernized version by Giacomo Orefice. In 1960, the City Opera opened its season with "Orfeo." Stokowski conducted. Paul Henry Lang, in his *Tribune* review, described the edition used as "the best available score," without further identification, and the program provided none. But there were gamba, lute, chitarrone, recorders, and small organs in the orchestra. The work was much shortened (Harold Schonberg, in the *Times*, called it "a digest version"), and was played on a double bill with Dallapiccola's "Il Prigioniero." It was dropped after three performances and has never been revived. What seems to have been New York's first full staging of "Orfeo" was given by the Juilliard American Opera Center this month.

The show was played thrice, to packed houses. It was an important occasion. "Orfeo" was revealed to be the masterpiece of musical drama that—*pace* Burney, *pace* Strauss—it is. In the prologue to the opera, the allegorical figure of La Musica comes forward:

> I am Music, who in sweet accents
> Know how to calm every troubled heart,
> And, now with noble wrath, now with love,
> Can inflame the most frigid minds.

That, one might say, is a declaration of what opera is about; and it was Monteverdi who showed how *all* Music's devices—not just the new recitative style of dramatic utterance, which had brought opera into being, but also closed forms, repetitions, variations, and affective instrumental colorings—could be combined into a harmonious balance (or sometimes a fruitful opposition) in the cause of expressiveness. The Orpheus legend, which is about the power of music, is a "self-illustrating" subject. Monteverdi's "Orfeo" is a perfect opera, number by number and in its pacing, its proportions, its control of tensions and contrasts. "Ulisse" and "Poppea," written three decades later, for the public theatres of Venice, are operas of a kind different from "Orfeo," which was composed for the Mantuan court—they are swifter, less formal, more modest in instrumental resource, more "human." But who would seek to range the three in any order of merit?

No reviews survive of the 1607 première. We know a little more about the staging of Peri's Orpheus opera, "Euridice," in 1600. The instrumental players were "within" the stage, presumably concealed amid the scenery, where they could see and follow the singers. (There are careful instructions for such placing in the preface to Gagliano's "Dafne," produced in Mantua a year after "Orfeo.") Well-disposed lamps produced an effect of bright daylight in the outer scenes, while in the Underworld there was a coppery glow, and tongues of flickering flame could be glimpsed through rifts. On either side of the stage, statues of Poetry and Painting were represented—apt symbol of Opera's comprising all the arts. Similar painted statues could be discerned on the Juilliard stage, but only just; the décor (sets by Alfred Silbermann, costumes by Anna Anni) was lent by the Gulbenkian Foundation of Lisbon, whose theatre has a wider opening than the Juilliard's. The scenes were at once handsome and simple. The transformation from Hades to the Thracian fields was surprising, effective, and beautiful, and the grand, cloud-borne descent of Apollo shone with splendor. Sandro Sequi, who directed, had plainly worked long and carefully with his cast. This was a sensitive and finely achieved production, and in style one of the most satisfying Monteverdi stagings I have seen.



"*Money is life's report card.*"

The Juilliard had perhaps given a little less hard thought to the musical side of things. The edition used was that of Denis Stevens, which is a scholarly and practical score devised to make "Orfeo" accessible to companies or music schools that lag behind the times in not being able to muster a full complement of original instruments. Modern oboes replace the cornetts; a modern brass quintet takes over from Monteverdi's five trumpets and his five trombones. Stevens also rebars all Monteverdi's recitatives and ariosi and some of his choruses (the greater part of the music, in fact) to indicate where "a slight stress is called for by the natural flow of the text." Personally, I think that Monteverdi's own longer, "unmeasured measures" further a more eloquent recitation, and that the singers should be trusted—or coached—to discover where the natural accents lie. Be that as it may, Stevens is not to be held responsible for what happened at the Juilliard, where the recitatives and ariosi were actually *conducted*. (It would make as little sense to have a conductor onstage at a lieder recital, indicating tempo and accents to the singer and the accompanist.) Peter Herman Adler beat time, and he did so with a heavy hand in the measured episodes and a dulling one in passages where it is up to the individual singers to set the paces and determine the phrasing. The opera was sung in Italian. It is plainly a good thing that student singers should have exercise in performing that language, but they—and the audience—would have learned more about Monteverdi's directness and affecting power if a good English translation had been used. Most of the time, the singers declaimed the text as if they understood it. Sometimes, but not quite often enough, they seized it, molded it, and let it determine the flow of the music. More attention to Caccini's *nuove musiche* prescriptions for the varied declamation of dramatic recitative was needed, and probably longer rehearsal with the continuo accompanists, so that they could have phrased, breathed, attacked as if with the singers' own breaths.

The singing was never less than agreeable, and was a good deal more than that from Zehava Gal (an eloquent Messenger) and Hei-Kyung Hong (a beautifully pure, steady, and expressive Proserpine). In the title role, Ronald Raines had the right ideas but not always the vocal technique to carry them through. Roseann Del George (La Musica), James Justiss (a stylish countertenor Shepherd), Pamela Coburn (Eurydice), Mischa Ferenzov (Charon), Robert Briggs (a sonorous Pluto), and Brian Schexnayder (a bold Apollo) all deserve mention. The principal dance, featuring a bounding Pan, looked rather silly. Michael Rice's lighting was fidgety and out-of-period.

Before leaving the subject of Orpheus, let me add a word on behalf of Peri's opera. So often we are told that Monteverdi's "Orfeo" is the first *real* opera, that its predecessors consist—as Lang put it in his 1960 City Opera review—of "dull recitatives." Not so. I've not heard Caccini's "Euridice;" in score it does look, well, somewhat plain—though perhaps impassioned performers would bring it to life. Peri's "Euridice" is not only dramatic but also melodious—more melodious in its recitative periods, in fact, than Monteverdi's "Orfeo." It is not as powerfully or purposively shaped a dramatic score as Monteverdi's. (I don't go as far as Burney did.) It doesn't have the same rich variety of forms and of instrumentation. But it is well worth staging. The Juilliard should do it—without a conductor, and with continuo players in the wings, alert to the phrases as they fall from the singers' lips.

TEXTBOOKS tell us that Verdi's "Otello" drove Rossini's "Otello" from the stage, but that is not quite true. The annals of performance in Giuseppe Radiciotti's big Rossini biography show that by the mid-century Rossini's opera was already beginning to lose its popularity; Radiciotti's list of productions grows thin there and peters out in 1880, seven years before Verdi's "Otello" appeared. (In Prague and Berlin, the opera lingered on for a decade.) It is true, however, that Verdian *canto d'azione*—the direct, declamatory style of singing pioneered by Bellini, developed by Donizetti and Mercadante, and perfected by Verdi—ousted Rossini's florid, highly decorated manner of utterance as an acceptable medium for Italian operatic tragedy. Rossini's "Otello" was composed, in 1816, for Isabella Colbran, celebrated for what Stendhal once described as her "lava-stream of roulades," and the coloratura tenor Giovanni Davide. Verdi's "Otello" is the culmination of "the new style," recognized as such in the eighteen-forties and propagated by

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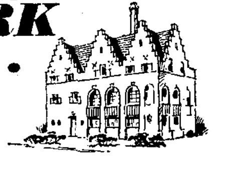

ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

singers like Giuseppina Strepponi, Erminia Frezzolini, and Gaetano Fraschini. And it is also true that in our age, when the submerged landmarks of early-nineteenth-century opera are beginning to reëmerge, Rossini's "Otello," an arresting and beautiful work, might be done more often were it not shadowed by Verdi's towering masterpiece on the same subject. What seem to have been its first performances in this century were those given in Town Hall by the American Opera Society in 1954 (with Jennie Tourel as Desdemona) and 1957 (with Eileen Farrell). Then London staged it in 1961, and Rome in 1964; the Rome production came to the Met in 1968. There have been other revivals; Wexford's, in 1967, is one I recall with pleasure. Most recently, the Academy of Vocal Arts, in Philadelphia, gave two performances in the Walnut Street Theatre.

"Otello," the third of the ten operas, nine of them serious, that Rossini composed for Naples, is in its way a reform piece. A first glance at the score shows many pages of display music for voices adept in divisions and accurate in leaps; a closer examination shows only three set arias, and only one, Roderigo's, in regular form. Othello's aria, a tender andante between a vivace marziale and a fiery allegro, is embedded in the opening sequences, and in some scores it is headed "duetto," because of Iago's frequent asides. Desdemona's aria, shaped as the second-act finale, punctuated by choral entries, and propelled by offstage action, has a long, freely composed arioso, the brief, beautiful "L'error d'un'infelice" (whose delicately falling filigree, over andante-sostenuto triplets, Bellini recalled when composing "Casta Diva"), and a final cadence of quicksilver roulades prolonged for four pages. Even Roderigo's aria has its surprises: the voice enters before the clarinet introduction has run its course.

Henry F. Chorley has a wise chapter about Rossini in his "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections" (1862). In the eighteen-thirties, Chorley recalled, "the sagacious, the scientific, and the sour set their faces against [Rossini] as a mere flimsy tune-spinner." But thirty years later "his wondrous grace, his fertility of invention, his admirable treatment of the voice, his simple and effective taste in arrangement of the orchestra" became more apparent than ever. (The 1930 and 1960 views of Rossini were in similar contrast.) "The day may never come," Chorley continued, "in which commentators will wrangle about his outer forms and inner meanings." That day has come. "La Cenerentola" has been assessed—and even staged—as a moral parable, and Rossini's forms have been carefully studied. "It would be difficult to name any more forcible example of musical expression than the third act of 'Otello,'" Chorley said. Not *very* difficult today, but there is still uncommon force and pathos in the great sequence. After the soft, richly scored prelude, whose strains recur to accompany the gentle conversation of Desdemona and Emilia, there is the gondolier's song—just fifteen offstage measures (but designated for a primo tenore), a snatch of Dante, the unhappy Francesca's "Nessun maggior dolore," drifting up from the lagoon, over a moonlit string shimmer, to chime with Desdemona's sad thoughts. Magical passage! Then the exquisite Willow Song; Desdemona's innocent, touching prayer; the extended, abrupt music of Othello's entrance, elaborately annotated, as in Verdi, with stage directions; a storm that is not merely picturesque but whose lightnings streak and whose thunders shake the desperate vocal lines of Othello and Desdemona; the four-octave tumble after the murder; the tense silence pierced by single notes (precursors of the gruesome double-bass cries in Strauss's "Salome"); the ironically joyful music as Roderigo, the Doge, Desdemona's father, and the chorus burst in to congratulate Othello, restored to favor now that Iago's perfidy has been revealed; the sudden, shocking close. Verdi and Boito evidently knew this act well. In Rossini's autograph, it is set out in a single span, not broken into numbers (and the Philadelphia audience was sensitive enough not to interrupt it with applause). The Willow Song provides the full statement of a melodic cell from which much of the music has budded, and is a lovely example of the tender melodies, adorned with delicate, unobtrusive embroidery, and subtly accompanied, that the true Rossinian holds dearer than all the verve and brilliance. Here, in "L'error d'un'infelice," and in Desdemona's Mozartian duet with Emilia is found the poetic Rossini who can join hands with the Berlioz of the duo-nocturne in "Béatrice" and the garden scene of "Les Troyens."

The libretto, by the Marchese Francesco Berio di Salsa, observes the unities by being set in Venice within a day. It is far from Shakespeare. Stendhal in two devastating chapters laid bare its weaknesses, but he added, "We are so electrified by the magnificent quality of the songs, so spellbound, so overwhelmed by the incomparable beauty of the theme, that we invent our own libretto to match."

The Philadelphia production had a cast of young, fresh, unforced voices, flowing out effortlessly into a theatre of moderate size (but one whose potentially good acoustics were spoiled by the noisy bourdon of a projector fan). In the Rome production, the music of Acts I and II had seemed hardly substantial enough to fill the opulent, romantic staging, which was by Sandro Sequi, and Giorgio de Chirico's big, colorful scenery; Act III, however, came off splendidly. The Philadelphia performance, in modest yet effective décor by Robert Yodice, was more even, more of a piece. Dino Yannopoulos's staging had its ill-judged moments, but on the whole it moved well enough, and unobtrusively. Cecelia Dempsey was a touching Desdemona with a very good sense of Rossinian phrase. Josephine Mozzani was a delightful Emilia. Gary Burgess's Othello was vividly declaimed. Richard Brunner's Roderigo was bright (Roderigo has the most brilliant of the four primo-tenore roles), and William Austin's Iago was lively. Only a Sutherland or a Horne can today accurately define Rossini's fiendishly taxing divisions, but this cast did pretty well. There was perhaps rather less fudging, smudging, and snatching, and rather more sweet suppleness, than in the Rome performance. Best of all, there was the most impressive, sensitive, shapely, and stylish Rossini conducting since Vittorio Gui's. Alessandro Siciliani, a young Florentine making his American début, showed himself a master of the manner, naturally eloquent in his shaping, timing, molding, balancing. Everything seemed to happen at exactly the right speed, with the right emphases, and in the right timbres. There was a good orchestra, drawn from the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia. Rightly, the opera was sung in English; the dramatic sense of Rossini's inventions could be followed. —ANDREW PORTER

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[*From the Sacramento Bee*]

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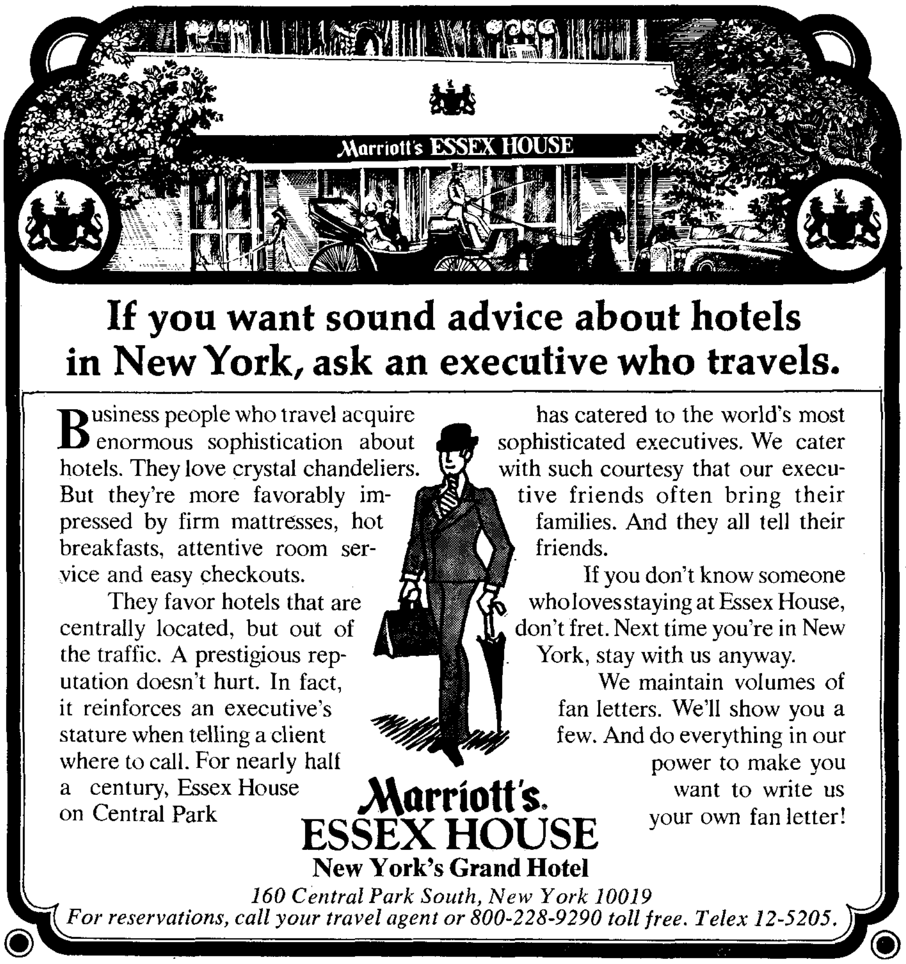

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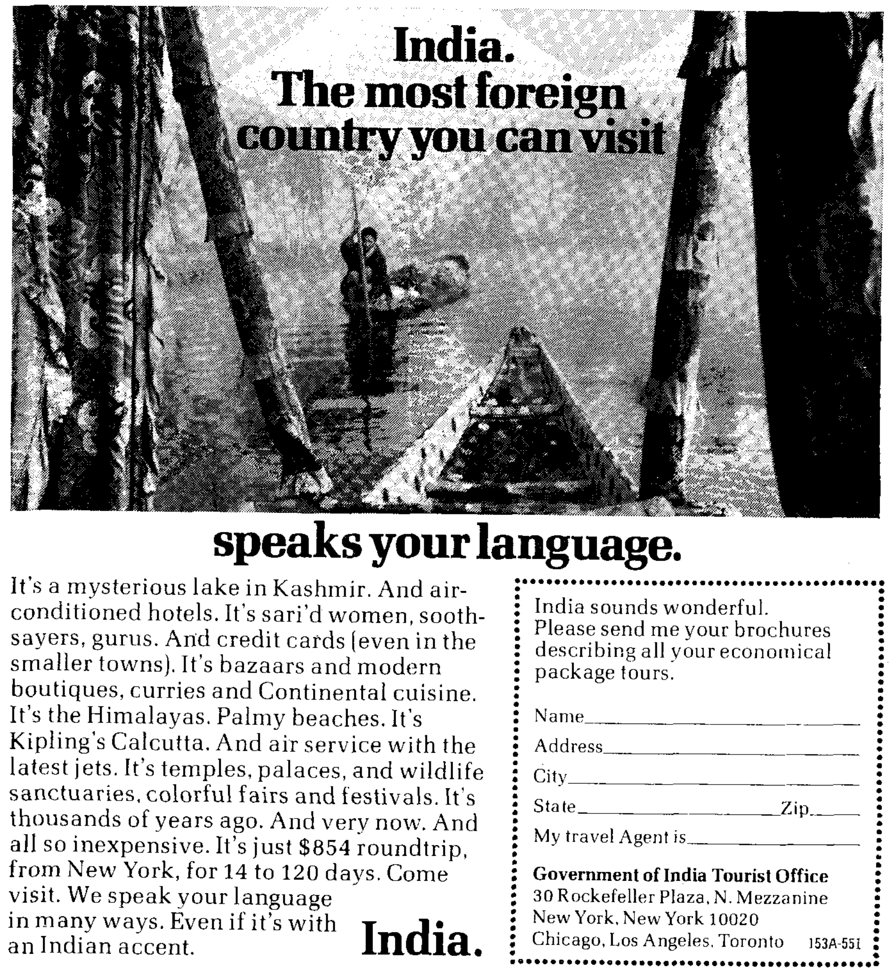
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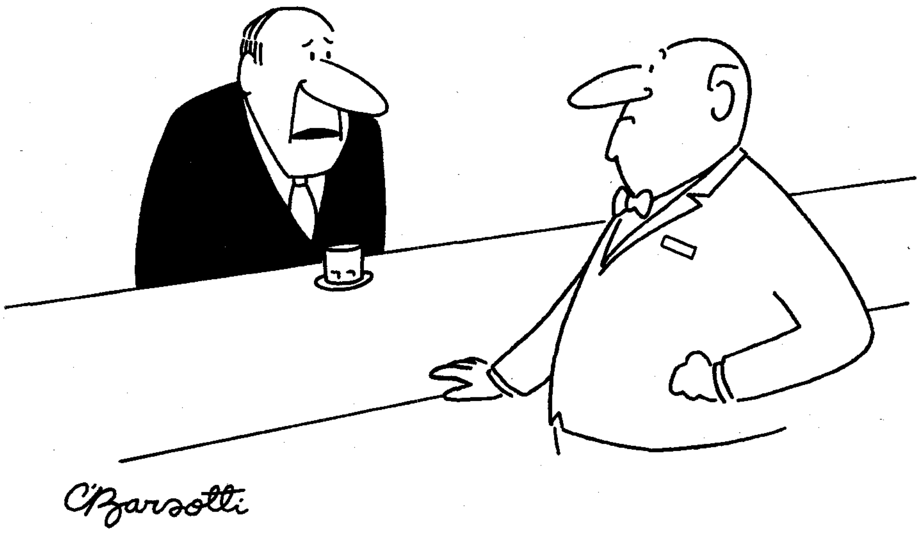
DANCING

Repertory Dead and Alive

THE final weeks of a long, exhausting, and exciting season such as the one the New York City Ballet is now having take their toll in injuries and illness. Scheduled dancers drop out, replacements must be prepared, sometimes at short notice, and pretty soon there aren't enough rehearsal hours left for next week's programs. The ballets that do not appear on the bills until late in the season—particularly if they're unusually complex or delicate ballets—may have to be sacrificed as the emergencies pile up: either cancelled or put on in an underrehearsed state. So far this winter, only two ballets and several pas de deux have had to be pulled—a not bad record for a company that maintains a year-round active repertory of more than fifty ballets. Not bad, that is, until we consider that the cancelled ballets were "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto" and "Divertimento No. 15"—two of Balanchine's greatest. The loss then is far greater than the numerical facts can express.

Sheer numbers, though, tell a tale. This repertory, the world's largest, plays its home city twice a year in nine-week seasons (along with five weeks of "The Nutcracker" every winter). A decade ago, when the average number of repertory weeks per season was eight, the average number of ballets was just under fifty. This means that the ratio of ballets to performance weeks—the ratio on which the company has been operating for some time now—is six to one, and it's unmanageable. The company has never been able to keep six ballets in top-quality motion for every week that it performs—no company ever has—yet it drives itself on, and the standard explanation is that it must, because of the subscription system. Subscribers are said to have an obsessive thirst for variety and novelty. Yet in the years before subscriptions were instituted the company was flogging itself along at an incredibly steep five to one. That might be a more reasonable ratio for today. The demands of subscribers account for only a small amount of the seasonal pressure; the rest is brought about by habit of aspiration. (In the old days at the City Center, programs often consisted of four ballets every night, and a principal dancer would appear in two or three of them.) The audience can see when the company is pushing itself and when it isn't, but pressure that goes beyond the logical expectation of a reward may not be so easy to appreciate. The New York City Ballet acts as if it had got sidetracked in the first phase of proving Cocteau's theory that you can't know what is enough until you know what is more than enough. Its audience these days is benign. But if audiences in general are more willing than ever before to accept the kind of grand and serious folly that ballet is—and it seems that they are—does that mean they'll accept everything about the way ballet is presented to them? When you talk about the ways ballet companies are run, you're talking about ways to rationalize the irrational, and a great deal of superstition enters the talk. At the N.Y.C.B., one good argument for keeping an inflated repertory is that disrepair tends to strike hardest at ballets that are not performed every season. Yet staples like "Symphony in C" and "Serenade" can be performed year in and year out and still go through drastic fluctuations in quality of performance. Ballet is intrinsically inefficient. Just when you've got optimal accuracy costed out in man-hours, something magicks it away.



"I've always said that if you weren't in New York you were in Hackensack, and now I'm being transferred to Hackensack."

Another problem is that until the sixties the company's repertory was formed for smaller stages than the one at the State Theatre. Some of the Balanchine classics have been expanded since the move to Lincoln Center; others look troublingly small in their current productions. Perhaps the time has come to set up a second company, to perform the older, smaller works that have resisted the transition to the larger stage. What would we not give to see "Liebeslieder Walzer" again, danced in its full original décor on the stage of the Juilliard Theatre? There, too, ballets like "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," and "Donizetti Variations" could regain their proper dimensions. And new ballets might be born that could never be conceived at the State Theatre.

"Orpheus" came back into the repertory this season—its first revival since the Stravinsky Festival, in 1972. For the occasion, which marks the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the New York City Ballet, Mikhail Baryshnikov made his début as Orpheus, and Francisco Moncion appeared in his original role of the Dark Angel. Kay Mazzo was Eurydice, and there were two other débuts: Heather Watts as the leader of the Bacchantes, and Adam Lüders as Apollo. Baryshnikov gave a strong, thoughtful, deeply committed performance, wrong in every move. It wasn't his fault; he had cancelled two performances in order to rehearse a role to which he is ill suited. Orpheus is passive, turned-in—a mime rather than a dancer. The role, like the ballet as a whole, is cast in the hieratic mime of the forties. Baryshnikov's mime was in the modern Russian tradition of dance-acting; he sniffed out the dance implication in every gesture and gave that full play. For the first time since he joined the company, he looked a stranger. His Orpheus is a romantic hero, a protagonist. Balanchine's is a disinterested artist, submissive in the grip of fate. The role was drawn on the loose line and introverted stance of Nicholas Magallanes—hardly a prototype for Baryshnikov. The production itself came on looking like a scrappy dress rehearsal. The second performance was smoother, but again there were accidents and mistakes. The projections that mirror the rocky landscape in the first scene rose on the horizon

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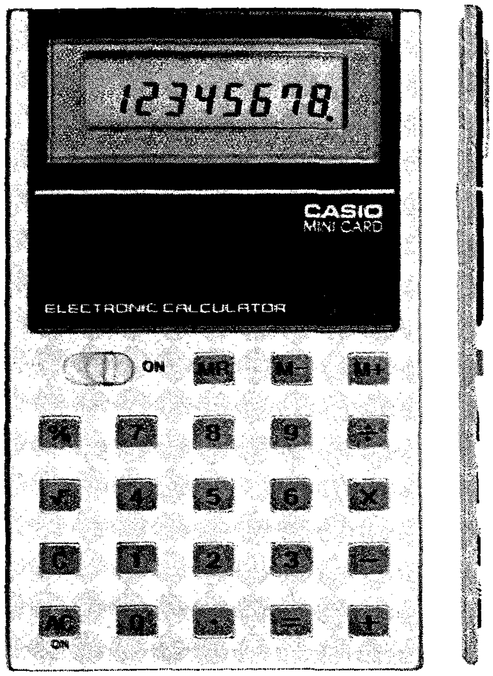

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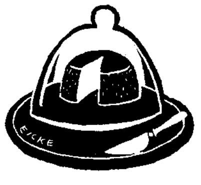
as we began the descent to Hades; they reappeared, as they should have, on the return trip; but as Orpheus regained Earth they rose again, instead of sinking. The great white silk curtain that drops like a veil of mist to envelop the principals on their journeys is a notorious hazard. In the first performance, the dancers had to fight clear of it; in the second, Moncion was cut off from his downstage exit. But these things have gone wrong before without affecting the tragic mystery of the ballet. This time, there was no mystery and no intimation of one—just a sketchy recital of events that were once part of a treasured ballet. "Orpheus" in its present form is a token reminder of the past, not a serious revival. Composed in an unemphatic narrative style, the ballet is an ashen meditation permeated by the sweetish odor of death. The veil dropping between earth and the underworld is the shroud of the dead. The effect is derived from Tchelitchew's décor for an earlier ballet, "Errante;" it is related to the veils in "Giselle" and "La Bayadère." Orpheus at Eurydice's grave begins the ballet; Apollo ends it by conjuring from blood-soaked ground a flowering branch that bears the immortal lyre heavenward. But this production seems to have been pervaded by a death wish. Perhaps we should read as its reigning symbol the fact that the twist of ivy that should hang from the branch is missing.

There are many people who hold "Orpheus" in beloved memory, not least because its première, in 1948, was a turning point in the fortunes of American ballet. After the première, which Stravinsky conducted, Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein were invited by the City Center to form the New York City Ballet. Kirstein includes the sequence "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon" among the fifty historic masterpieces in his book "Movement and Metaphor." And there are countless personal testimonials to the ballet's impact. I never shared in the apocalypse that was "Orpheus." By the end of the fifties, when I saw it for the first time, it was embedded in a triumphant New York City Ballet repertory. It looked unique (and still does)—a distant relative of a Martha Graham piece—and the pas de deux was impressive then and for many years to come. But one could be critical. What about the Furies scene, where some people moved rocks while others did vehement high kicks and wagged their elbows? Later, I found my objection, and much more, in a laudatory review by Edwin Denby ("A pity the Furies' dance in Hell is of no value"), and Denby was at the theatre on the first night of the current revival. He remembered vividly being overcome by his first impression of the ballet; during intermission he'd sat slumped in his seat, attracting the concern of ushers. He described Maria Tallchief as Eurydice—her large, handsome head and shoulders, her dramatic weight and torsion in the pas de deux in which, climbing Orpheus' back, winding her legs about him, she seemed to drag him heavily downward. The erotic urgency of this passage I had witnessed myself. ("Eurydice writhes at her husband's feet like a mountain lioness in heat," Denby had written.) By contrast, Kay Mazzo was as light as a stick of balsa. Dramatically and sculpturally, Baryshnikov's chunky contours were unrelated to her skeletal ones. Denby also spoke nostalgically of the Epilogue. Apollo appears bearing the severed head of Orpheus and drawing from it eternal song—a rite I have never seen performed with anything like the evocative power that seems to have been intended for it. But in a more intimate house you could begin to guess what it meant. The idea of performing the small works of the repertory on a small stage like the Juilliard's is Denby's; I pass it on eagerly. It might be the way to a restoration of "Orpheus." In 1972, the company went to some trouble to present Noguchi's famous décor in a revised and rescaled version, and the look of the whole production dropped a notch in meaning—from barren to desolate, from provocative to eccentric. Now the scuba-diving helmets and hoses, the bodies decorated with ropes and pancakes just seem a curious anticipation of High-Tech. The Bacchantes still have their 1972 wigs, which look like Orlon sea grass, and unfortunately they dance not wildly but flamboyantly, like the corps in "The Cage." But the moment when Orpheus and Eurydice join hands for the journey home and a pale ribbon slashes the wall with a glimpse of sky is still magical.



Sometimes, as with "Orpheus," we see performances that are really dress rehearsals. Other times, we see a very different thing: a performance in which experimentation and danger are present to a degree that no rehearsal could have anticipated, and the ballet is, in effect, created before our eyes. In a penetrating interview in the current *Ballet Review*, Suzanne Farrell says that performances can't really be re-

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hearsed—that "a performance is a process, an enactment that must be done in accordance with the speed and dynamics of the music on a given night." Three performances in one week of "Vienna Waltzes" were stations on the road to that kind of spontaneous perfection. Because of the "process" that its performances have been revealing, this ballet seems to me the current pinnacle experience to be had at the New York City Ballet. It's the great ballet of the repertory right now, and I say that with full appreciation for the resurgence of established classics like "Symphony in C" and "Serenade" and "The Four Temperaments" and for the canny estimate of current company strength that Robbins offers in "The Four Seasons." "Vienna Waltzes" is what it is partly because it is a still new portrait of the company. The novelty may be wearing off, but not the validity of the characterization. And it is designed as a full-company vehicle. It's a big statement, munificently set on the big stage, using all the company's resources: its wonderful orchestra, its roster of principals (pre-Baryshnikov). But it has stature as well as scope and panoply. "Vienna Waltzes" was, from the first, taken much too lightly as box-office bait, a kind of Viennese counterpart to "Union Jack," which had been a great hit the year before. The suspicion that a multitudinous non-balletgoing public was waiting outside the gates of Lincoln Center for Balanchine to make an hour of Strauss waltzes was enough for people who should have known better to dismiss the ballet in advance as unserious. But then the dancing itself was condemned: not complex enough, not inviting choreographically, not *dancing*. It is always strange to see the example of one kind of Balanchine ballet set against another, as if there were a "good" (progressive) Balanchine who needed to be defended against a "bad" (commercial) Balanchine. There are bad commercial ballets by Balanchine; it is more challenging to try to distinguish them from the good ones, like "Vienna Waltzes."

However, "Vienna Waltzes" is only in part a good commercial ballet. The opening, "Tales from the Vienna Woods," may properly be described as a commercial masterpiece, and when the dancers learn how to perform it better it could become something more than that. The men in this section wear their mustaches and uniforms a little bit as if they were embarrassed by them. Their courtship of the women is lacking in ceremony, spirit, dash. Hussars used to be fixtures on the ballet stage; our boys have never seen Hussars. (Couldn't the Film Society of Lincoln Center arrange to screen Max Ophuls' "Liebelei" for them?) "Voices of Spring" had to be done this season without Patricia McBride, who has in it her ripest role. Merrill Ashley is too tall for Helgi Tomasson to partner comfortably; by the end of the week the disparity was barely noticeable. Ashley had caught on to the carefree, heady late-Romantic style, and Tomasson, whose grasp of style has about it an almost moral tenacity, seemed to tower. The role is Oberon as King of the May. Despite an inappropriate costume (it's that same Fauntleroy suit he wears in other ballets), Tomasson understands the artificiality of the conception. He sweeps sedately through his glen, and we know that he rules a gaslit-and-muslin forest. "Voices of Spring," more delightful and enriching each time I see it, is not the great composition that the last section, "Der Rosenkavalier," is, but it can lay claim to a status just below the first rank. It's "Valse Fantaisie" lifted to the level of, say, "Allegro Brillante." The exuberantly coarse little polka and the "Merry Widow" scene may be chocolate-boxy, but I find no fault in this. (The wigs that have been added are something else.) Miss Mazzo's entrance as the Widow has finally settled on a definitive staging, and as the central couple waltzes (to Lehár's "Gold and Silver") the small corps spreads and retracts itself like a fan. Peter Martins has the gift of magnifying his partner. His complete absorption as he turns her across the floor, his way of leaning back slightly, as if dazzled, are indispensable to the illusion that Balanchine wants to create. Sean Lavery in the "Vienna Woods" section has adopted Martins' manner toward his partner; it's less striking in Lavery only because his torso is shorter. Lavery's gallantry is in his long greyhound legs and precise foot positions.

The period style of "Vienna Waltzes" is deliberately fantastic. Lavery and the rest of the Hussars waltz to music written in 1868, but their costumes suggest a much earlier period. The "Merry Widow" women's dresses are turn-of-the-century, while their escorts wear the frock coats of fifty years before. But if the men, too, were matched with the date of the music, they'd look like bankers. Karinska has produced visionary costumes that enhance the spirit of the time, and not the letter. Balanchine's survey of various waltz

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eras extends from the Congress of Vienna, in 1814—the congress that waltzed with such mighty reverberations—to an elegant ballroom in the heart of Europe a hundred years later. This is the night the waltz breaks down. Tomorrow the guns of August will open fire. The history of three-quarter time up to that point is summarized by what Lehár and the younger Strauss could invent at their most inspired. (Would we really have preferred Balanchine to make a documentary survey to possibly less sumptuous sound?) It is music written for dancers. The disintegration of waltz time, as imagined by Richard Strauss, has never before been danced, as far as I know. To get through the piece, with its steep rubatos, its dizzying fadings and revivals of impetus, the entire company must be alert to "the speed and dynamics of the music on a given night." And so, this season, they have been. Much depends on the conductor. My performances were led first by Robert Irving and then by Hugo Fiorato. The flickering changes of step and momentum in Farrell's own great performance were different every night. So was the moment of "immolation," when her exit becomes the signal for the flooding of the stage with waltzers.

In this finale, the music was so transparently alive, the dancers so restively responsive, that a mood of anxiety arose in the audience which did not entirely evaporate when the curtain went down. Balanchine does not soothe us—he shakes us and threatens us with catastrophe. The atmosphere of the "Rosenkavalier" waltz goes way beyond "La Valse;" in fact, there's a breathtaking moment when the men whirl and rush forward in a diagonal line that reminds us of "La Valse" and its boundary of virtuosity. The men cross that boundary. From then on, as the ballet repeatedly slides and skitters over thinnest ice, the tension starts to mount, and there's no relief from it. The big swirling stage is a spectacle of controlled hysteria. "Vienna Waltzes" is no longer getting the ovations of its first months. Whether that's because the audience has changed or because the ballet's intentions are more exposed, I cannot say. But those who see in it nothing but a big simple hit are as estranged from it as those who want nothing but a big simple hit.

—Arlene Croce

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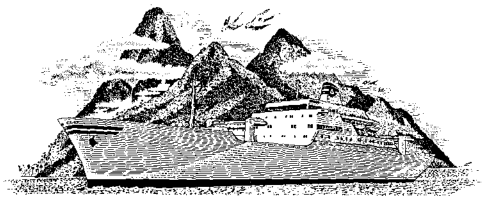

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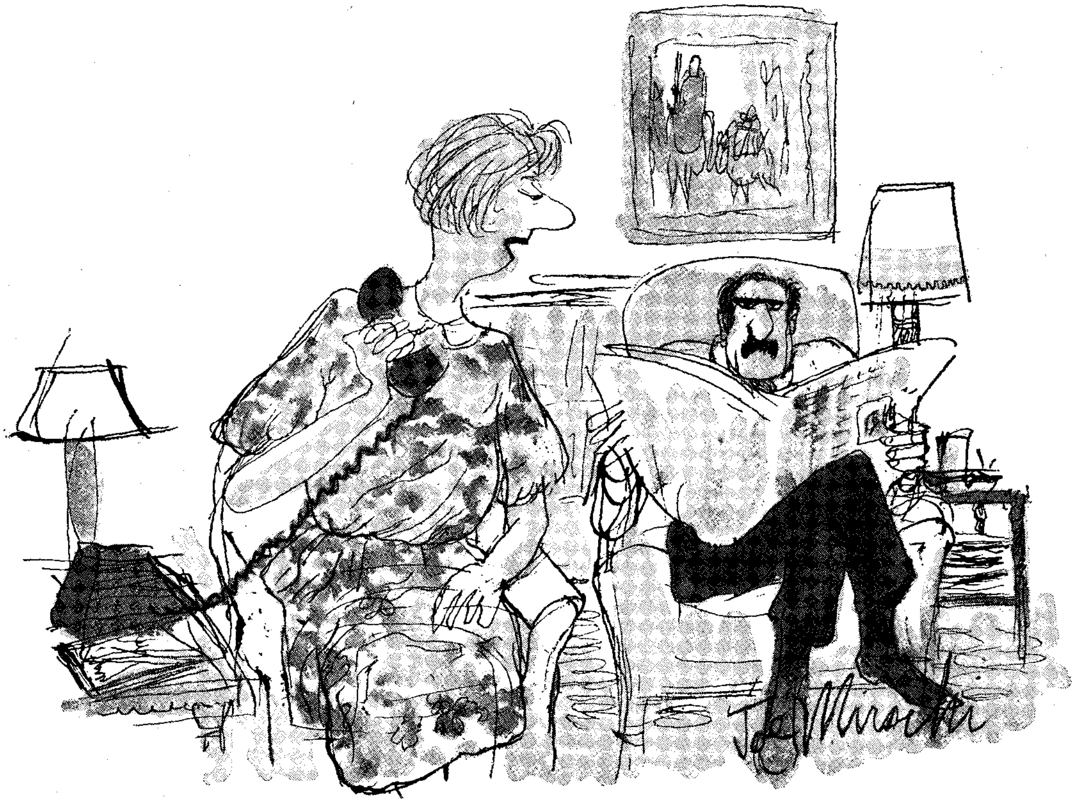
THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Contest

PAUL SCHRADER has powerful raw ideas for movies, but he attempts to function as a writer-director without ever developing his ideas or his characters. In his new film, "Hardcore," the protagonist, Jake VanDorn (George C. Scott), who is a Grand Rapids furniture manufacturer and a member of the Dutch Reformation Church, waves goodbye to his only child, Kristen (Ilah Davis), a quiet, dark, teen-age girl, who is going off to California with her Sunday-school classmates, in a chartered bus, to a Calvinist youth convention. A few days later, the father gets a phone call: during the group's visit to Knott's Berry Farm, Kristen disappeared. Jake goes to Los Angeles and, on the recommendation of the police, hires a private detective (Peter Boyle), and then he goes back home to wait. After several weeks, Boyle comes to see him, bringing an 8-mm. hard-core movie with Kristen in it. Jake leaves his secure fundamentalist environment and for the next several months searches through the porno-prostitution world for his daughter. This might be a great fiery subject if we could feel what the girl was running away from and if the father were drawn into experiences that scared him, sickened him, shook him up. In old movies that warned viewers about the vices lying in wait for their daughters (white slavery, prostitution, drugs), there was something to attract the audience: the thrill of sin. Even when the cautionary aspect of the films was just a hypocritical ploy, there was something at stake; the temptations of the Devil were given their due. In "Taxi Driver" (which Schrader wrote but which Martin Scorsese directed), the protagonist, Travis Bickle, had a fear and hatred of sex so feverishly sensual that we experienced his tensions, his explosiveness. But in "Hardcore" Jake feels no lust, so there's no enticement—and no contest. The Dutch Reformation Church has won the battle for his soul before the film's first frame.

Jake, a loner who sticks to his convictions, is Travis Bickle as a daddy, but a Travis Bickle who stayed in Grand Rapids and kept his sanity. Schrader, who has said that Jake is modelled on his father, doesn't explore the possibility that it's what Jake, in his firm religious morality, denies and excludes from his life that drives his daughter to sexual degradation. In this film, there's nothing between fundamentalism and licentiousness—no forms of sexual expression or pleasure that aren't degraded, and no way to have any sexual freedom without going to porno hell. The script was inspired by the 1956 John Ford film, "The Searchers," in which John Wayne spends five years tracking down his niece, who has been abducted by Comanches. Like "The Searchers," "Hardcore" is woodenly acted and methodical. The story is set up as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness. Jake is above sex. He hates porno the way John Wayne hates rustlers and Commies.

Schrader shot in actual porno bookshops and massage parlors and peep shows, yet he missed out on the atmosphere—there's none of the pulsation of sleazy dives, no details strike our imaginations. Schrader doesn't enter the world of porno; he stays on the outside, looking at it coldly, saying, "These people have nothing to do with me." The girls are displayed like pieces of meat in a butcher's counter, under fluorescent glare. And since the film doesn't regard these girls as human there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. It has never been difficult to feel out the psychological mechanism of how pimps draw and hold runaway teen-agers: the girls are brutalized in the porno world, yet they also get the attention they've always wanted, and any attention can seem better than none. "Hardcore" treats them as if they weren't worth attention. The only person who attempts to reveal something of her feelings is Niki (Season Hubley), a young girl who guides Jake in his search. Niki's poorly written dialogue makes her seem realistically self-aware—she has no illusions to sustain her, no psychological defenses against the truth of her situation. She's very straight, and Schrader leads us to expect that she will get through to Jake—warm him up, change him, make him human. At the end, when Niki is brushed aside and we're told that she belongs where she is, we feel completely baffled and cheated. Jake will go on being the same self-contained moralist whose daughter ran away, but because, like the hero of "The Searchers," he single-mindedly pursued Kristen, found her, and took her home, we're supposed to see him as a man whose principles have triumphed.



"Mother says hello and to hell with you."

Scott seems Midwestern, and without condescending to it; he endows Jake with a pained dignity and moments of depth, and at least one of his

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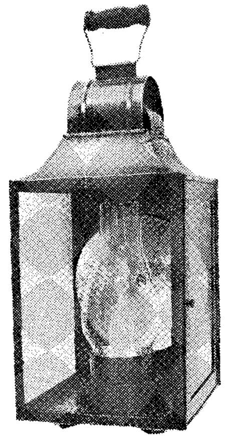

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rampaging explosions—his picking up a table lamp and bashing a porno-film stud who has worked with his daughter—is quite terrifying. But Schrader creates effects, not characters; there's nothing for Scott to hang on to and develop. Jake looms up in scenes like Frankenstein's monster, and he's constantly pounding people—smashing them and beating them up. He even slaps Niki (which is so ugly you feel yourself wincing). Jake's rage provides the action in the film, yet it's never treated as having any relation to his solitary way of life or to how he raised his daughter. There's something a little batty about the way Jake strides through hell swinging his fists, like a Calvinist John Wayne. This movie considers violent physical confrontation as the efficient way to fight the Devil. Jake is a can-do guy.

The tone of the film is cautious and maddeningly opaque. There's no feeling of suspense, because the characters are all prejudged and they stay the same from scene to scene while Schrader holds the camera on them for an extra instant to make them look empty, or plays with photographing them from different angles. He seems to like the sinister possibilities of Peter Boyle's big bald head and beady eyes and domineering physique. Boyle is photographed head-on so much he seems to be attempting to stare us down, and when he talks to Scott the camera cuts back and forth between the two, with so many overpowering closeups of Boyle that we assume that something overpowering is being signified. There may never have been another American director as lacking in spontaneity as Paul Schrader. The Europeans, such as Bresson and Dreyer, whose methods have been deliberate and studied (and whom he emulates) have achieved their effects through rigorous design. But Schrader doesn't have that control and precision. There is no radiance to the color in "Hardcore," and there's no indication of a visual plan. Every now and then, there's a shot with an exact kind of garish density—a travelling shot of the equipment in a sex shop, or a mirror image. But it just seems an effect applied to a scene—it isn't integral. The film can't resist such gaudy pulp flourishes as the white-suited Ratan (Marc Alaimo), who materializes in order to provide a last-minute shoot-em-up ending. Ratan, we're told in awed tones, deals in pain and produces "snuff" movies; the implication is that Kristen might be the next victim. (A few years ago, publicists pumped up business for an exploitation

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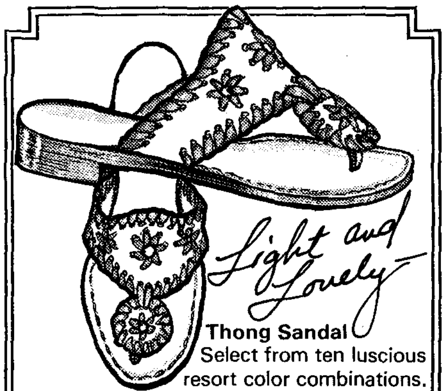

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film by starting the rumor that its murder scenes involved actual murder—that it belonged to a decadent new genre, the snuff movie—and editorial writers leaped to the bait.)

It's not merely that Schrader went to porno places and missed them—he went home to Grand Rapids and missed that, too. There are lovely shots of the downtown area and of Christmas snow scenes, but they're edited in a random way that dulls the effect, and we feel as alienated from the family life there as we do from the porno environment. It's hard to distinguish between the furniture in Jake's factory and the family members he sits down to dinner with. They don't inquire after Kristen once she has vanished, and don't show any anxiety about what might have happened to her. When Jake's brother-in-law, Wes (Dick Sargent), follows him to Los Angeles to make sure he's all right, he doesn't even ask if Jake has had any word of Kristen. Sargent, who purses his mouth every time the camera is on him, plays the role as a TV wimp.

Who *does* matter to this director? He presents everyone in the same detached, affectionless way; even the sound is hollow. His scenes are so inexpressive that it could be he simply doesn't have enough interest in other people's emotions to loosen up the performers and bring something out of them, and doesn't have an instinctive sense of film rhythm. There's the same determined ploddingness in this movie as in his 1978 "Blue Collar," but it's much worse here. The possibility also comes to mind that the porno world is Schrader's metaphor for show business, and that, in some corner of his mind, he is the runaway who became a prostitute. He has sometimes said that he regards working in the movie business as prostitution, and "Hardcore" looks like a film made by somebody who finds no joy in moviemaking. (Paul Schrader may like the idea of prostituting himself more than he likes making movies.) Several veteran directors are fond of calling themselves whores, but, of course, what they mean is that they gave the bosses what was wanted. They're boasting of their cynical proficiency. For Schrader to call himself a whore would be vanity: he doesn't know how to turn a trick.

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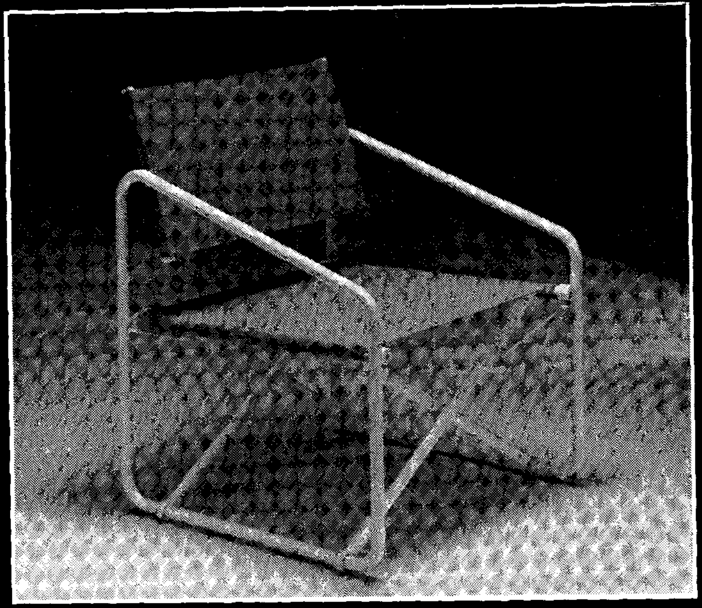

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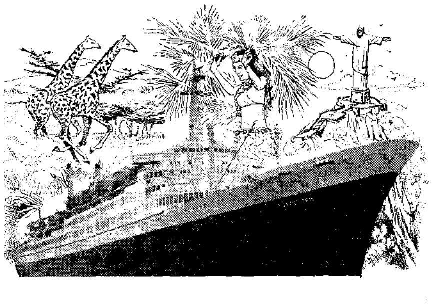

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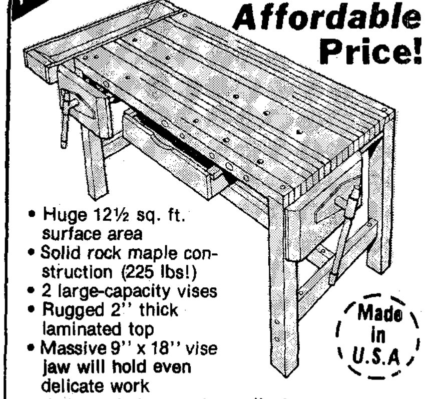

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make fun of himself, in pantomime. The hero's flickers of egotism about his writing are very quick, and so are his pangs of desire each time he sees a sexy woman: he looks surprised and hurt—almost stricken. Frank D. Gilroy, who wrote and directed, shows somewhat more film craft and a better sense of pacing than he did in his first two pictures ("Desperate Characters" and "From Noon Till Three"), but he thinks small, and in fifties terms. He's always a few steps behind where the movie needs to be. The picture is a middle-aged man's fantasy—a bittersweet brief encounter. The hero falls in love with an Englishwoman (Gayle Hunnicutt) who's staying at his hotel, and makes a friend of his chauffeur (Jack Lenoir), who has a shady past, and they're all three terribly kind and considerate of one another. "Once in Paris" might have more substance if Hunnicutt weren't such an expensive-looking, high-toned sex object. She has a luxuriant cloud of dark hair, an exquisitely thin nose with incredibly refined nostrils, and a large, generous mouth. She's groomed to perfection even in bed, and when she plays footsie under a table with the hero she has the highest arches you've ever seen. Her acting is groomed, too. She drops her eyelids to indicate the pain of giving him up, and in a bed scene she has been directed to turn her back to her lover and hide her emotion from him *while turning her face to the camera*, so we'll understand how nobly she's suffering. Her suffering looks like something she bought in a swank shop, to match her bracelet.

The more serious the screenwriter gets about this woman the less likable he is; love turns him into a jackass. The palship of this innocent American and his worldly, illusionless French driver is all that keeps the movie from sagging completely. Lenoir (who actually was Gilroy's driver when Gilroy worked on "The Only Game in Town" in France) suggests an aging matinée idol—an old pro—though he's never acted in a movie before. He has a slight sullenness and complication under his charm; he could play spookily untrustworthy characters. This trace of grime saves him when Gilroy gives him French wisdom to spout. The driver explains to the American that a man must be unfaithful to his wife in order to save his marriage; it's a swinger's line, presented as paradoxical oo-la-la. Gilroy sets the two men to quarrelling, and then has to turn the plot every which way to get things to come out happily. The film is like a padded short story, and the color isn't as bright as you might want it to be—it's modest, like almost everything else about this movie.

JOHN CARPENTER, who made the low-budget scare picture "Halloween," has a visual sense of menace. He quickly sets up an atmosphere of fear, and his blue night tones have a fine, chilling ambience—the style is reminiscent of the Halloween episode in Minnelli's "Meet Me in St. Louis." But Carpenter isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. "Halloween" has a pitiful, amateurish script (by Carpenter and his producer, Debra Hill). An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town (Haddonfield, Illinois), and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. The film is largely just a matter of the camera tracking subjectively from the mad killer's point of view, leading you to expect something awful to happen. But the camera also tracks subjectively when he isn't around at all; in fact, there's so much subjective tracking you begin to think everybody in the movie has his own camera.

As a doctor from the lunatic asylum that the killer has escaped from, Donald Pleasence is solid and forceful; enunciating in the impeccable tradition of Lionel Atwill, he delivers idiotic exposition about e-vil. Sometimes you think he's going to have to cross his eyes to keep a straight face. Carpenter doesn't seem to have had any life outside the movies: one can trace almost every idea on the screen to directors such as Hitchcock and Brian De Palma and to the Val Lewton productions. It may even be that Carpenter selected Jamie Lee Curtis to be his pure heroine—the teen-age babysitter, Laurie—because she recalls the serious-faced little blond girl in "The Curse of the Cat People." The daughter of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, Jamie Lee Curtis has a hoarse, low, rather inexpressive voice and a plaintive Lauren Bacall-ish look and an attractive gaucheness. For no discernible reason, the bogeyman (who is masked) zeroes in on her near the start of the picture, but he keeps being sidetracked. He has no trouble picking off the teen-agers who "fool around;" only Laurie has the virginal strength to put up a fight.

There's one really neat effect: near the beginning, when the madman is driving past, the more brash teen-age

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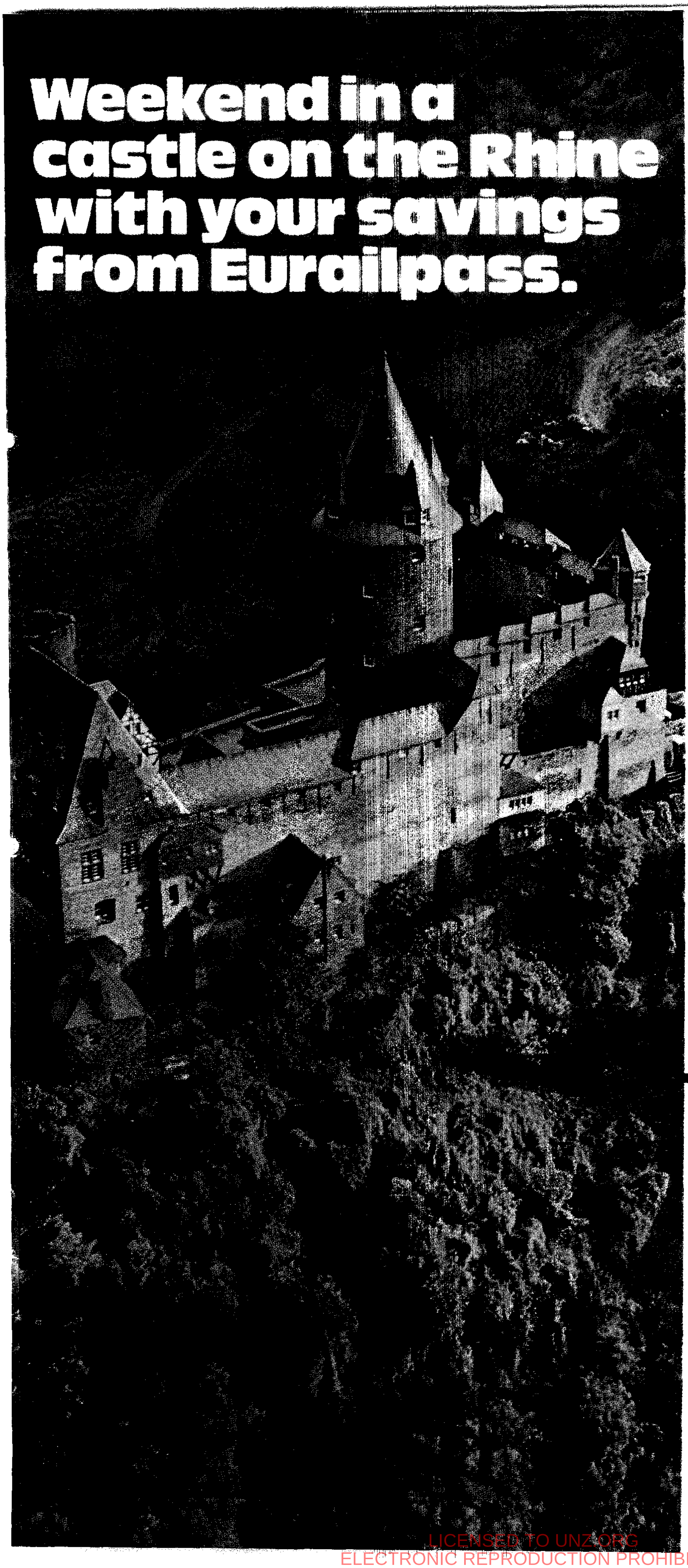

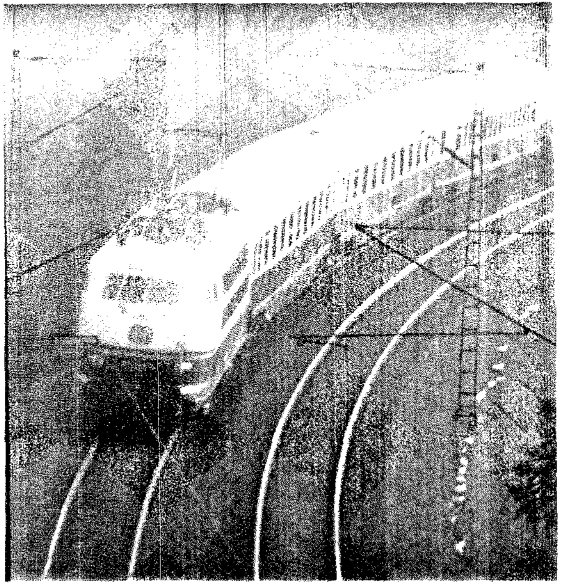

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PHOTOGRAPHY

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Nicely put, Mr. Costello.

"And don't forget," he added, "my work has me hopping around all over the place. I need a car that can get me everywhere quickly and comfortably. One that's rugged enough to be driven almost anyplace, anytime. With my Rabbit, I've got a lot more than just a car with enough room to pack all my cameras, props and lighting equipment. I've got a pretty good idea that everything will always arrive in one piece."

Then we asked Costello one final question.

"You seem to get a million calls a day. What determines which job you take?"

To which he replied, with an appropriately devilish grin:

"Who's on first."

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

© Volkswagen of America.

girls jeer at him, and the car pauses for an instant, as if the masked figure inside were deciding whether to dispatch the girls right then or bide his time. But Carpenter also wrote the score himself—all four bars—and he's devoted to it. With the seductive tracking shots and the repetitive music, the film stops and starts so many times before anything happens that the bogeyman's turning up just gets to be a nuisance—it means more of the same. Carpenter keeps you tense in an undifferentiated way—nervous and irritated rather than pleasurably excited—and you reach the point of wanting somebody to be killed so the film's rhythms will change. Yet a lot of people seem to be convinced that "Halloween" is something special—a classic. Maybe when a horror film is stripped of everything but dumb scariness—when it isn't ashamed to revive the stalest device of the genre (the escaped lunatic)—it satisfies part of the audience in a more basic, childish way than sophisticated horror pictures do.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

APHRODITE

A woman exposed as rock
has this advantage:
she controls the harbor.
Ultimately, men appear,
weary of the open.
So terminates, they feel,
a story. In the beginning,
longing. At the end, joy.
In the middle, tedium.

In time, the young wife
naturally hardens.
Drifting from her side,
in imagination, the man returns
not to a drudge
but to the goddess he projects.

On a hill, the armless figure
welcomes the delinquent boat,
her thighs cemented shut, barring
the fault in the rock.

—LOUISE GLÜCK

•

Apparently, successful party-givers deal better than the rest of us with the residual dread that a guest might some day walk into one's living room and declare, as Cocteau did on meeting Diaghilev: "Astonish me!"—*Jane Geniesse in the Times.*

And the fleeting gesture is, of course, the essence of dance. But "Surprise me!" Diaghilev is said to have ordered Cocteau.—*Jennifer Dunning in the Times the following day.*

Then they flipped a coin to see who would go first.

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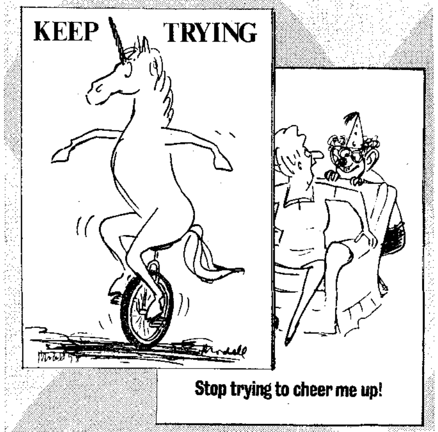
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JAZZ

Man of Letters

IN the mid-fifties, a young English advertising man named Jeff Atterton began a transatlantic correspondence with the clarinettist Pee Wee Russell, which lasted until Atterton moved to New York, in 1959. Most jazz musicians care little for writing letters, but Russell had a singular prod—his marvellous and highly literate wife, Mary. She would sit Russell down and, equipped with a quart of ale, he would talk; she would simultaneously edit and type, and out would come vintage Russell. He was not, of course, an accessible man. He was shy, fearful, self-depreciating, and even furtive, and strangers were lucky to get two half-swallowed sentences to the effect that he was already late and had to go. But Russell had a strong ego, and Atterton's attentive letters clearly stirred him—so much that some of his answers offer the best looks we will probably ever have into his precarious, lyrical self. Here, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of Russell's death, are some excerpts. Russell was a born dissembler:

> Mary, who knows how to spell cat, explained about Boswell and Johnson to me. You didn't expect me to know, did you? I've been approached several times by guys who want to write my biography but I can't figure out why a publisher would be interested. I haven't done anything except spend my life with a horn stuck in my face. My personal life may have been more stormy than the average office clerk but almost everybody's life is more stormy than that. And why would anybody want to read about it.... If I ever want to read about myself I could always find some publication that says—Charles Ellsworth Russell, Jr. b. March 27th 1906 in Maplewood, Missouri...

Russell knew he was good, but he spent much of his life either being paranoid or perversely denying his worth:

> I had a couple of little set backs that made me feel lousy for a while but I got over it. After one or two sleepless nights. I had a record date set. Modern musicians and strings. It fell through at the last minute. The modern kids are beginning to discover me. Mary says she always expected it. She told me that before it happened. She says I'm more modern than any of them because she never understood what...I am doing. I wanted that date....

He had a sharp sense of hyperbole, the mainspring of humor:

> I'm a weary Indian. Home a week and I'm still beat. Fall River was awful. No hotel, I stayed in a motel. The motel was okay but no place to eat. I wish you could have seen me trudging a mile down the road to a bean wagon. And the joint itself was a prohibition type place. Semi-hoodlums who told me how to play. Bass, piano, drums and saxophone. I don't want to criticize the musicians but I didn't know what they were doing and they didn't know what I was doing. The night one of the inch brow owners told me not to lean against the piano when I'm on the stand was too much. I snarled at him and scared him to death....
>
> I have a record date on the 18th and 19th. I'm going to use Bud Freeman and Nat Pierce. Ruby [Russell's close friend the cornettist Ruby Braff] doesn't work as a side man but he will for me. I hated ...to ask him, but I got real strong and did and all he asked me was what time does he show. It's for a small company so they'll probably put the album out before it's made. There isn't any waiting around like the big companies....

Alcohol nearly killed Russell in 1950, and for the rest of his life he struggled to keep it at bay. Eating properly was one way:

> I'll tell you how I got fat. I drink at least two quarts of beer every day. I never got drunk on beer in my life. I drink an eggnog every day....And I have a glass of milk with every meal. I eat breakfast and dinner and I have a sandwich or crackers and cheese late at night when I'm watching TV. When I'm away from home I lose weight. I don't eat and forget to take my daily vitamin pill. And I drink too much whiskey. But when I'm home I'm a healthy guy. Try my diet. I've gained most of my weight around my middle. But, what the hell. I'm a middle aged guy and it's time I got fat....

And on death (which was to catch him in his sleep almost two years after his beloved Mary died):

> Josh's funeral was a pretty sad deal. [Josh Billings, a sometime drummer from Chicago, died in 1957.] Not too many guys. Condon said a few words. In good taste, incidentally. Josh didn't have any family. The hearse went off alone with no one to follow it....Until then I didn't give a damn what happens to me after I'm through but right then and there I made Mary promise that I'll have a lot of people around when it happens and they're all to get drunk and say what a great guy I am. No matter what they think of me....

RUSSELL's decennial has been marked by four reissues. Two are of permanent interest—"Salute to Newport: Featuring Pee Wee Russell" (ABC Impulse 1A-9359/2) and "Jazz Reunion: Pee Wee Russell, Coleman Hawkins" (Barnaby/Candid Jazz BR-5018). They reaffirm what many of Russell's admirers knew when he died—that he was the most original of all jazz clarinettists, a unique improviser. Vicissitude had forced him to earn much of his living with the Chicago-

Eddie Condon school of jazz, but he didn't belong in it. This was made unalterably clear in the mid-sixties by a late-blooming series of recordings in which he worked comfortably with non-Condon musicians (one date was with Earl Hines, Elvin Jones, and a batch of Ellington sidemen) and with materials by Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, Willard Robison, and Tadd Dameron. There were three incomparable things about Russell's attack: his tone, which was rich and subtle and homemade, and totally unlike a standard clarinet sound; his unfettered rhythmic sense, which enabled him to escape the four-four prison that most swing musicians were caught in; and his ceaseless daring, which drove him to try—and almost always get away with—passages of such wildness and complexity that no clarinettist reading them in transcription would be able to play them. Russell loved the chalumeau register (probably because it reminded him of verbal asides, which he was partial to making), and he loved the blues. He played the blues differently from any other musician, with the possible exception of his compeer Jack Teagarden. Russell's blues were an examination of the proposition that there must be a way to make sadness bearable and beautiful. He would start a solo with half a dozen low, breathy staccato notes jammed together, repeat them and pause, rise almost an octave to a flickering, half-sounded periscope note, and, before this ascension had registered on the ear, drop back to more staccato breathiness and into a dodging, undulating stretch of notes that had a Giacometti sound. He would for the first time bow in the direction of the beat by constructing a lovely four- or six-bar on-the-beat melody, and then, because things were getting too obvious, sneak back down to the cellar for some asides, subtones, and almost palpable breaths. The first chorus done, he would grow less and less knotted. (His first choruses on the blues sometimes sounded as if he had put everything he had ever known into them, lest the second chorus never materialize.) He would move slowly up the scale, growing louder, until in the last chorus he would reach C above middle C with a banners-unfurled declarativeness. He managed in these extraordinary solos to make the listener forget that he was hearing a clarinet. (Benny Goodman's playing was the opposite: This is how you play the *clarinet*, it seemed to say. Russell didn't object; he loved Goodman.) Instead, the listener became wholly caught up

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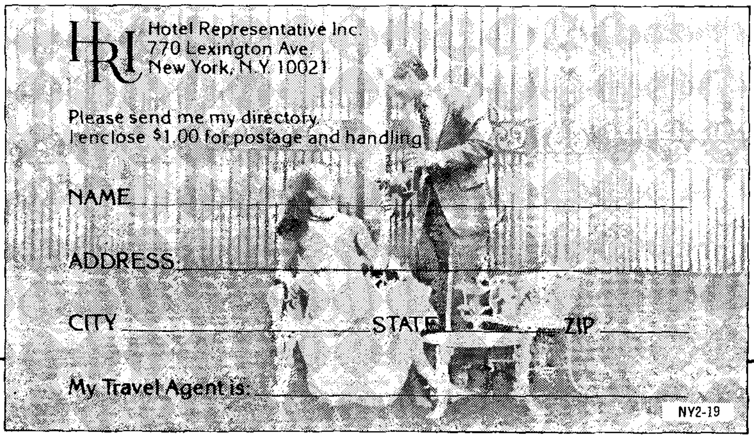
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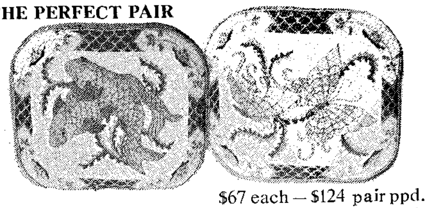

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by the *sound* of Pee Wee Russell—by a singing, strange, solitary voice that had never been heard in jazz before.

That voice can be heard with remarkable strength and clarity on the reissues. The "Salute to Newport" album has twenty numbers, a dozen of them recorded on the Dot label in 1959 with Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Buck Clayton, and Dick Cary. Russell rarely wrote music, but all the selections are his and, as if out of embarrassment, they have such elliptical titles as "Oh No," "Oh Yes," "But Why," and "This Is It." Only one of the numbers lasts more than four minutes, and five last under three minutes, so Russell has little chance to stretch out, although he is superb on "Dreamin' and Schemin'" and "Are You Here?" The remaining sides on the "Newport" album were done three and a half years later by a George Wein group that included—in addition to Russell and Bud Freeman—Ruby Braff and Marshall Brown. (Brown helped Russell, in 1962 and 1965, to record his meditations on Coltrane and Ornette Coleman and Tadd Dameron.) There is an excellent Russell slow blues, "The Bends Blues," but he is spectacular on a medium-tempo "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now." He solos immediately after Braff, and the contrast is stunning. Braff is at his most baroque—runs within runs; big intervals; juicy, low, tomato notes—and Russell is at his (purposely) sparest. His solo seems to occur in a place of his own invention. It has no tempo, no recognizable melody, no immediately obvious underlying chord structure. It is a surrealist solo that turns and lazes and muses, listening to itself and moving gradually across an open, endless part of Russell's mind. It stops where it began—in the middle of nowhere.

Much of "Jazz Reunion" is on the same level. The recording was organized by Nat Hentoff, who knew Russell for many years, and it has Coleman Hawkins, Emmett Berry, Bob Brookmeyer, Nat Pierce, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones—what Russell considered fast company. There are six extended numbers, including a Russell blues, two Ellington numbers, a Russell original, and James P. Johnson's "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight"—a tune that Russell and Hawkins, in company with Glenn Miller and Gene Krupa, recorded in 1929 as the famous "One Hour." Russell never worked harder than he did on "Jazz Reunion," and the five-chorus edifice of melancholy and triumph that he constructed on the slow blues "Mariooch" has no equal.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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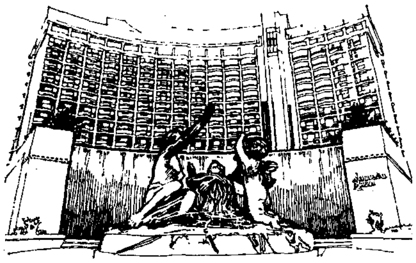

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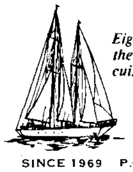

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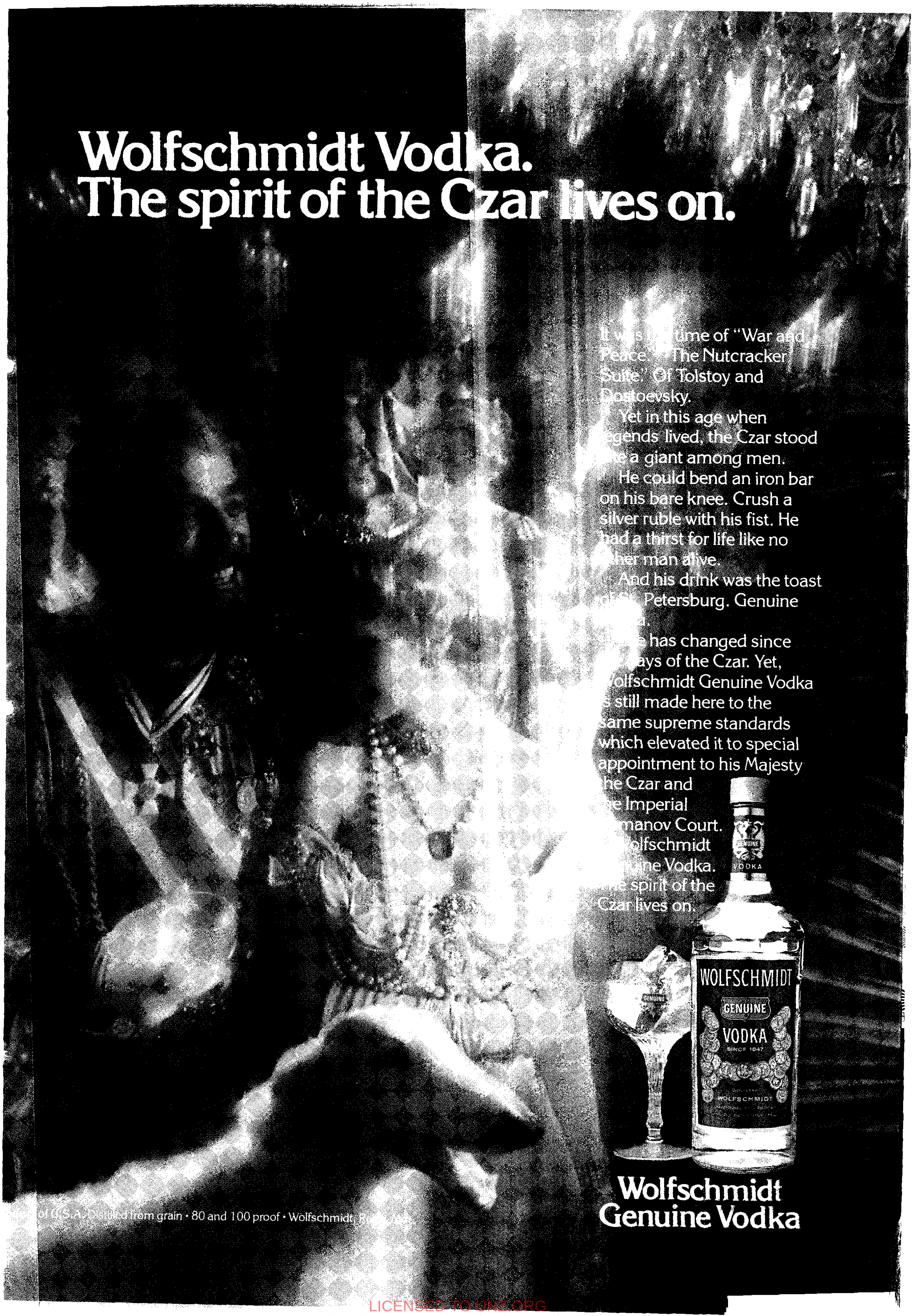

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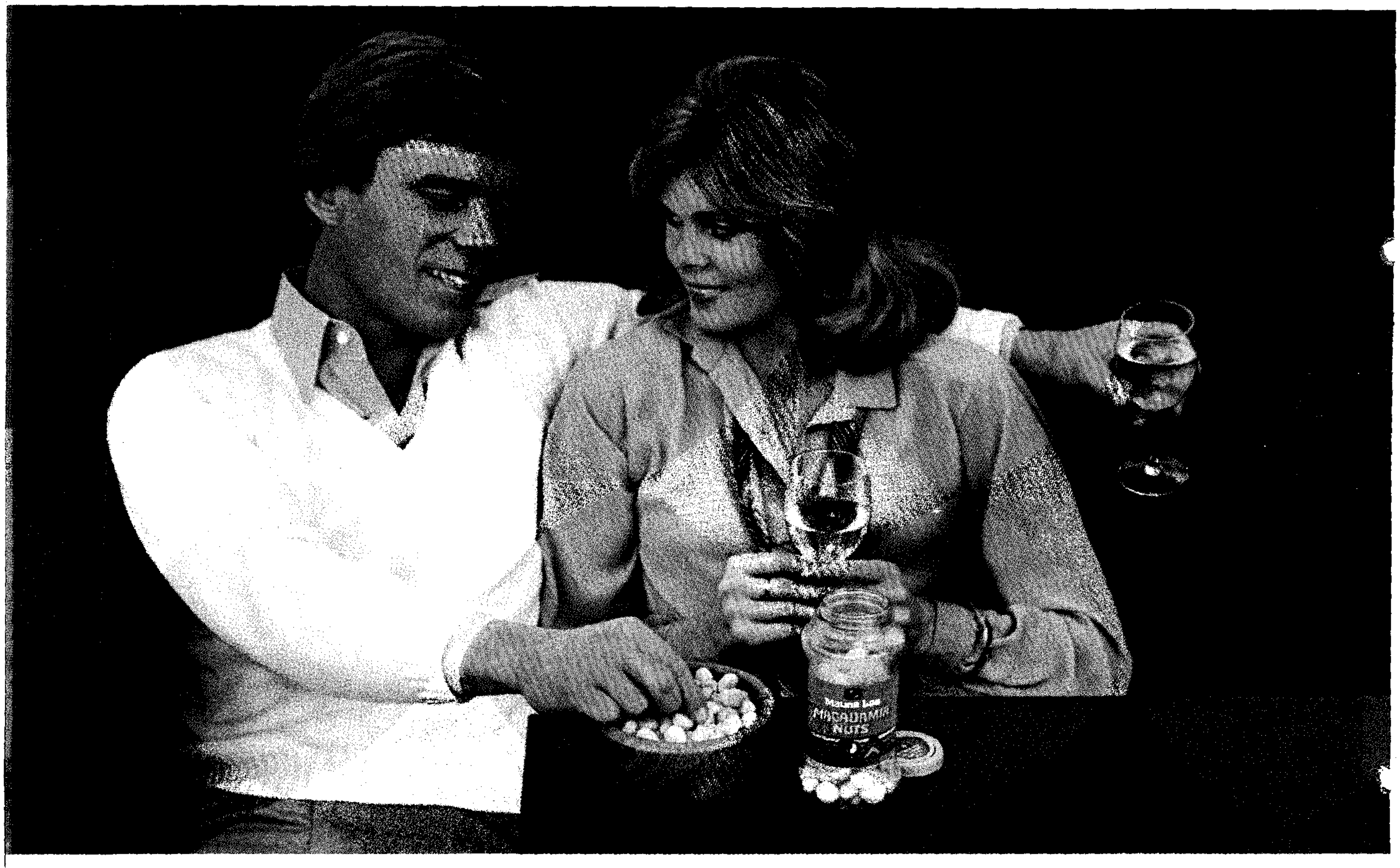

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BOOKS

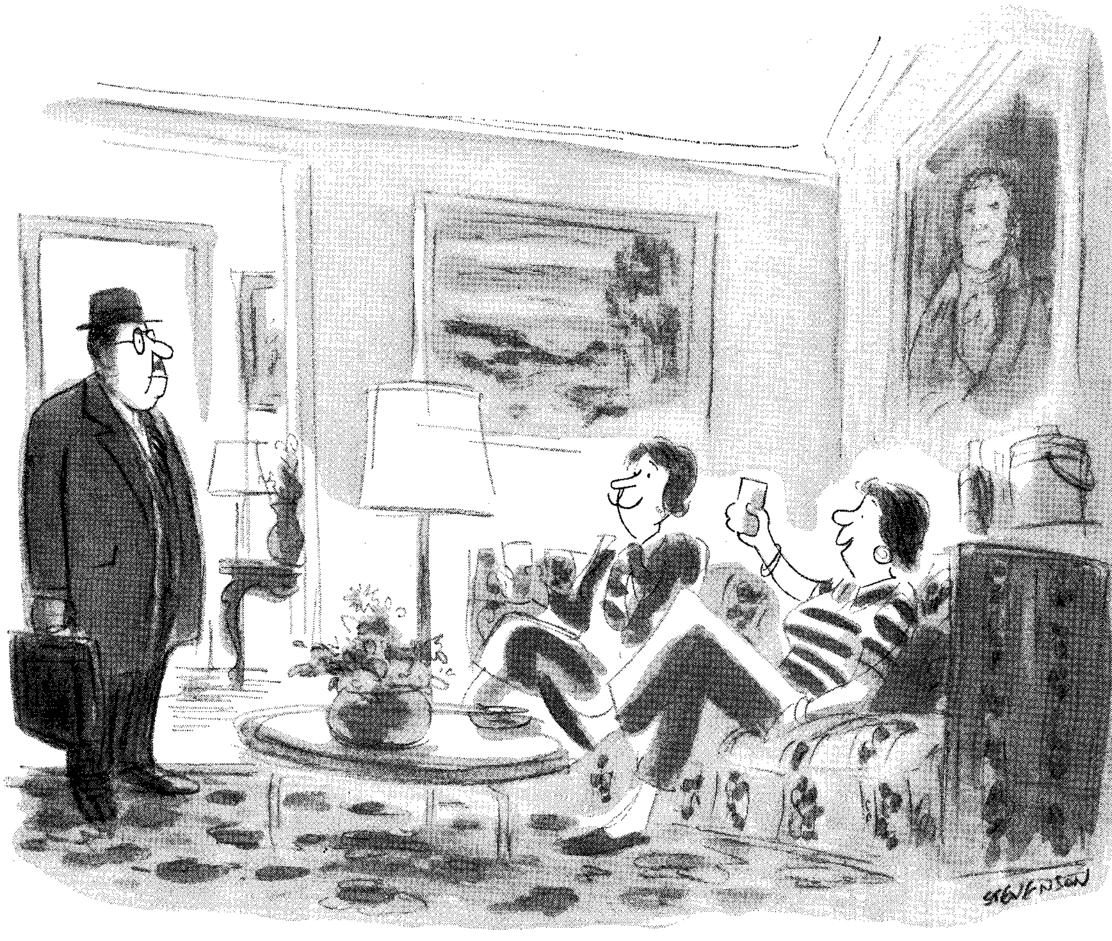
Borges

All writers—all people—have their store of private and family legend which lies like a collection of half-forgotten, often violent toys on the floor of memory. A few have legend-making forced upon them by affliction, and for them myth becomes "life itself." It is notorious that Jorge Luis Borges is one of these. He was born the last of six generations on the paternal side of his family to be condemned to inherited blindness. He will be eighty this year. When he was fifty-six, his poor, fogged eyesight closed down finally.

There were other anomalies in his life which have given it the nature of an imbroglio. From Borges' autobiographical writings, we know that his father was the son of an Englishwoman and an Argentine colonel, who was killed in the civil wars after the fall of Rosas, and that through the influence of this woman the frail grandson read English before he read Spanish. He was caught between two cultures; in fact, as he grew up, between three—for Argentine society was harassed in mind by a studied rejection of the old connection with Spain, by the violent traditions of its independence, and by snobberies and counter-snobberies concerning British economic influence. If we add to this that father and son were dismayed that their bad eyesight had forced them to give up dreams of a romantic military career for the docile civilian life, and that the father, who had literary tastes, saw in Jorge Luis the son who would succeed as a writer where he himself had failed, we see a situation profitable to fantasy and metaphysical speculation. In simplifying the story of Borges in this way, one is struck by marginal and hermetic features found also in the lives of Conrad and Kafka; above all, by the sense of exile and being elsewhere in time and place.

The difficulties of writing the life of a writer in his own lifetime are well known, but Professor Emir Rodriguez Monegal has turned these to advantage in his excellent "Jorge Luis Borges: A Literary Biography" (Dutton; $19.95). He has known the poet, critic, translator, and storyteller for more than thirty years and understands how much of the life of a man as reserved as Borges is must be detected in his work. Modestly, Monegal describes his biography as a commentary that fills in the interstices in Borges' own "Autobiographical Essay." The reader must not imagine that Monegal's subtitle indicates an exercise in bookish gossip or academic criticism; it is an absorbing, even exciting work of discreet detection, written with verve, often very moving, and it is outside the "industry" that the cult of Borges has created. Monegal respects the old-fashioned Argentine "reticence" that Borges himself practices; he uses autobiographical parts of interviews in which Borges is seen parrying the psychologists and those who have tried to corner him: they see in his preoccupation with mirrors a morbid horror of human propagation. Borges has always been scornful of Freud. He has no taste for the confessional habits of Rousseau or Amiel; he prefers the classical reserve of Gibbon's "Autobiography" or Kipling's short "Something of Myself." Monegal's own restraint deepens the book, for it gives piquancy to Borges' sense of having a double life, shared between the two beings he has called "Borges and I." For him, passion and life turn into paradox and conundrum.

Three generations of the Borges family lived together in a shabby-genteel house on the outskirts of old Buenos Aires—a house that was like a darkened museum dedicated, on the women's part, to preserving the military relics of the past: the swords, the daggers, the uniforms, and the romantic portraits of families whose fortunes had been lowered by the conflicts of the nineteenth century. In his vast



"Oyez, oyez, Judge Mulcahy!"

library of English and American books sat the father, who regarded the military dream with an elegant skepticism. He had become a lawyer, and also a teacher of psychology whose masters were Berkeley and William James and who cultivated a philosophic anarchism he had picked up from Herbert Spencer. He amused himself with Lane's translation of "The Arabian Nights" and led his bookish son to a taste for Chesterton's fantasies, the scientific romances of Wells, the exotic stories of Kipling's India, and the frontier tales of Bret Harte. Borges has said that he was brought up in a library and closed garden and came to literature before he came to life. Here seems to be one source of his favorite image: the labyrinth. The two afflicted males were protected by their mothers. In the night terrors and fancies of Georgie—as Jorge Luis was called—he was also protected by his younger sister. The two children were as inventive as the Brontës. On the other side of the garden gate was the world of the hoodlums who danced the vulgar tango together in the street and settled the duels of machismo with the dagger.

Psychologists have made much of the family situation when they have questioned Borges about his emotional life. (He remained a bachelor until he was sixty-eight; his late marriage, to a woman who had rejected him when he was young, lasted only three years.) The insinuation was that he was dominated by a tender but formidable mother. Borges, who loves a paradox, says that he was really dominated and formed by his father's determination to turn him into a genius. When asked why sexual love has little part in his poetry and stories, he points out that it is all there but masked, and, of course, the enigmatic excites his imagination. Still, we know from late stories like "The Intruder" and "Emma Zunz" that primitive sexual passion—as distinct from love—is laconically exposed. "The Sect of the Phoenix" is a disparaging fable suggesting that lust (which is not mentioned) is a universal conspiracy to which the human race is secretly and silently vowed. This silence may express a general disgust or guilt or a metaphysician's dismissal of a dull compulsion. The style of this story is as coldly plain and cutting as Swift's. Yet there is no doubt that Borges, like Swift, has always been attractive to numbers of women, who, as Monegal suggests, seem to be mesmerized by him. Here I find Monegal's analysis of the superb story "The Aleph" a decisive piece of detective

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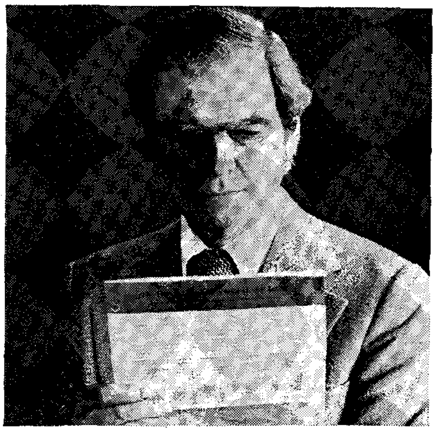

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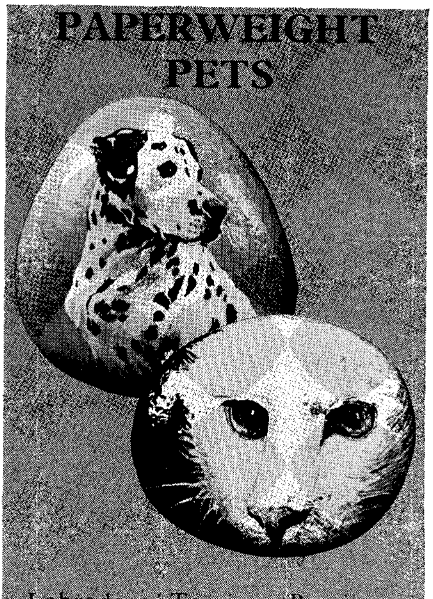

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work—as decisive, that is to say, as anything concerning Borges' mastery of personal disguises and literary parody can be. Monegal argues that "The Aleph" is a "miniaturization" of the story of Dante and Beatrice. It is pointless to try to discover who the original Beatriz Viterbo, the vain society woman of "The Aleph," is, but she belongs to the category of the femme fatale, the temptress, la belle dame sans merci. The detail of the argument is very tempting, but Borges has ridiculed it. Monegal's sharp comment is "Borges' modesty is really too much," and he goes on to say that Borges did admit that Beatriz Viterbo was a real woman and that he had been hopelessly in love with her. Ignorant of the Dantesque interpretation—and, indeed, of Borges' essay on the subject—I had always taken the story to be a mockery of the idea of universal knowledge, an evocation of the frozen scorns of jealousy and the wild anger that underlies intolerable grief.

The foreign reader of Monegal looks for what has been sketchy in his own knowledge of Borges' life. There is a very full account of the family's grand tour of Europe when he was a young man. They were trapped by the First World War and spent several years in Switzerland and then in Spain. Monegal is especially interesting about the Madrid period, when Borges picked up the doctrines of Ultraism—a stress on grotesque metaphor and adjectival aggression—from the Café Pombo set. He admired the violent images and the blunt pessimistic anarchism of Pío Baroja. This was discarded, but I suspect that he learned most from the brilliant Spanish essayists of the time. He became a master of the short critical or speculative essay. Another gap that has been filled in, for me, is Borges' life as a young poet and literary journalist or superior hack in Buenos Aires. For years, he did ill-paid work for the journal *Sur* and short bookish articles for the magazine *El Hogar*. His standards were high: his wit and originality were subtle, and the edge of his now plainer prose was sharp. But he was still an adolescent dependent on his parents, and when his father's eyesight failed he had to turn to and help support the family. He became for nine miserable years a librarian, until Perón threw him out. Here again, Monegal fills in a long gap. The position at the municipal library was lowly. Fifty men were employed on routine jobs that could have been done by a mere fifteen. The staff was idle; the men were interested only

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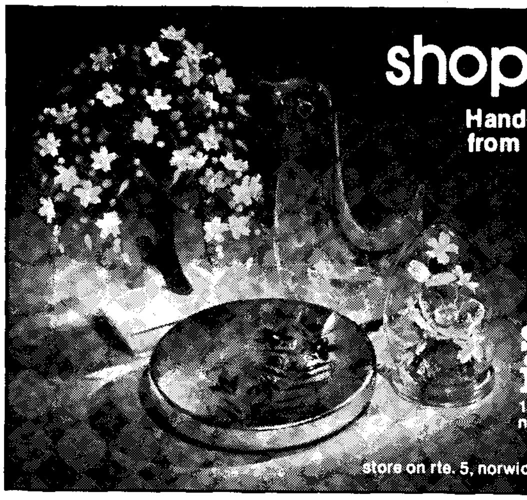
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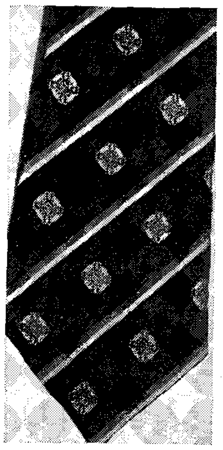
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SCRIBNERS

in horse racing and soccer and smut and rape. Many were hoodlums. "One day," Borges has said, "in the men's room, one of my colleagues took off his shirt to show me the scars he had on his chest, from knife fights he had had." Borges' voyeur-like wanderings about the low area of Buenos Aires were part of a quite conscious attempt to assert a native Argentine identity. The irony is that the real knife scars of the macho disgusted him. At the library, his fellows were astonished when society ladies had the curiosity to visit the poet there; he was famous in fashionable coteries. Perhaps one was the original Beatriz Viterbo.

The most dramatic gap filled in by Monegal is the strange crisis that occurred soon after the death of the totally blind father. It was followed by a commonplace accident that became unexpectedly serious. The two experiences seem to have played their part in turning Borges from a minor poet and essayist into a writer of metaphysical stories of genius. He was almost forty, and he was free of his adored father's tutelage. The father had placed an impossible burden on the shoulders of his son. It is no wonder that Georgie had always been obsessed with the theme of the double and had found in Gustav Meyrink's "The Golem" an adequate symbol for his own feelings of having been "made" by another. In the next fifteen years, before his own total blindness came on, he burst the bonds of the Chestertonian essayist and became the deceptively essayist-like writer of such stories as "Pierre Menard" and the masterpiece "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius" and "The Circular Ruins." Apolitical (except in the sense of being almost passively conservative, though firmly anti-Nazi and anti-Perón), an enemy of realism and the "committed" writing fashionable at the time, Borges has always thought of a poem or a story as "a verbal object."

Monegal is one of the most sympathetic expounders of Borges—certainly the happiest in his insights, and well informed. He has a great deal to say about the sources and the revisions of "Tlön," the story of a fraudulent totalitarian utopia that has taken over the earth; he notes that the story was written at the time of the Spanish Civil War, Munich, and the Nazi-Soviet pact—a period when the world was "willingly hoaxed." He also notes that an essential of Borges' anti-realist art is that he is interested less "in including a work of art inside another work of art than in the metaphysical effect produced by works which erase the distinction between reality and dreams."

On the life of the blind writer in old age Monegal is very moving. Borges has always needed conversation and helpers. It is touching that his mother taught herself English to help her husband when his eyesight failed, and was then able to help her son in his blindness. She lived to be almost a hundred and still called him the *niño*—the lad, the young master. Once, she rushed to brush his hair when a photographer came. Because of the difficulty of dictating long pieces, there were no new stories from 1955 until 1970, when Borges somehow managed "Dr. Brodie's Report." One of his collaborators, María Esther Vásquez, has described his painful manner of dictation:

> He dictates five or six words which are the opening of a prose piece or the first verse of a poem, and immediately he has them read back to him. The index finger of his right hand follows the reading on the back of his left hand.... Each page is read one, two, three, four, many times until he discovers how to continue. Then he has all that has been already written read. Since he dictates indicating the signs of punctuation, it is necessary to read all the signs.... Each one of these repetitions is preceded by Borges' apologies.

The account of his walks about Buenos Aires at the time of Perón (when he could still see a little) is frightening. He was, Monegal says, like a man skinned alive. To listen to his bitter talk was to see an ominous city emerge:

> I wanted to tell him that the sinister Buenos Aires of his tales and nightmares hardly existed in reality, that it had another, more bureaucratic mask of informers, petty dealers and arbitrary policemen. But how can one establish a dialogue with a dreamer? Borges imposed his nightmare on me and I ended up feeling the viscosity of the air, the menace of the walls, the oppressive presence of the endlessly repeated names. His vision had created a labyrinth in this mediocre reality and I too was lost in it.

Blindness and the absence of his mother have almost abolished time for him now:

> Borges lives forever in a magic space, totally empty and gray, in which time does not count or (when it does) is brought about by the sudden invasion of people from the outside, people who still live in time. Protected and isolated by his blindness, in the labyrinth built so solidly by Mother, Borges sits immobile. He doesn't bother to turn on a light. Everything around him is quiet except his imagination. Inside his mind, the empty spaces are filled with stories of murder and wonder, with poems that encompass the whole world of culture, with essays that subtly catalogue the terrors and the

painful delights of men. Old, blind, frail, Borges sits finally in the center of the labyrinth.

—V. S. Pritchett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Sweet Country, by Caroline Richards (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95). A stunning novel set in Chile in the autumn of 1973, during and after the fall of the Allende government. Of central concern are about a dozen Allende supporters, of various political convictions, who have been working in education and medical programs. It is their intention not only to survive the malevolent brutality of the new Pinochet regime but to assist their many allies, who will be tortured to death if their support of Allende and their resistance to Pinochet come to light. Most memorable are two Chilean sisters and an American expatriate husband and wife, who share a network of exceptional friends; as overwhelming dilemmas (concerning their marriages and careers) are diminished by the ghastly turn of events, all four find themselves able to choose, without hesitation, to risk their lives for one another. Caroline Richards' portraits of women are especially fine, but she is an outstanding writer in every respect, and she never succumbs to melodrama or diatribe. Her passionate account of the tortures concocted in the Chile Stadium are matched by her depictions of Chile's breathtaking coastline, but it is in between these two extremes, in the presence of small gatherings of friends, that her story achieves tragic proportions.

The Private Life of Florence Nightingale, by Richard Gordon (Atheneum; $9.95). When the narrator, a cocky young writer for a London scandal sheet, interviews Florence Nightingale, the superintendent of the Establishment for Gentlewomen During Illness, he is so impressed by her stubborn ambition that he agrees to accompany her soon afterward to the infamous Scutari Hospital in the Crimea (along with her crew of inexperienced nurses), as her private secretary. The reports that he sends back to London, describing her efforts to improve the gruesome accommodations for wounded and choleraic soldiers, instantly make "the Lady with the Lamp" a national heroine; she returns to England about two years

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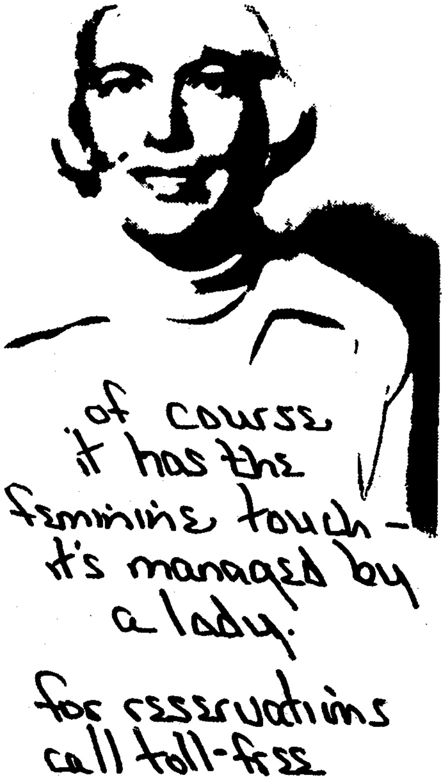

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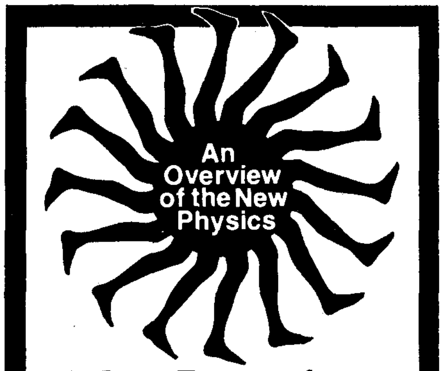
later and devotes the rest of her life to improving public sanitation throughout the Empire. Richard Gordon (a British doctor who specializes in novels on medical matters) has made his narrator a shrewd and articulate man who in retrospect wants to describe the real Florence Nightingale (in her youth a seductive Sappho; in her declining years a tyrannical hypochondriac), as opposed to the myth that he helped to engender. Dr. Gordon's knowledge of the medical, political, and philosophical issues of the time, as well as of Florence Nightingale's contribution to them, is matched by his skill as a storyteller, and the result is a lively and compelling portrait.

NOTE: "A Rose in the Heart," a collection of short stories by Edna O'Brien, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Doubleday ($8.95).... A collection of Donald Barthelme's stories entitled "Great Days" has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($7.95). Again, many of the stories first appeared in these pages.

GENERAL

RICHARD THE LIONHEART, by John Gillingham (Times Books; $12.50). This absorbing and well-written biography by a historian at the London School of Economics gives us a brand-new Richard, not feckless but astute, not romantic but businesslike, and wholly engrossed in his business: amassing power. We have lived with the imaginary knightly spendthrift troubadour, says the author, because the real Richard, as British historians have noted, spent very little time in England (his enormous French dominions, larger and more lucrative, naturally got more of his attention), while French historians have passed him over in celebrating their national epic—the unification of France under the Capetians and the expulsion of the English rulers. Starting afresh, Mr. Gillingham makes not only Richard but his redoubtable parents, Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine, more plausible. But only to a point. For these medieval dynasts were very different from anybody now alive—immensely cultivated and appallingly violent, aggressive, avaricious, unreliable believing Christians. Mr. Gillingham's Richard, though not what we would call a good man, is an extremely impressive ruler.

THE DIARY OF VIRGINIA WOOLF: VOLUME II, 1920-24, edited by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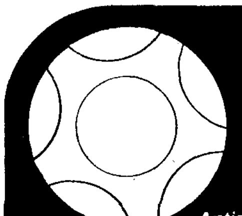

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Anne Olivier Bell, assisted by Andrew McNeillie (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). These are not "literary" diaries—that is, journals kept with a view to future publication. Instead, they might well be Mrs. Woolf's intermittent letters to herself. At some periods, she may be concerned with staffing the Hogarth Press, the small publishing house that she ran with her husband; at others, with books she is reading for review. Her social life is important at some times, although she is not at ease or happy with most people. Perhaps her overcriticism of them results from hypersensitivity, but in any case she gives us some marvellous portrait etchings—created, as etchings are, in acid. Writers will be reassured by her occasional uncertainty about the value of her work; readers of all trades will delight in the fact that her prose is never commonplace.

CERVANTES, by William Byron (Doubleday; $14.50). A magnificent, full-blown life and times of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547-1616). The author has saturated himself with Spanish literature and intellectual history. He does not so much set his scene—the Mediterranean world of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries under the gradually weakening dominance of the Hapsburg kings of Spain—as he enters it, taking us with him on Cervantes' dogged and luckless progress through life. We are with Cervantes at Lepanto, where he fought as one of Don Juan of Austria's harquebusiers (and lost forever the use of a hand), and with him during his five years as a slave in Algiers—and we see him as a self-educated writer who, aspiring to eminence as a classical poet and dramatist, almost in spite of himself achieved in "Exemplary Stories" and then in the towering "Don Quixote" the great breakthrough in fiction in which characters became real human beings, with individual psychologies, who existed and acted in the everyday world.

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[*Adv. in the Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press*]

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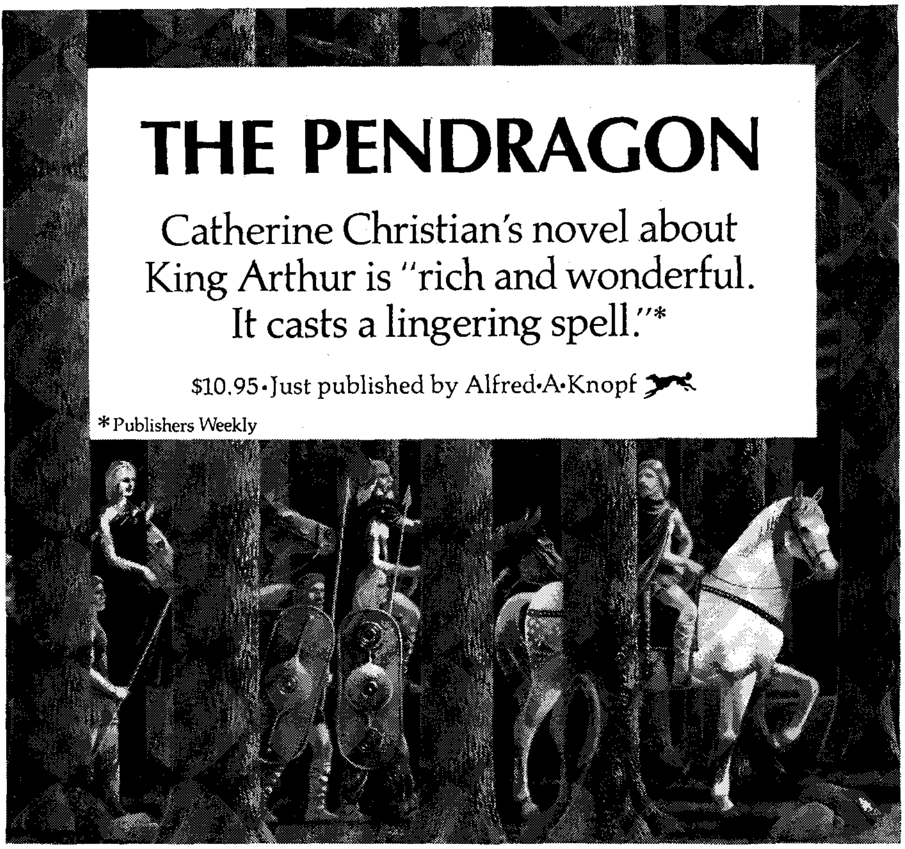

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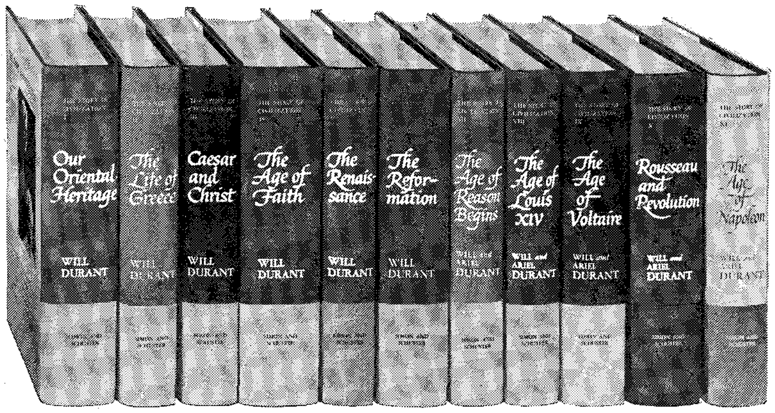
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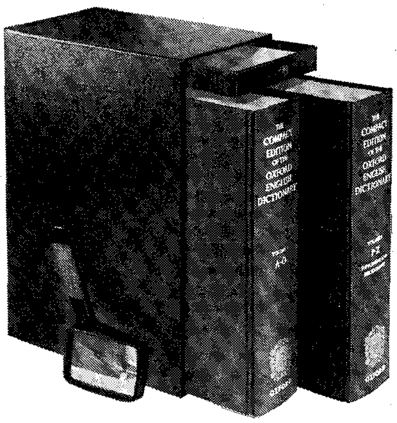
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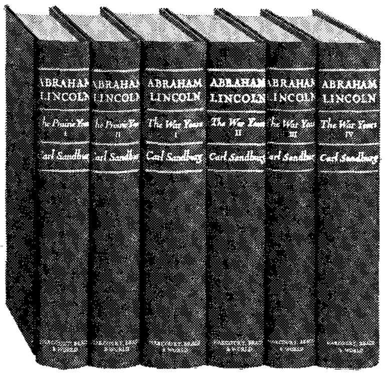
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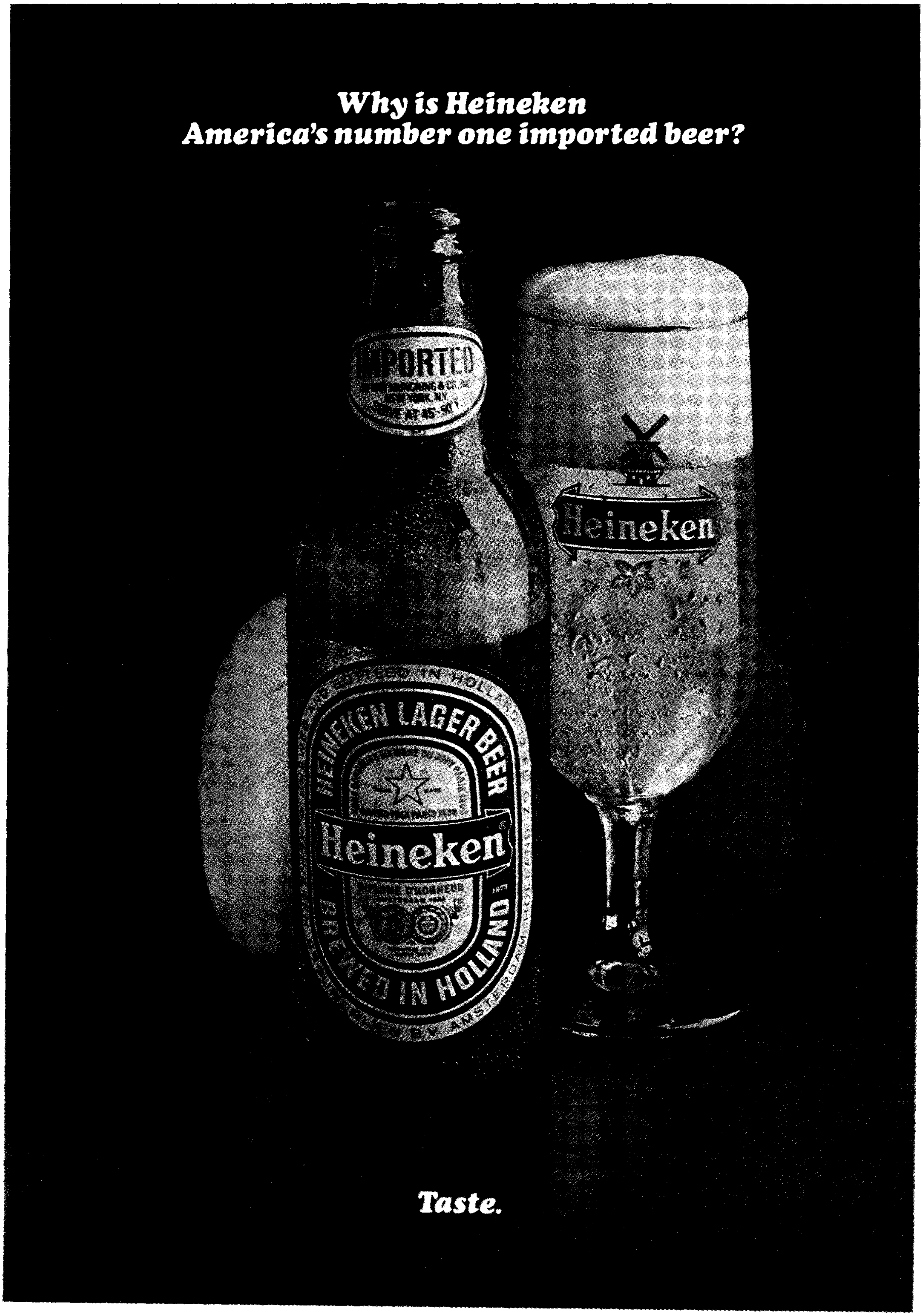
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